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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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*This Week's Grand
Free Novel*
**"World Well
Lost"**
By...
MONICA EWER



May Days

TRAVEL In a Home ON WHEELS



HOW the modern "Covered Wagon-er" sets out, trailing her home behind her.

New Craze, In Its World Sweep, Touches Australia

See the world in a travelling home is to-day's popular craze.

Two instances have recently come under notice in Australia. A Tasmanian couple are touring the Commonwealth, and a New Zealand couple have just landed here on the first part of a world tour, both parties travelling in luxury motor caravans.

At first regarded as playthings of the very rich, caravan trailers are now providing cheap homes and mobility for the masses.

STREAMLINED, with sleeping and cooking facilities and almost every modern convenience, a trailer is simply a room on wheels which can be hitched to the back of the car.

Then off you go, virtually towing your home behind you.

Whenever you see a place you like you stop—for a day, a week, or three months. When the urge for new places moves you, off you go again.

This romantic, nomadic, adventurous life is attracting thousands of people in all spheres of life.

To them, the trailer is one of the exciting gadgets of the century. It's a fascinating habit here already—abroad it's a real rage.

Families live in trailers all the year round, travelling wherever Dad's work takes him. Wheat harvesters, shearers, sugar-cutters, mechanics, salesmen, factory workers can and do roll to and fro with the jobs and the seasons.

If the fashion continues, every nation, including Australia, is likely to have a re-grouping of population that will establish the "trailer" tribes as a separate entity, with far-reaching effects on trade, educational facilities and national health.

"It will be a movement of population beside which even the Crusades will seem like Sunday School picnics," recently declared an American observer.

Just Like Home

COUPLES abroad get married in trailers, babies are born in them, domestic quarrels are settled in them, law cases are fought about them.

Eating, sleeping, fighting, loving. Life in them is just like life in any home and as soon as the pioneers discovered that, trailers were caught on a wave of popularity that is sweeping them round the world.

With this new social development have come new problems.

Who is going to bear the responsibility of these wandering hosts,

living briefly here and there, paying no taxes, creating, unless regulated, a new kind of slums. It is not a serious problem here yet—but it may become one.

In their cars with trailer attached, these petrolised Bedouins tour the countryside, stopping when the fancy takes them for a day, a week, or a month. When they see a likeable spot the car is parked, the trailer unhitched and set up—and that's home for as long as they care.

Singly they are not a problem. In thousands they are—and very decidedly so.

Australia has had some experience of organised motor camps at holidays, but nothing like the American experience.

Overnight, almost without warning, five hundred to a thousand trailers will camp at one spot. Next day they've scattered, to assemble in new formation at a new spot.

During their stay the travellers throw an immense strain on the resources of nearby homes, shops, and schools, and disturb every phase of local life.

Many claim that they exercise an unsettling influence on the whole community, which is likely to become nomadic-minded.

Others contend that, encouraged and properly controlled, these wandering "Covered Wagon-ers," through various international societies that they have formed, are an influence for international understanding and goodwill.

Cheap Budget

THE desire of some wanderers to live on any odd allotment for three or six months has brought them into conflict with local authorities, who object to trailers being regarded as more or less permanent homes.

Trailer-camps have become a new feature of life in the United States.

One trailer-camp has a capacity for a thousand trailers, with plenty of elbow room for each family.

There is a community hall for dancing and bridge, hot and cold running water, and tennis courts. Meals are supplied at low cost. Weekly rentals in such camps range from 5/- upwards.

Civil servants, soldiers, clerks, grandmothers, wives, children, and pets all travel by trailer. In some camps doctors, themselves travellers, hang out their boards.

A couple can live well in these camps on a budget of £3 a week. It is a pretty cheap way of seeing the country, or the world for that matter, particularly since many finance the tour with casual work obtained here and there.

Housewives have become accustomed, also, to seeing the refrigerator and sewing machine salesman roll up the door in a trailer caravan, which is furnished for demon-

PLAYGROUND FOR TRAILERS

AUSTRALIA and the United States have this in common—there are vast stretches of country over which the trailers can ramble. For that reason Australia is a likely playground for round-the-world trailerites, in addition to any local outbreaks of the habit.

Already more trailers are noticeable here, and by next summer the wave may sweep the Commonwealth as it has the United States.

stration purposes. Thus business also has capitalised the trailer.

Luxury Interiors

THE interiors of these travelling homes rival a luxury railway coach.

In length they range from 14 feet to 25 feet. Sleeping accommodation is available generally for two or four.

If you want luxury, silver bathroom fittings and mahogany paneling, such as the Maharaja of Gwalior is supposed to have in his trailer, you can spend £3000 without trying. Most people, however, find all they want in the £300 to £500 class. Manufacturers are aiming for a £100 trailer.

Electric light, shower baths, toilets, tiled and carpeted floors, built-in radio, a petrol stove, chromium furniture, water system, full-length mirrors, maps, brooms, vacuum cleaner and beds are supplied with some models at fairly reasonable prices.

Extras include bathtub, hot water heater, awnings, even a porch, and telephone system for communicating between the tow car and trailer.

One United States millionaire has a trailer with servants' quarters for the chauffeur, who also has a wash-basin of his own.

Another designer is marketing a mobile metal house which can be towed easily to the temporary Paradise selected by the owner, and with a few simple mechanical devices can be converted into a flat three times bigger than an ordinary trailer.

Still another plans a two-story trailer that is really a five-roomed apartment for six people, containing an electric clothes-washer. It is hoped to market this model at £500, cheaper than the average home.

Progress at this rate is likely to eventually evolve a skyscraper model; but, in the meantime, thousands are getting a great deal of fun with this new way of living in a travelling home. It's a craze that satisfies everybody's desire to travel and see how the rest of the world lives.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Monte Luke.

University Worker

MISS I. M. FIDLER, B.A., tutor to women students at Sydney University, is vice-president of the Women's Union, vice-president of the Women Graduates' Association, vice-president of the Women's Sports Association, and president of Sydney University Settlement.

She also holds a seat on the women's executive committee for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations of New South Wales.



Here This Month

BENNO MOISEWITSCH is to visit Australia this month, beginning with a series of concerts at the Sydney Town Hall on May 25.

Since last in Australia in 1932 he has played throughout America, toured Africa, broadcast with the London B.B.C. and given concerts in the Albert Hall.



—Broothorn.

Army Nurse Revisits Europe

MISS GRACE DOUGLAS, R.N.C., president of the Returned Army Nurses' Club, Melbourne, has gone to visit England, making it her business to see Jerusalem on her way.

During the war Miss Douglas served first in Egypt, then in France. She did a tremendous amount of theatre work, and was attached to clearing stations close to the front.

Since then she has been well-known sister at the Newport Workshops of the Victorian Railways, where she established the casualty room. She is now retired.

Babs doesn't mind telling!



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Erasmic Vanishing Cream—2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube.
A smooth, light powder foundation.
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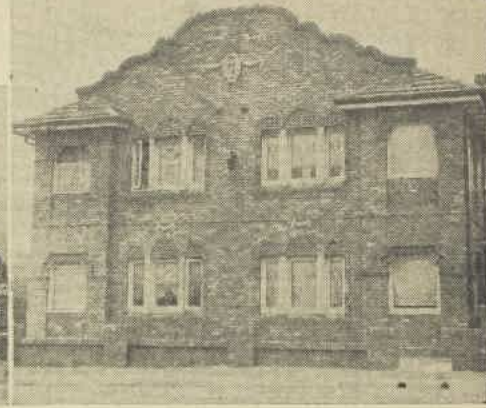
1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

M. 11.21

TERRACES Are OUT FLATS Are IN

But Government Now
Plumps for Cottages



A FEW YEARS AGO people lived close together in terraces.

THEN CAME THE PERIOD, still popular, of individual homes with gardens.

NOW WE SEEM to be getting back to living together, and this time in modern flat buildings.

UNDER THE RECENTLY-ANNOUNCED Government housing scheme, for which £600,000 has already been allotted, from 7000 to 8000 workers' homes will be built. The pictures above supply a study in housing contrasts. The old terrace property—quite the thing in its day—is slowly passing into oblivion. In its place we have the up-to-date, well-equipped and labor-saving flat, and its suburban counterpart, the modern bungalow. The new housing scheme will give a flip to the individual type, but all the same it is not considered that it will stop the trend towards flats.

BREAD RISE Planned Three Years AGO

Secret Agreement Between Bakers and Millers to Force Up Price

Loaf Cheaper In Other States

Bread is sixpence a loaf in New South Wales.

That means hardship to thousands of people whose staple diet is bread, and it means unwarranted expense to everyone.

But it means half a million a year to bakers and/or millers. That's what a rise of a halfpenny spread over our annual consumption of 265 million loaves amounts to.

THREE years ago The Australian Women's Weekly published the text of an agreement by which millers and bakers were to combine to force the price of bread up to sixpence.

The bakers and millers denied all knowledge of it.

But there it is—three years later the objective set forth in that secret treaty has been attained. Bread is sixpence a loaf.

In the meantime, following this paper's protests, a Royal Commission on bread was set up, and the Commissioner, Sir Herbert Gepp, made a rule about the price of bread.

The rule was that bread should only rise as the price of flour rose.

That would appear to be an effective check on any attempt by bakers to force up bread prices.

Vicious System

BUT since the only check on the bread price is the flour price, the millers have only to force up the price of flour, to bring rich profits to both themselves and the bakers.

There is no rule by which the price of flour must in turn be controlled by the price of wheat.

In fact, wheat prices have fallen since Easter, while flour and bread prices have risen.

In the past ten years wheat has varied between 2/5 and 5/6 a bushel. In the same period flour has ranged between £9/10/- and £15/15/-, and bread has stood between 5½d. and 6d. The prices

NEW South Wales has now the dearest bread of any State in the Commonwealth, save West Australia.

The prices are:

Victoria, 5½d.

South Australia, 5½d.

West Australia, 6½d.

Queensland, 5½d.

New South Wales, 6d.

Because labor is dearer, answer the bakers.

But labor has not just now become dearer, and bread has.

Bread at sixpence a loaf is a luxury, and it is a scandal that in this country, one of the great wheat producers of the world, our own small population cannot be fed with the great staple food, bread, at a reasonable price.

It is not the wheatgrower who is making money out of dear bread. He, too, is a victim.

The millers buy the growers' wheat at the lowest rate they can. Then they raise the price of flour as high as they can, whereupon the bakers are legally entitled to push up the price of bread.

It is a vicious system—and at present the victims have no remedy. One possible remedy is for bread

prices to be governed by wheat prices instead of flour prices—allowing, of course, for any variations in milling and baking costs, such as wage rises.

Another remedy, which is already mooted is some form of boycott. In Victoria, housewives have combined to bake their own bread, and the Housewives' Progressive Association here is encouraging women to join in a similar scheme. The association supplies recipes and directs housewives how to obtain yeast.

Plan Succeeds

BAKERS comment that they doubt if housewives can make their own bread at even sevenpence a loaf.

But that does not destroy the effectiveness of home-baking as a weapon, for even if the bread costs the housewife sevenpence, the baker is cut out.

Whatever is done about it—and something should be done—the fact remains that the bakers and millers planned three years ago to force up the price of bread to sixpence—and they have done so.

Full Text of Coronation Service

ON pages 28, 29 and succeeding pages this week, The Australian Women's Weekly gives in detail the full Coronation Service to be observed at Westminster Abbey when the King and Queen are crowned on May 12.

Apart from its general interest, it will be a valuable guide to those who wish to follow the service as it is broadcast from the Abbey. It details the full ritual, including the questions put to the King, his responses, the prayers, and complete religious ceremony.

The oath, with its new provisions, separately referring to the Dominions, is of particular interest to Australians.



OUR Birthday BABY QUEST

Whose baby was born on June 10, 1933? Was yours?

If so, we'd like to get acquainted with the young lady or gentleman.

WE have a very special interest in four-year-olds born on that particular date.

You see—that's our birthday, too! That makes us sort of twins, or quins, or something, doesn't it?

Yes, the first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly—such a popular baby it turned out to be, didn't it—was published on June 10, 1933.

So we want to hear from mothers whose babies were born on that day in that year, and we want pictures of them.

Nice, natural little home pictures are best—better than studio por-

traits for this purpose. But any sort of pictures will do.

We won't be able to publish all the pictures, but we may publish a selection in our birthday issue on June 5. This isn't a competition—just a birthday celebration—but we'll give a present of £2/2/- to the baby whose picture we like best. And if the pictures of any other babies are printed we will pay 10/6 each.

The conditions are simple—the baby must have been born on June 10, 1933, and the picture must reach the office of The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, by May 22. Envelopes should be marked: Birthday Babies.

Become an ARTIST—QUICKLY!

Let Brodie Mack Teach You at Home!

AT last you are able to learn all branches of art under the supervision of this famous Australian artist. This amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home.

Make Money in Your Spare Time!

BRODIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of your reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist.

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NEVER before has a book of this nature been offered free. That is why you should send for your copy now. It shows you how to draw—develop your talent—how to cartoon the secret of illustrating, etc. Fill in the coupon and send at once. NOW!

TEAR COUPON—POST NOW



The Brodie Mack Correspondence Art School, Desk 15, 197 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,— Please send me FREE and without obligation a copy of your famous book "How to Be an Artist." I enclose 3d. in stamps to defray postage.

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LOTTE LEHMANN Is Lover Of ANIMALS Fascinated By Our Koalas

"I'm getting to know your real Australians," said Lotte Lehmann, world-famous soprano, at present touring Australia for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

"The best way to do that is to study your background—your animals and birds and your trees and flowers, and how fascinating they are!"

DURING the week Madame Lehmann met some of our real natives at Koala Park and greatly admired them. "They're so unusual," said Madame, "so fascinating to me. The little koalas, I could kiss them."

"Your animals are so different to those in other parts of the world. I remember a story told about a Dutch explorer who touched the coast of Australia before the days of Dampier and Cook. When he returned

home and told of birds that laughed, animals that hopped on their hind legs, and swans that were black he was thought to be another Baron Munchausen.

"I wonder what they would have thought of bears like these, the size of puppies," said the soprano.

Madame Lehmann's love for animals is no superficial thing. One can tell by her gentleness and confidence while handling them that she has a deep bond of understanding with them.



MADAME LOTTE LEHMANN, world-famous soprano, fondling one of our koalas. She would like to take one back with her, but can't.



*It's as fresh
as if roasted to-day!*

Here is a pleasant surprise for your guests.

Just wait till after they've tasted it before you tell them that this is Bushells vacuum packed Coffee.

Then, if you like, you can explain that it's packed the day it's roasted; packed in vacuum sealed tins that retain all the aroma and richness of flavor that have made Bushells Pure Coffee so popular.

Scientifically blended, and as fresh when you open it as the day it was packed, Bushells Coffee is always satisfying, stimulating and enjoyable.

Also packed in 1-lb. and ½-lb. glass jars.



Bushells
Pure Coffee
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh Stays Fresh

One little bear, very bored at being persuaded to look this way and that while surrounded by photographers, scratched Madame on her cheek and hand. Nothing serious but quite enough to have made the average person hurriedly drop the animal.

Not so Madame: "Otto, come quickly, are they not so sweet?" she called to her husband and continued to pose for his camera shots and those of her pianist, Mr. Ulanowsky, who also shares her passion for amateur photography.

And then, when it was suggested that she visit the bear hospital, Madame could not endure the ordeal.

"It would be too sad," she said, and moved on to where kangaroos and wallabies lazed in the sun. She fed the flock on crisp potato chips, a delicacy of which they are very fond, taking care to see that the shy ones on the outskirts of the throng had their share.

The wombat she regards as being extremely funny and is uncompromisingly in her remarks about his obvious lack of intellect.

Madame is keenly disappointed at not being able to take several koalas back to the Continent with her, but her husband's delight on learning of the transport troubles he was spared is genuine.

Madame Lehmann is intensely interested in our country life and regrets that her time is too limited in Australia to spend a holiday in the "backblocks."

Took Sydney By Storm

LOTTE LEHMANN'S first Australian recital, at Sydney, was an unforgettable experience for the thousands who packed the Town Hall.

Commencing with a group of four Brahms songs, perfectly rendered, Madame Lehmann unbelievably progressed to even greater beauty. Her rendition of Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht" ("I Will Not Grieve") was interpretative artistry of a quality Australian audiences have not heard, nor will hear again, for a long time.

The programme, carefully selected and balanced, might be taken as an object lesson to visiting artists. The one small change one could have asked for would have been the exclusion of operatic numbers, so that the lieder atmosphere might have been retained in its purity, but the two items in question were of such quality, and so sung, as to be accepted enthusiastically.

A voice, bright and limpid as a mountain stream, warm and colorful as the waters of a coral lagoon—that is Lehmann.

OUR NEW Knitting Book — FREE!

*Simple Instructions, Carefully
Checked For Over Twenty Garments*

So popular was the free knitting book given as a supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly several weeks ago that we have decided to give away, next week, another book of knitting designs.

Every design featured in this book is easy to knit and the knitting instructions have been carefully checked by two experts.

THE majority of the designs are by Australians, but a number of exclusive Continental models have also been included.

Instructions for these models have been checked here and made as simple as possible.

A special feature of the book is a number of designs by Margaret Eton, the notable Australian designer, who is at present in London making an intensive study of overseas knitwear.

Miss Eton air-mailed these designs to us, so that they represent the latest word in smart knitwear overseas.

They include a clever black jacket, and a fascinating afternoon frock, finished with a folk belt and a dressy

jumper-blossie with a distinctive yoke finish.

Designs by the world-famous designer, Anny Blatt, include a particularly chic frock.

Every member of the family has been catered for in this splendid book. There are pullovers, jumpers and cardigans for men, youths, and all the young members of the family.

The designs include a complete outfit for a baby, cosy and charming lingerie, a fascinating blouse, a white vestee and many other models, totaling over twenty garments.

You will be delighted with this wonderful knitting book. To make sure you get it, order your next week's copy of The Australian Women's Weekly now!

The LAST TRICK

By ... Mark Hansom

A Complete
Short
Story

A gripping thriller in which two men fight over a girl, and the last trick goes to the vanquished.

DELIVERED into my hands, by Jove!" That was the glad, grim thought that ran through Bartleby's mind as he took his place beside Filson in the taxi that was about to draw out of Victoria Station.

Bartleby noticed the lights, the bustle, the hundreds of law-abiding citizens who hurried hither and thither. He noticed a policeman or two. And he smiled grimly to himself, and again there flashed through his mind the thought: "Delivered into my hands!" Filson could save himself simply by stepping out of the taxi. If Filson suspected Bartleby's intentions and cared to decline the taxi-ride, Bartleby would be powerless. But Bartleby took his seat, confident that Filson suspected nothing; and even the watchful policeman did not glance twice at the two middle-aged men who had entered a taxi and who were now being driven off into the London that lay flashing and mysterious beneath the black sky of a spring night.

"We all thought you were dead," said Bartleby with a genial laugh. "But Thelma tells me that Switzerland has cured you. You certainly look fit."

A twisted smile showed itself on the heavy face of Filson.

"Thelma insists on my seeing a specialist to-morrow," he said. "She doesn't trust the Swiss doctor's report. Perhaps she told you?"

"Yes, she also told me that if the specialist's report shouldn't be satisfactory, you would release her from the engagement—you would go back to Switzerland without even seeing her."

"That's right!" "Very sporting of you! But what is the trouble?" She didn't tell me that."

Filson laughed. "Might drop down dead at any minute!" he said. "The idea of my dropping down dead at any minute rather scares the dear girl."

"You're pulling my leg!" "I'm not—honest!"

But Bartleby chose to doubt Filson's statement.

They sat in silence for some minutes.

"I've got a little bit of business to discuss with you," said Bartleby. "That's why I intercepted you on your arrival back in London. I wanted to talk it over with you before you should see Thelma."

"And where are you taking me?" asked Filson, peering out of the cab window.

"To a place of mine in Fulham."

"So you've moved?"

"No, I'm still at the club in Piccadilly. This Fulham house is an unremunerative property of mine. Can't let it. But I thought it would be ideal for the present business. There are some discussions that can't take place in public. . . . Here we are! The outside doesn't look inviting, but . . ."

"He wants to talk about Thelma, of course," said Filson to himself as he stood on the badly-lighted



Filson did not reply. Bartleby scorned him for his state of terror.

pavement and looked up at the dark house while Bartleby was settling with the driver of the taxi. "But he needn't think he'll get any change out of me."

THE interior of the house was dull and smelt of disuse. The floors were bare, and one's footsteps gave out a hollow sound. Bartleby struck a match, and the unsteady flame showed a dusty hallstand against a bare, damp-stained wall.

"Come through here, will you?" said Bartleby, opening a door that led into a small back room. "We can sit down in here."

"And when we have conferred," replied Filson while Bartleby was lighting a gas-jet, "you must come along to my hotel."

"Thanks!" said Bartleby, without enthusiasm.

Filson selected one of the three or four chairs of cheap polished wood, dusted the seat with a flick of his handkerchief, and sat down by the table which was the only other piece of furniture in the room.

Bartleby was pulling down the blind.

"Delivered into my hands!" ran his grim thoughts as he tugged at the dusty cord.

He was going to settle Filson once and for all. For Thelma's sake he was going to settle Filson.

Everybody knew Filson to be a cad—everybody, apparently, except Thelma. Everybody knew that Filson had had "affairs" with dozens

of women. Everybody knew that he had been forced to resign from all his clubs, one after another. He had once tried to forge Bartleby's own name on a cheque. And yet Thelma persisted in believing in him. The illogical principles of women, Bartleby reflected, were astounding.

But he would save Thelma. He did not know what violent measures he might have to take in order to do it, but he knew that he was grimly determined. He might buy Filson, or he might threaten Filson, or he might put the fear of Old Harry into Filson, but he wasn't going to let Thelma sacrifice herself. He would stop short at nothing—save only murder.

He secured the blind and turned towards the table, taking a chair

Into His Hands

opposite Filson. He had dropped his amiable manner. He saw Filson glance at him curiously.

"So you think," he said, "that if the specialist gives you a clean bill of health you're going to marry Thelma?"

"Certainly I am!" exclaimed Filson.

"Why? Any objections?" "Yes—one. I object to Thelma being allowed to marry a cad."

Filson made as though to spring to his feet; but something in Bartleby's gaze made him overlook the insult.

"I see," he said, smiling his twisted smile. "You want to marry her. You asked her, I understand. But she turned you down, Bartleby, didn't she? The saints don't have all the good things, do they? Who would have thought, Bartleby, that Thelma would prefer me to you? Who would have thought it, Bartleby?"

Yes, who would have thought it? As Bartleby glanced again at the heavy face of his companion he was more amazed than ever at the thought of Thelma's preference for him.

And again he told himself that he would stop short at nothing—save only murder. It was as though he conceived murder as a possibility. He must keep a hold over himself. He might threaten as much as he liked; he might defy the law in many particulars; he might even keep Filson a prisoner in the cellar under the house—a course that he had actually considered. But he must retain a hold over himself. There might

be the temptation to come to blows; and when one hit out in the madness of hatred one did not stop to count the consequences.

"But you're not yet married to Thelma," he said. "And I've brought you here to-night to tell you that you're not going to be married to Thelma."

"That's an interesting piece of news," remarked Filson in a light tone that did not go well with his uneasy manner. "There is, of course, the possibility that the

specialist's report will not be good enough."

"I wasn't thinking about that, I want something safer than that. I can't afford to take risks."

"More interesting than ever!" exclaimed Filson. "I should like to hear what your intentions are. Not that I'll regard them seriously, mind you! In fact, it might save you a lot of trouble if I state now that Thelma's mine—mine! And you'll never marry her, Bartleby."

"Think not?" said Bartleby, quietly.

"Listen! You remember when you were good enough to put my name to a cheque—"

FILSON laughed outright.

"You don't say you're going to prosecute me for that?"

"But I am," said Bartleby. "And that will mean prison for you. I didn't prosecute at the time because you were supposed to be at death's door. But now I'll tell you that if you're not out of the country by—"

"Go ahead, Bartleby!" exclaimed the other in mock encouragement. "You're quite right. You ought to prosecute. But what do you think I'll do? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll haul Thelma's father over the coals on account of a swindle that he carried through with some shares. That's what I'll do . . ."

"And now the cat's out of the bag! Now you see, Bartleby, why Thelma is so constant in her affections. The dear girl can't help herself, Bartleby; that's the truth of it. She can't help herself, old man, because her father's liberty is at stake. You can't imagine how delightful it is to have a charming girl like Thelma at one's beck and call, whether she likes it or not."

Please turn to Page 25

Illustrated
by
NOEL COOK



Downstairs Katharine met a reporter. He was all anxiety to get a story about Nancy.

LADY with Carnations

Nancy has a film offer, and Katharine now feels her niece is on the flood-tide of success...



DOWNSTAIRS Katharine met a reporter. He was all anxiety to get a story about Nancy's chances in Hollywood. Upstairs Mr. Zucco was beaming on Nancy.

"Sharming, charming," he remarked, - with a

gracious wave of the hand. "I would like to make a shot of you sitting like that. Perhaps I will, eh, Miss Shervoot, for the Vestris Newsreel. Publicity, publicity, mein Gott, there's nothing like it." Before she could answer he leaned forward again, re-energised, dynamic. "Now listen to me, Miss Shervoot. I'm a man who comes quick to the point. Every one who knows Carl Zucco knows that. You know why I'm here?"

"I can guess," Nancy answered modestly, her eyes dropping to the floor. Was there ever such a picture of simplicity and pink-tinted innocence?

Zucco nodded.

"That's good. We begin to understand each other. You've had a great success, eh?"

"Nothing like what I mean to have, Mr. Zucco," Nancy murmured gently.

Zucco nodded more emphatically.

"That's better! Much better! I like to have ambition with me when I get to work. Now listen, my dear. We'll put all the cards on the table. I vote at your show last night. I like it. I think I am sure, yet I am not quite sure. I come here this morning. I see for myself. Now I am sure." Impressive pause. "I want you."

Nancy remained silent, her eyes impenetrable, fixed on little Zucco who now, with an air of immense and intimate significance, bent forward and tapped her with one tiny forefinger upon the knee.

"You know what I can do, my dear. I can make you a star... like Hepburn or like Garbo. I can put you right on the top of the world. I must do it. You understand who I am—Carl Zucco. I don't talk no stupid nonsense. When I make my decision, it is already done. Money makes no difference. I spent von million straight on Anna Herman before I got von dime. Now she makes ten millions for me. And plenty more for herself. You seen her last picture? Mein Gott, it was wonderful. Art, drama, passion, every single thing, in the bridal scene alone it cost me thirty thousand dollars for the bed of Emperor Napoleon and no fake about it, neither." He took a quick puff at his cigarette and cast it enthusiastically from him. "Now listen, my dear Miss Shervoot, we are going to come quickly to be friends. I want you to come especially to my apartment to-night. Yes, yes, it is all right. I'm too big a man not to be on the level. You will meet my wife and my little Sophie, too. Though I am a great artist, I am great family man besides. You ought to see my little Sophie; well, well, there's another Shirley Temple if I want it. You come with us to-night, my dear. After we talk and understand each other, maybe you'll feel all right about a long-term contract?"

A CONTRACT with Zucco! The words fell deliciously on Nancy's ears. She knew exactly what it meant. Zucco was right, it meant the top, the roof, the sky, and nothing less. She would take care of everything. Already, in her alert mind, she knew the terms she would demand, money, publicity, and decisive featuring. Hollywood need not interfere with her stage work, that again she would insist upon. Her eyes wandered distantly, the pupils concentrated, focused to vanishing point. Now indeed she had really done it. At

Continuing Our Brilliant Serial

By
A. J. CRONIN

one bound she had soared from obscurity to fame.

They talked for twenty minutes longer, Zucco and Nancy, and at the end of it, with a rock-bottom understanding established between them, the little man rose, clicked his heels again and gracefully took his departure.

Only then did Nancy's chromed nonchalance desert her. She jumped up, aware that she had triumphed, that the comic little imported German Jew, with his power and his millions, really believed in her and would place her, with skilful guidance, upon the pinnacle of fame. Suddenly, contained as she was, she felt gloriously and deliciously mad. She looked round giddily, caught sight of a gilded basket of flowers and, taken by an unconquerable impulse, seized hold of the basket, raised it high in the air and hurled it to the far corner of the room. Then she began to laugh, silently, yet a little wildly. She was on top, and rising higher, higher. All her feelings were bubbling, whipped to foam, demanding some urgent and immediate outlet.

IN the midst of this manifestation of exaltation the irrepressible telephone sounded again. Nancy took a leap towards it as though she would have cast it after the flowers. But this time it was the desk with the information, which she seemed to find lyrically apt, that Madden was below.

"Send him up," she ordered promptly. "And look here. Send up a couple of champagne cocktails right away."

She waited impatiently, moving restively up and down the room, and when Madden appeared she advanced to meet him and put her arms round him.

"I just needed this," she declared, her arms still about him, her head thrown back, her eyes brightly seeking his. "You've arrived at the psychological moment. I've had a grand morning, Chris. But it's been all work and no play. Now I want to celebrate."

He looked down at her, his face, which now wore an expression of habitual restraint, indicating something of his surprise.

"Why, you haven't dressed yet?" "No time," she murmured, affecting a tender, babyish tone. "Poor little Nancy had no time at all. Besides, it's quite the proper rig for receiving movie directors... and you. Don't you think it's rather fetching, honey?"

"Yes," he smiled gently. "And you know it is."

"Ah, relax, honey. Don't be a big stiff." She shifted her arms and shook him thoroughly. "I've just put over the biggest thing in my sweet young life and I want to make whoopee." She laughed again. "Good! You ought to have seen it. It was better than pantomime. Herr Fourfoot Zucco and mama's own girl, Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' and the 'Melody in F.' Lambos everywhere and the first snowdrop. You get the atmosphere. I want you, Miss Shervoot. I want to make you a star. I want you to meet Sophie, another Shirley Temple if I want it. I want everything and den I think I want to go home."

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HOPE Dies HARD Complete Short Story



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

Fay found that love and business were a bad combination for happiness



FAY sat at her desk cleaning her typewriter. It was a job she hated; if she wasn't very careful she got black up to her wrists, and right down into her finger-nails. She really must remember to buy some rubber gloves. She never seemed to remember anything these days.

Yesterday she had forgotten to pour any tea into her cup and had started to drink milk and lump-sugar, and even Ernie, the office boy, had said, "Coo, Miss Keen, you must be in love!"

Drat Ernie. She'd been idiot enough to blush, a great wave of color that had crept up from her white pique collar to her broad white forehead with its little fringe of deep gold hair.

"Must be in love." The words echoed again in Fay's mind. "Well, what if I am?" she demanded of herself defiantly, and involuntarily glanced at the door leading into an inner office with the name on it: Alan J. Townsend.

Immediately, exactly as if the black-painted door were a sheet of glass, she saw a very tall young man sitting at his desk, his long legs stretched out beneath it, his

brown head bent over a sheet of typescript.

"Of course, no one could call Alan J. handsome," Tessa, who worked in the office just across from Fay's, had said.

TESSA was a silly little nitwit who liked gigolos, Fay thought, and scrubbed away with her brush, as if she were scrubbing Tessa. There was a faint click from the black door with the white lettering on it that foretold Mr. Townsend was about to turn the chromium-plated handle. Fay's heart leapt to her throat and fell back with what felt like a curious somersaulting action.

"I shall die of it one day," Fay thought grimly, as the door opened and Alan came into the room.

He crossed to Fay's desk and leant one hand on it. "Cleaning up the old machine? That's a noble child," he said, and smiled his wide, attractive smile, that showed his very white teeth and crinkled up his grey eyes.

"It's a beast of a job," Fay said, and spread out her fingers in disgust.

"Yes; it's a shame to spoil such pretty hands. Still, it's all for the honor of the copywriting department. We must keep up to scratch, mustn't we? Perhaps you'd come

in to me after lunch, and we'll go over those perfume folders again. After all, it's more along your line than mine, and I've got the drawings coming at two."

"Yes, I'd like to. I thought out some slogans in bed last night."

"Good girl. I'm off to the directors' meeting now. Wish me luck."

"I do."

"Really?"

"Of course," Fay said, and her voice sounded breathless, even in her own ears, so that she turned back to the typewriter with an air of decision, and started to put paper in it. But as soon as the door closed after Alan, her activity subsided, and she turned over each remark he had made slowly

was a much-married man with a bald head and a large, uncertain-looking moustache.

Alan J. Townsend had only taken over the copywriting department four months ago. He was a nephew or something of the bald-headed one. His coming, for some reason the office had never been able to fathom, was abrupt and mysterious. Bald-head had introduced him with an air of disapproval, and it had been rumored that he had just come home from America. He certainly knew all about the ins and outs of American advertising, so there was probably some truth in the rumor.

"You bet he's the dirty sheep of the family, only they don't want

to wash their bad linen in public." Tessa had said with an air of great knowingness. Then, of course, Tessa was—well, just Tessa, and dreadfully sore because Fay had got the job as his secretary and the extra ten bob a week that went with it.

Still, it was a bit queer, when you came to think of it, the way he never talked about his home, or what he'd done in America. "I'm not going to think of it," Fay told herself, and went back to her work.

Suddenly the door was flung further open, and a woman's voice interrupted: "Alan, darling, why do you keep me waiting in a wretched little waiting-room with a lot of little office-boys?"

THE day passed quickly, all the afternoon spent in Alan J.'s office, sitting at the end of his big desk, going through stacks of layouts and dummy pamphlets, fitting enticing captions to the finished drawings. Alan's head had been very close to hers, and just occasionally their fingers had met, and once when this happened he had looked up straight into Fay's eyes, and the moment had seemed to detach itself in space and swing them both dizzy in a great upward flight, to drop back to earth so that Fay had almost jumped on hearing Alan's voice finishing the sentence he had begun before that giddy descent.

They worked late, but Fay was not tired at all. Her eyes shone, and there was a flush of pink in her usually pale cheeks as she crossed the big hall on the ground floor of the office buildings, towards the exit.

She nearly ran into Tessa, who was waiting in the porch. Tessa was not in a good mood; she had a "date," but he had already kept her waiting for over half an hour. She said to Fay sweetly: "I don't know how you can waste your time working late like that"—and then, seeing Fay's swift and radiant smile, she had added—"especially for a married man."

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By **NANCY JAY**

in her thoughts, hunting for any "specialness" in them. He said her hands were pretty—and then, the way he said "Really?" Or had she just imagined that?

This is absurd, Fay told herself, and picked up her towel and made her way towards the cloakroom to wash.

The one thing I will not do is fall in love with my boss. How long ago had she said that, carelessly flouting Fate with a gay unconcern, only warranted by the fact that her boss at that time



Illustrated by WEP

LADIES' DAY

Down to the sea in an eighteen-footer with action and romance happily blended in this fine Australian story.

THE great rift in our family circle began, you might say, on that memorable day, shortly after my tenth birthday, when I went out sailing in a tin canoe with two grubby urchins I'd met down on the wharves. But the trouble came to a head the night of my sister's party for some society offside of hers from Melbourne.

Before we get too far I'd better explain that I'm a sailing crank—have been since the tin canoe days. For the past three years I've been for'd hand for Tim Jones in his crack eighteen-footer Narcissa.

Now there's nothing wrong in that, you'll say, and neither there is. However, you don't know my family, which is perhaps to your benefit. We live at Watsonia, which should give you the answer, but in case it doesn't, I'll explain that we're supposed to be terribly, terribly ultra. Mother and sister seem to have a perpetual bad smell under their noses, while the old man would be a decent sort if he could only forget that he's a K.C. They've got nothing against sailing, of course. In fact, yachting is one of the few pastimes that a gentleman can take up with dig-

nity. And, of course, one can entertain so nicely at the Yacht Club. But where the hitch comes is that I don't belong to the club and I think that sailing on a big yacht is a game for old men and nobby-cabbies. I belong to the Harbor Eighteen-foot Sailing Club. The membership fee is five bob a year, and all the lads work for a living.

Mother thinks my association with the boys is ruinous to the family social prestige, dad thinks I'm meeting the wrong people to properly further my proposed legal career, and Mary just thinks I'm a vulgar throwback—the family black sheep.

"But I can't attend your darned party until I get back from the Sailing Club meeting," I wailed for the tenth time.

Mary gave a snort that was calculated to quite dispose of the Sailing Club. Mother said: "Charles, you needn't swear." Dad rumbled in his throat. He always does that before saying anything. It's supposed to strike terror into the heart of his victim, or impress him, or something.

"It seems to me, Charles," he said in his best K.C. manner, "that you could forgo this particular meeting. Surely it's not more important than your sister's party, and—"

"Oh, but it is," I hastened to assure him. The note of incred-

ulous anger in the three gasps that met my remark nearly caused me to give the show away, but I stuck to my guns. I couldn't tell them that the importance of this meeting was to meet a serious charge laid against us by one Jim Toler, club starter. You see, he'd blown us out (I'm sorry, disqualified us) for not being off the shore before the five-minute flag went up. We reckoned he'd put the flag up early to trick us, and told him so in a highly embellished manner. Now Toler was pressing the committee to fine us each a pound for our language, and insisted on a written apology signed by the crew. While I didn't mind the loss of a pound, I knew that a couple of the other lads would find it tough, and then there was the principle of the thing. We couldn't let that little pipsqueak put it over us. We were going to counter-

Boy, she's worth seeing when she's in a temper. The madder she gets the grander and haughtier she becomes. She's a pastmaster of subtle invective. You ought to see her go to work on some of the dish-faced tailor's dummies who run around after her. Of course, it doesn't register with me, but I get a kick out of watching her perform.

This night, however, I wasn't taking things as kindly as usual. It was all right until Mary started on Tim Jones. Now Tim is a great chap. No social highlight, of course, but that's all in his favor. Any man who can sail a skiff the way he can and get the last ounce of work and co-operation out of his crew is good enough for me to call a friend. Good-looking bloke, too, and, unlike me, he can remember the last names of the girls he takes out. So

What I saw made the old heartstrings sing. Breaking seas and spray had already removed her warpaint. Her face wore an expression of utmost horror.

It was all very old stuff and boringly familiar. Generally I paid no attention except to watch the histrionic antics of Mary.

her mouth several times like a voracious goldfish, but nothing came out. Dad was busy rumbling and mother was getting her breath, so I continued.

"Neither you nor your gorgeous Harold would be game to go out in one of our little sailboats, as you call them. Might get your clothes wet and the polish off your nails. Why, the first time the boat took a load of water you'd scream for mother."

ARE you daring me to go out in your filthy little boat?" Mary had found her voice again. She forced the words out with such vehemence that they fairly whistled.

"Yeah, I'm daring you," I said maliciously.

Now, nobody ever dares Mary to do anything. It's like waving a green flag at a hairy goat. It makes her mad. And when she's properly mad you'd better be able to hold up your end of the bargain.

I tried to get out of it and lied that the following Saturday wasn't ladies' day—humorously misnamed, according to Mary—after all. I didn't want to wish a virago of this sort on the crew, especially Tim, who's a good chap and worthy of better luck. But nothing doing. Go she would, and it was up to me to fix it.

Tim bore up like a champion when I told him that night. Of course I explained the circumstances and how I dared her in a moment of extreme weakness. Tim didn't seem to be at all annoyed and simply remarked, "I've seen her pictures in the paper. She's pretty, isn't she?"

I reluctantly admitted that she was, and hoped that she wouldn't be too much of a nuisance in the boat.

Please turn to page 14

By

Robert Spaulding White

with a demand for his resignation on the score of inefficiency. It would be a lengthy meeting and full of fun.

I had a rough time of it for fully half an hour with the family. Both severally and collectively they remonstrated, threatened, and abused. I was sacrificing the family honor, ruining its social prestige, insulting my sister and her friends, damning my future career, embarrassing my mother—in fact, to hear them talk you'd have thought I was the worst kind of moral ingrate and my friends social lepers of unspeakable loathsomeness.

when Mary started in on him I got annoyed.

"Really, Charles, will you never grow up? I know little boys always think it's splendid to play the big he-man and knock around with rowdies, but it's nearly time you gave up your little sail boats and took on manly pursuits."

"Manly pursuits," I stormed. "Is that what you call sitting in the pub all Saturday afternoon buying cocktails for stupid females—a manly pursuit? Or perhaps you don't call that half-baked Pekingese you're engaged to a man."

Mary went purple. She opened

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



• **FOR THE JOURNEY:** A slim suit of green flecked tweed liberally sprinkled with brown and fawn. With it is worn a green felt hat trimmed with brown and fawn quills, brown shoes and gloves. Scarf and buttons are also brown.



• **FOR DANCING:** Frock of pink chiffon with Princess line, very voluminous as to skirt, and gathered at the shoulders to form quaint sleeves. Taffeta flowers in three deeper shades of pink, and similar flowers in tiny size in the hair.

• **FOR RIDING:** Pine-green jodhpurs with yellow high-necked and short-sleeved jumper, brown gloves, and brown elastic-sided boots. The outfit is severely plain. Note the multiplicity of pockets. You will be glad of them, as they save dragging a hand-bag everywhere.



WARDROBE... for a Country Week-end

THE golden wardrobe rule for a successful week-end is to extract the maximum of interest from the minimum of luggage.

If you are planning a winter week-end in the country it will probably involve a couple of hours in the train. For this you will be wise to choose a snug-fitting suit with a coat short enough not to crease with prolonged sitting.

Then you will need a lightweight, but warm, top or swagger coat. This can either match the suit or contrast. Choose a jaunty felt hat with a brim. A brimmed hat is kinder to the eyes of the traveller than a little bare-faced model, and first impressions may mean a lot!

Let your shoes be sensible so that you can walk in comfort. Half the benefit of holidaying in the country comes from exercise in the open, and the comfort of your feet is of prime importance to you. Fortunately smart walking shoes are to be had in various attractive styles.

Be sure that all your outdoor wear harmonises. For example, the jumper you wear for riding should go happily with the skirt of your suit. Then if you doff your coat you will still be charmingly and suitably clad for country rambles.

For riding, jodhpurs will be your best bet. They obviate the need of riding boots, which are a nuisance for a short stay. The jumper

you wear with your coat and skirt should be versatile enough to serve with your jodhpurs also.

For your evening frock, choose something very feminine so that it will provide a refreshing contrast from the inevitably masculine note of your day wear. The fabric should be crease-resisting. Chiffon is excellent as it does not suffer in packing and takes up very little space in your suitcase.

You can, of course, vary your color-scheme to suit yourself. The color-scheme of the outfit sketched on this page would be equally becoming to either a blonde or a brunette, but the variety of harmonising color-schemes is practically infinite.

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

TOP COATS... in Four Smart Moods!

● EARTH-BEIGE is a new color used for this camel-hair loose swinging coat, with great collar and facings of grey clipped lamb. Hat in matching velour.



● CLIPPED CARACUL makes this shiny black cape with wide fitted shoulder line and high double collar, fastening with ochre and yellow wool cords and worn over a yellow angora frock. Matching suede gloves.

● FOREST-GREEN BROADCLOTH COAT on princess lines, lavishly trimmed with red fox and matching fur muff. Green velour flower-pot hat with stiffened bow.

● BLACK INDIAN LAMB for a dashing three-quarter coat with flaring tunic skirt, high military collar and full sleeves fitted into the cuff. A daring post-box red is used for frock worn beneath and shiny red leather for the belt and bag.

René

BLOUSES

Four
Suave
Models



• ABOVE: A distinguished afternoon blouse of white reversible crepe. The triangular-pieced front, cleverly cut with canted neckline, is most unusual. Equally smart are the sleeves.

• AT RIGHT: A demure period-type blouse of white lacquered organdie patterned with small red and blue squares and finished with frilled jabot collar and basque.



• TOP LEFT: A sporting blouse of strawberry shirt-silk with quilted yoke and bow.

—All Mall Photos from Paris.

• ABOVE: Dark blue silk blouse with white revers. The "affinity" pattern of absurd little dogs is printed in white on the blouse and in dark blue on the revers.



• TOP LEFT: A sporting blouse of strawberry shirt-silk with quilted yoke and bow.

—All Mall Photos from Paris.

• ABOVE: Dark blue silk blouse with white revers. The "affinity" pattern of absurd little dogs is printed in white on the blouse and in dark blue on the revers.

make your
SKIN
lighter, fresher,
and younger!



3 aids to instant loveliness

"facial youth"

cold cream—amazing NEW discovery!

'Facial Youth' cold cream contains a marvellous new ingredient—the result of scientific research. It cleanses the tissues to the very depths as nothing else can; nourishes the skin, removes blackheads, lines, wrinkles and "crow's-feet," thus revealing a lovely, clear, soft and youthful complexion. Obtainable everywhere—tubes, 1/-.

beauty cream

'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream—the perfect powder base—fragrantly perfumed, holds powder for hours, yet will not clog the pores; keeps the complexion as fresh as a rosebud; prevents shiny nose; contains no grease, and will not grow hair. Whitens, clears and protects the skin. Obtainable everywhere, tubes, 1/- and 1/9, jar, 2/6, liquid form, 1/6.

NEW face powder — to suit every skin
After several years' study and research a powder has been produced to suit either dry or oily skin. 'Facial Youth' powder, compounded by the latest methods, will not clog the pores, clings for hours, and does not shine. Available in two types—Type 'A' for Dry Skin, Type 'B' for Oily. All fashionable shades, including a smart Evening Tone. Everywhere—large boxes, 1/6.

★ 'facial youth' ★
for skin loveliness

ALLURING COLOUR ADDS TO CHARM

Enhances beauty of the Eyes

"No woman should use a pronounced rouge. It looks so vivid that half the charm of youth is lost. Youthful make-up should speak in a fascinating whisper. If it does that it is truly irresistible!" "Rose Petal" Rouge is a delicate and dainty colour—secretly created to keep skins youthful and to throw up the beauty of the eyes. Buy a 1/2 box of 'Facial Youth' "Rose Petal" Rouge and see a miracle of modern beauty science!

'ROSE PETAL' ROUGE



An Editorial

MAY 1, 1936.

MUST WE HAVE
BAD FILMS?

films each year.

The picture people don't like it. They contend that Australian films are not up to standard.

Well, American films are not up to standard, either.

Some day soon, picture-goers will start an agitation for another sort of film quota—a law compelling exhibitors to screen a certain proportion of GOOD films each year.

The general standard of American films of late has been low and falling. There have been some outstanding pictures, but they have been far too few, and in between we have been served with films of boring mediocrity or irritating trashiness.

The picture-goer is more or less in the hands of the exhibitor. Motion pictures are so much a part of our lives nowadays that most people will go to the pictures however bad the programmes.

But they won't go so often, and they won't keep going forever.

The stage lost in the fight with the films because the stage didn't take enough trouble to give the people good stuff. The films will go the same way if they pursue the same policy.

"We've got 'em where we want 'em, and we'll give 'em what we like," seems to be their attitude.

Well, they have got us where they want us, just now. But if things get too bad the public will act—either by agitating for a higher standard of films or by staying away altogether.

There's one policy that brings more business than all the monopolies and clever tricks in the world.

And that is?

Deliver the goods.

—THE EDITOR.



POINTS OF VIEW

The Gloomy Sex

USING the slogan "Bright clothes make you feel brighter," the New York Custom Cutters' Club at their annual show approved strawberry-colored sports coats, dinner suits in "jewel" tones, blue capes with scarlet linings, and a host of other new and daring male modes.

American men are already putting in their orders. But what will Australian men make of the new fashions?

After their womenfolk urged them for years to "get out into something brighter," a few of the more daring finally blossomed forth in bright shirts, colored, befeathered hats, and vivid ties—and met a storm of protest from the rest of the men.

It seems that the stronger sex are doomed for ever to a life of gloom.

Unfit to Live?

LENGTHENING the lives of the physically unfit, the weak, and the ailing is tending to make the human race less intelligent, says a famous American professor.

But does it always work out that way? To follow to its logical conclusion the professor's idea of elimination of the unfit might give us a lot more bear-eyed, empty-headed, and muscle-bound morons, but we might also lose a lot.

Under conditions in the professor's brave new world, Milton, a blind man, would not have lived long enough to have written "Paradise Lost", Beethoven, who was deaf, and Byron, club-footed, might have early come under the edict of unfitness; and Delius, blind, and Leopardi, a hunchback, might never have been heard of.

Surely the professor wouldn't suggest the lethal chamber for our geniuses.

LYRIC OF LIFE

MY SON

My son shall not ride on a steed of white
With flaming swords and banners of gold,
Nor boast of the glories of battles won,
My son shall not ride with the fierce and bold.

My son shall walk on his own strong feet
On the good, wide earth that his fathers knew,
He will learn to laugh and to love his kind
And to give his best to the work he'll do.

He will learn to value the gift of thought,
And the trials of man he will understand,
He will face the world with a quiet smile
And the kindly clasp of an honest hand.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Won By a Nose

ACCORDING to Arthur O'Neill, New York photographer of magazine-cover beauties, a girl is only as plain as the nose on her face.

O'Neill has photographed thousands of beautiful girls, and he says the nose is the most important feature. His face-appeal chart works like this: General layout of face, including nose, 40 per cent.; the nose itself, 25 per cent.; with eyes, lips, teeth and hair scoring the remaining 35 per cent. between them.

So the poets must away with trite little poems about the curve of her lips or the incense of her hair, and sing of the smart little thoroughbred who wins by a nose.



NO CHILDREN'S HOTEL wanted here. This is how a young Australian accompanies her parents on a holiday jaunt in open or mountain country. The child is Jane Felham, of Sydney. Her parents are both keen bush-walkers, and hit on this idea of carrying Jane around, sitting in a carrier on Dad's back. Gear in another carrier slung in front of Dad's shoulders helps balance Jane's weight. As a contrast to this family holiday plan, Berlin has a children's hotel, where youngsters can be parked while parents tour the countryside alone. See story col. 4.

Her Memories

THE courage of the very old sometimes makes us feel humble. Into a famous London hospital walked an 86-year-old woman rapidly going blind.

"Can you put my eyes right?" she asked. "I want to see the Coronation. We are living in stirring times, and I want the memories for later on when I am too old to get about."

Surgery did the rest. The old lady, with sight restored, will see the glittering pageantry of the Coronation—an object lesson in self help at 86.

Streamline

NEWSPAPERS, says Mr. Henry Ford, have far more value than history books.

"They are the best educators," he declares, "because they arrive every day and are up to the minute."

Quite true! In addition they have this much in common with cars: They always carry the latest in streamlines, and you can get a new model every day if you so desire.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

Should Children
and Parents
Holiday Apart?

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our special Representative in England.

A children's hotel, at which parents can leave their children for days or weeks, is a novel tourist facility available in Berlin. It has provoked a controversy on whether children should accompany parents on holidays.

THE idea has aroused the ire of some critics, who regard it as a blow at the traditional family holiday arrangement, which brought parents and children into closer, more friendly contact.

The children's hotel idea, they claim, encourages parents to leave their children temporarily whenever they are likely to interfere with the parents' plans for a tour round the countryside. No effort is made to plan the holiday so as to include the children.

A world full of "holiday-orphans" is predicted, if the scheme becomes more popular.

FOR some years this regular "Children's Hotel" has existed for the exclusive use of little travellers in Germany. It is a home in which the problem of caring for children is tackled along businesslike lines, and it is quite as efficient as the "luggage-checking" system of the railway companies.

The house is equipped with furniture, heating, hot and cold running water, and all the other comforts.

It lies in the middle of the woodland park of Grunewald, and parents can leave their little ones there for days or for weeks under the best of care.

The guests are for the most part children, even very small ones, of parents who are remaining several months in Germany, and have placed their children here for safe-keeping.

The hotel has a special section reserved for little children in arms, presided over by two graduated infants' nurses. There is another section devoted to children from 1½ to 2½ years, and a third for older children.

It is not easy always for the little ones to understand one another—for a little Jap to converse with a tiny Swede, for instance, or an Italian with an Australian; a fact which may cause a child to be more lonely, despite every care by the "hotel" authorities.

The personnel can usually help out with English and French, until there is an "international understanding" all round.

Older children may attend school, and, if so, are given the necessary help with their home lessons.

But, while on the surface life seems to be so complete for the child visitors, psychologists claim that the lack of parental interest and affection will eventually reflect itself in the child's outlook and sense of responsibility and will tend to develop strange new inferiority complexes.



BUSHRANGERS Fish and RADISHES



"Sunlite" Lower Tries To Live Down His Past

About bushrangers! Yes, well what about them? I've got to write a story about bushrangers. Why? Oh, shut up! There's your typewriter. Get on with it!

Some enterprising journalist loafing around in a country town claims to have dug up the man who shod Ned Kelly's horse. So far as I can make out Ned Kelly's horse was shod three times a day by every blacksmith in the State. (Don't babble! Get on with it!)

WHEN I was a bushranger (I know what's wrong with me! I haven't had any lunch. Take a seat. I won't be long.)
Hah! Now then. When I was a bushranger, having served my time in the Taxation Department with a post

graduate course at the Gas Company, I was the soul of courtesy.

For a start, I never disturbed women or children. I say, for a start. I soon found that this knightly courtesy didn't pay. The cringing male passengers used to pass their valuables over to their wives. I had an idea one day when

— By —

L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

I was sitting by the campfire with my gang standing to attention in the background.

"To Horse!" I cried.
Do you know, I think there must have been something wrong with that fish. I had a while ago. I always find that it's better to eat fish that you've caught yourself.

Oh, bushrangers! Yes, of course.
I first started out on a life of crime when I was deported from my home in Darlinghurst, Sydney, to a school nearby. It used to be called Westbush. If I remember rightly. It was just an ordinary public school and by some process which I have never been able to fathom I eventually became head man in the top class.

Here I want to pay a tribute to the studious bloke with the long legs and glasses who sat next to me. We were running neck and neck for being custodian and distributor of text-books when he suddenly developed chicken-pox.

The way that poor lad used to sit up and do my homework makes me feel sad, even now. I used to visit him every evening after school, but I never seemed to be able to catch his chicken-pox.

Famous Exploit

DON'T get impatient. I'm coming back to the bushranging part any minute.

Having been expelled from school with honors the choice of a career was my first thought. Whether to become a stock and station agent, a dispensing chemist or an S.P. book-maker, that was the question.

I decided to combine the lot and become a bushranger. The trouble about being a bushranger is that you have to spend so much time in the bush.

I'm sure there must have been something wrong with that fish—although it tasted all right. A man of my age can't be too careful about his diet. I know a man who, after he had eaten radishes, used to belch so frightfully that he could never keep his hat on. He got a job as a fog-horn eventually, but the work was only casual.

But we were discussing bushrangers. Why on earth I picked on bushrangers I don't know. Almost anything else would have done.

My most celebrated exploit was the holding up of the Mudgee mail in 1835. It was broad daylight when they rounded the bend in the road and I can see to this day the look of terror on the face of the guard sitting next to the driver when I rode out of my ambush and said in loud, ringing tones, "WHEOA!"

You know, I don't see how one little plateful of fish could make a man feel like this. It might have been the radishes. Radishes do play up with you. Ever tried pickling radishes? They're awful. Pickled onions are different.

We were talking about bushrangers, I think.

All right! All right! There was the coach, with its terrified

"Sunlite" Lower, known as "The Gentleman Bushranger," was courtly even in danger. It will be observed that he was busily engaged in boiling the billy over Ned Kelly's "tin hat" when he was interrupted by a passing prospect.

occupants cowering in their seats while steam rose from the horses' flanks into the frosty morning air. (That's not a bad bit.)

The coach driver descended from his seat and said, "What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"Oh, you shut up!" I said, in my wild, hot-tempered way.

There's a mad streak in me that makes me say things like that. Mind you, I'm sorry for it afterwards, but I just can't help myself.

The passengers lined up on the road with their hands up while I went through their pockets and reticules. (I'll bet it's a long time

since you heard that word.) I dare say there's a lot of you girls who don't know what a reticule is! It is the name of a small handbag carried by ladies in the 80's in the pre-lipstick era, and it had a small mirror in it and a powder puff and rouge box, a hare's foot and a postage stamp-sized handkerchief reeking of scent and a pencil off a dance programme.

Listen, I'll tell you about this bushranging business next week. We're going to press NOW. I always seem to be last in. Don't forget. Bushrangers next week. Perhaps!

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SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off Autumn fashions to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood, and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

Don't envy others but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



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So please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of
Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—
for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any
obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS

LADIES' DAY

Continued
from
Page 8

WE arranged to
pick her up at the jetty in Farm
Cove, near the starting line. Of
course, she would arrive in the big
Bentley, complete with chauffeur.
That was humiliation enough for
me, and I bounded up the jetty to
meet her determined to stop any
further funny business.

"Oh, hello, darling," she cried.
"Listen," I said between my
teeth, "you behave yourself or
I'll throw you overboard. None of
your high-hat stuff, understand?"

She laughed dangerously. "I'm
sure I don't know what you mean,
darling. Oh, what a sweet little
boat."

"It's not a sweet little boat, and
you know what I mean," I hissed.
"Get in and shut up."

I introduced her to Tim with
grave misgivings. If she expected
him to go all shy and mumble,
"Please-a-meecha," she was dis-
appointed. He greeted her easily
and correctly and introduced the
rest of the boys without any fuss.

"Now, Miss Stanley," Tim said
in a friendly tone, "you sit here
between me and the sheet-hand.
You'll have to move smartly when
we go about, but anyhow Jim will
look after you."

"Oh, I'm sure he will," replied
Mary sweetly, and smiled with
mildly coyly at big Jim's
rugged dial.

I knew that tone. It was a
warning, like the rattle of a rattlesnake
just before it strikes. If
ever I was racked with homicidal
desires it was this moment. I
glared at her with all the venom I
could muster, but she only regis-
tered a beatific smile of shameless
innocence.

Anyhow, we got under way and

cruised back and forth behind the
starting line. The Narcissus is, as
you know, the scratch boat, and we
were giving away as much as eleven
minutes to some of the tubs. As
though a female in the boat wasn't
enough to worry us, the breeze had
unexpectedly come in heavily from
the north-east and we were caught
with the big sail on.

As soon as we pulled out from the
lee of Mrs. Macquarie's Chair a
terrific puff stood us on our beam
end and we took about a ton of
water aboard. This had the
effect of frightening all the
poisonous sweetness out of Mary,
who was faintly perched on the
gunwale as though it were a mass
of broken eggs, and enabled us to
settle down to the business of sail-
ing.

Once we commenced racing there
was little time for witty repartee.
The ebb tide against a howling
nor-easter whipped up a high,
dangerous chop, and for some
obscure reason Tim tried to punch
her up the middle of the harbor.
Tim doesn't make many mistakes,
and when he does they are usually
realised and rectified at once.

However, before he woke up this
time and could tack over into the
lee of Cremorne Point and Brad-

AUTUMN

SUMMER'S fading!

The skies are all aglow
at evening now.

A quiet hush is on the even-
ing air.

And golden leaves are fall-
ing from the bough.

But why be sad because gay
summer's passing?

New blossoms burst, and
midday skies are blue:

Adventure's in the air! Old
ways are changing.

And autumn comes to
bring us something new.

—Hilda Pullen.

ley's Head we were so full of
water that to chuck about would
have meant a certain swim. So
up the harbor we floundered with
the huller shovelling like fury, and
the rest of us swinging with every
ounce we had. We could only
carry the fib and mahogany half
on, but, boy, she was sailing.

I caught an occasional look at
Mary and what I saw made the
old heartstrings sing. Breaking
seas and spray had already re-
moved her warpaint. Her beau-
tiful cream shorts were saturated
and clammily clinging, as though
afraid of being left behind,
and her face wore an ex-
pression of the utmost horror.
Several times she attempted to sit
up straight on the gunwale, and
each time I pulled her down over
the side and yelled gleefully,
"Bend your back—you're not tell-
ing on a yacht now."

MOST of the other
boats had worked the windward
shore, and upon rounding Bradley's
slipped up into the smooth waters
of Taylor Bay. However, despite our
stalewart swinging and the huller's
efforts he was unable to keep more
than level with the constant tor-
rent of water that poured over
the lee gunwale and broke over the
bows, so Tim stood over to the
eastern shore and worked up to
Watson's Bay light, in the teeth
of the wind and seas. The Nar-
cissus plunged and reared like a
mad horse. My back was close to
breaking and I'm sure Mary's was
paralyzed, but to give the devil his
due, she continued to hang out
like a veteran. Sometimes, when
we dropped into a trough, her back
and head would go right through
a wave, but she'd just shake the
water out of her eyes and arch
her back more. During those
moments I was almost proud she
was my sister.

Gradually we worked up towards
the light at Watson's Bay, which
was our rounding mark. We could
see the other boats moving easily
along the other shore, while we
smashed through the seas, but
there was comfort in the knowl-
edge that shortly they would have
to take a long leg across the middle
of the harbor to make the Light,
while we were slowly working into
smoother water. Besides, despite
the seas we had certainly been
travelling, with the full unbroken
strength of the wind to drive us.
We were not absolutely astounded,
then, to find that we were in fifth
place at the mark.

Please turn to Page 16

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The Proprietors of De Witt's Kidney and
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100 pill size, 5/9 instead of 6/6

40 " " 3/- " " 3/6

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There has been no change in formula. The drugs
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The popular remedy for Backache, Rheumatism and all ailments
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You have no idea how refreshing
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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"I shall leave all my property to my wife on condition that she marries again within a year."
"Why do you say that?"
"I want someone to be sorry I died."



"Pardon me, Mrs. Browne-de Vere-Jones, but has your son ever earned anything by the sweat of his brow?"
"We Browne-de Vere-Jones never perspire."



DOCTOR: Are you married?
PATIENT: No, I was run over.

"Are you having a change of climate for your holidays?"
"Oh, yes, we're taking a flat on the ground floor."



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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HEADMASTER: And how did you get the idea of becoming a teacher?

Applicant: I thought the black-board would set off my blonde hair so beautifully.

EMPLOYER (to small boy): Hello, my lad, when will your father be fit for work again?

Boy: Oh, it'll be a long time, sir.

Employer: What makes you think that?

Boy: 'Cos compensations set in.

HUSBAND: The curry was excellent to-night. Did you get the recipe out of a newspaper?

Wife: No; at the organ recital. A lady behind me told her neighbor about it.

"ROBERT," said the teacher, "can you tell me what obscurity means?"

"Yes, teacher. It's a place where a good many men go to after elections."

VISITOR: You have a nice place here, sir. Front door porch covered, backyard covered, everything.

Resident: Yes, the whole house is well covered—by mortgages.

"ALEC, as you go up the road put this parcel on the bus, please."

"Which bus, Mrs. Craquers?"

"Oh, any bus; it's my husband's lunch, and he works in the lost property office."



FLU & COLDS

Check them with "D"

DOUBLE D Eucalyptus Extract

Don't wait until a cold has you in its grip—check it at the first sneeze or sign of sore throat. The Double "D" Eucalyptus 3-way treatment is an easy and most effective way of warding off Flu and Colds.

- 1 TAKE 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
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Coughs relieved instantly

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is the most popular and effective Home Remedy for Coughs and Chest-Colds obtainable in Australia.

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Always insist on ..

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE



THE first boat around was Gwen, the limit boat, and she smartly set a spinnaker for the run to Shark Island. The other three were a fair distance behind her, while we were right on their tails. Believe me, the excitement was intense. We were certain to catch the tube immediately ahead of us within the next two miles and could thus count on second place at least. The Gwen was a harder proposition, with her lead of nearly a quarter of a mile, but we had a reasonable chance of running her down on the finishing line.

Just before we rounded I thrust the spinnaker up-haul into the swinger's hands and roared, "Hang on to that and pull like the dickens when I give the word. If you let it slip I'll brain you," and when I gave the word the spinnaker shot up the mast like a cloud of white smoke. Within ten seconds I'd set the pole and broken her out. Narcissis took one violent plunge forward, lifted on the top of a wave and then skimmed the surface like a speedboat. The fin screamed in its case as we leaped from the crest of one wave to another. She was travelling like a thing bewitched.

We were moving this day and overhauling the boats ahead with the sureness and grace of a sparrow swooping upon an obese locust. Two of the others were carrying their heavy weather sails and quickly fell behind as we blanketed their canvas with a rush to windward. The next was rigged with her big stuff and flying, but we overhauled her and dashed past when an extra strong puff enabled us to shoot up to her windward side.

I stole a glance at Mary. Her eyes were as bright as buttons and she strained forward on the gunwale of the boat as though to help it along. Her lips were parted and her face, beautiful even without the warpaint, expressed the same tense excitement that was making Tim swear loudly to himself, the sheet-hand spit at frequent intervals over the side, and my stomach to go tingly inside. Mary hadn't

LADIES' DAY

Continued
from
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spoken a word since we started—more than an hour before—surely a record period of silence for her, except when she's asleep. Even then I imagine she talks in her sleep.

Tim left off swearing long enough to shout, "We'll catch Gwen. Look!"

Under the billowing spinnaker

GIRLIGAGS



STRANGE as it may seem, the books that gather most dust in the library shelves are the books that are clean between their covers.

I could see the limit boat just rounding Shark Island light, scarcely two hundred yards away. We'd certainly pulled up a lot on her. Her for'd hand was madly gathering in her spinnaker before the jibe. In another few seconds she rounded, and out on her bumpkin shot a balloon.

"She's carrying a balloon home," I shouted; "what do you want to do?"

"To the devil with a balloon,"

Tim roared back. "We'll jibe our spinnaker and carry it shy."

It's always risky to jibe a spinnaker in an open boat, especially in heavy weather, but it is several minutes quicker than stowing the extra and re-setting it on the other side. And every minute counts in the racing game.

I passed the slack end of the spinnaker brace around the starboard shrouds preparatory to pulling the pole right around the mast as we jibed. Tim gave the end to Mary with the instruction, "Hang on to this until the boom of the sail starts to come across, and then heave for your life." She nodded and grabbed the rope with both hands.

The spinnaker was drawing like a bread poultice, and the pole was trying to fly up the mast. It required every ounce of my strength to hold it.

Although we were travelling at a terrific pace, the last fifty yards to the light seemed an endless distance. Once on the homeward stretch we had a good two miles in which to catch and pass Gwen. Each of us strained forward as though to help the boat along.

Tim forgot to swear; the sheet hand to spit. My stomach had gone numb. Every nerve was tensed to breaking point. Another thirty yards to go—another twenty

A piercing scream rent the singing breeze, and even the Narcissis jumped with the shock. Before my horrified gaze the soles of Mary's feet vanished over the side. In the next instant the spinnaker pole struck the water. With that sickening motion known only to open-boat sailors, the boat pulled up like a dead thing, slewed to port, and poked her dainty bumpkin towards the bottom.

When I came spluttering to the surface, the Narcissis was completely awash on her side, wallowing and creaking in the seas as though embarrassed at her undignified predicament, and endeavoring to do something about it. The crew were disgustedly clinging to the uppermost gunwale, but neither Tim nor Mary was to be seen. Tim's head broke the surface a second later, however, and his arm dragged up what was recognisable as my sister.

"Hang on to the side of the boat," he said, not unkindly, considering the justification for stronger speech, and pushed her over the submerged mainsail. Probably everything would have ended peacefully at that had the crew of the Sunbeam, which passed us at that moment, had the delicacy to refrain from remarking upon our plight. However, timely reticence and tact are unknown virtues to the Sunbeam crew.

Well, after that Tim saw red. We hadn't had a win so far that season, and here was practically certain Victory and ten quid in prizemoney snatched away, all because a stupid girl had fallen overboard. It would have been all right had she contented herself with merely falling out of the boat. But no, she had to hang on to the spinnaker brace and pull the pole into the water with her.

WHATEVER conceit Mary had (and she had plenty) must have suffered severely before Tim was finished, including her pride in our antecedents. I've never seen Tim so wild, but however great his anger and disappointment, they were nothing compared to my mortification at the thought of a member of my family foolishly causing such an unfortunate mess. Also, I trembled inwardly for Tim's hide. Our little Mary never could take personal criticism sitting down, or hanging to an overturned boat, either. And as I mentioned earlier, my sister could play a Prime Minister with her tongue.

I waited anxiously for the show to explode. Mary's baby-blue eyes were casting off sparks that would have ignited the Town Hall. As Tim paused for breath, she opened her dainty mouth to let him have it. Mercifully, a large and wet wave filled the aperture to overflowing and temporarily prevented any intelligible words from coming out. Nothing daunted, and purple with rage, she tried again, and with similar results. It takes practice to hang to an almost entirely submerged boat in a sea without your head spending half its time under water.



DON'T TAKE THAT says your Doctor

Constant purging is always dangerous without medical advice. Even when it is "only" common constipation you can bring serious illness upon yourself by constantly taking medicines. There is no doubt that medicines bring relief when your bowels slow up. But, constantly taken, harsh medicines hit your system with an explosive force that shocks the delicate intestinal muscles into action. As this purging becomes more frequent the muscles are badly weakened. The time will come when your bowels can no longer respond to this constant flushing—and you pay the penalty of serious illness.

Don't let constipation grip you

Common constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in your diet. Most of the foods we eat—white bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, potatoes, and butter contain little or no "bulk". Nature intended to keep you regular with this "bulk", for it exercises your intestines. You can get some of this "bulk" by eating a large quantity of fruit and vegetables—but the best type of "bulk" is provided by bran because it does not break down within the system. Acting upon this discovery Kellogg's have produced "ALL-BRAN," a out-sweet breakfast food that gives your system its full supply of "bulk". If you start your breakfast with two tablespoonfuls you should be free of constipation within a week.



Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day!

SCRATCHES



However small the scratch is, germs can easily penetrate, cut broken skin and cause infection. Don't take any risk! Apply Rexona Ointment. It takes out the stinging pain at once, and protects the broken skin against germ infection. New healthy skin grows again in a day or two.

TREATMENT: Cleanse the scratch by washing with Rexona Medicated Soap and warm water (cold, if there is much bleeding). Apply Rexona Ointment on a piece of lint, and bandage in position. Rexona Soap contains the same healing properties as Rexona Ointment. It has been specially made to assist healing.

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FATHER SAID 'WE'RE OUT OF SOLVOL!
SEND YOUNG JIMMY FOR SOME MORE'



THINKING BITTER THOUGHTS OF GROWN-UPS
JIMMY QUITE FORGOT THE NAME



JIMMY SAID 'I'M BUSY PLAYING
WHAT D'YOU WANT TO SEND ME FOR?'



FATHER SAID 'WHEN I SAY SOLVOL
'SOMETHING ELSE' IS NOT THE SAME!'



**DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE. GET THE REAL
SOLVOL. THERE'S POSITIVELY NOTHING 'JUST THE SAME'...NOTHING
THAT CLEANS HANDS AS QUICKLY, THOROUGHLY AND GENTLY!
SOLVOL IS SPECIALLY MADE TO GET DIRTY HANDS CLEAN
IN 30 SECONDS. YET IT'S AS SAFE AND SOOTHING TO THE
SKIN AS FINE TOILET SOAP. ASK FOR AND BE SURE YOU
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Please turn to Page 18

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



WRITE NOW!

Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any topic that interests her. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

BACKWARD?

WHY is it that Australia is so far behind the rest of the civilised world in providing amusement for the masses on Sundays? In America, England, and throughout the Continent it is the general practice for cinemas to remain open on Sundays. I cannot see any difference in spending Sunday watching the films from enjoying oneself on the beach, picnicking, listening to a wireless programme, and so on.

Those whose tastes run to the last-mentioned diversions can satisfy them, but because mine happens to be films I am compelled to forgo my pleasure and spend the day in utter boredom. And this is just because I live in a country which has made no advance in modernism, but is content to lag behind in pompous Victorianism.

£1 for this letter to Miss Ella Armstrong, 3 Leichhardt St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

PRO PATRIA

AUSTRALIANS, looking for material instead of spiritual gain, are too intent on commercialising their children's education. The youngsters of other countries are given a cultural and idealistic training which induces a fierce fighting loyalty, strength of character, and depth of feeling. Instead of the somnolent, easy-going acceptance of life which is the heritage of Australians. They should be taught to live up to, and surpass, the fine example of the pioneers, who did so much for the country.

The majority of Australians are a living example of "that false joy that dreams content with what their shores have won."

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmain St., Richmond E1, Melbourne.

HOME, SWEET HOME

TOO many young people these days think of home as "a bed and an occasional meal." Surely most amusements must pall after a while! Those who go out less enjoy their outings far more, and look forward to them with eager expectation, whereas some of our modern youth take their pleasure with an "Oh, yes, we expected that" feeling.

If we stay at home occasionally we will never feel that "A surfeit of the sweetest things a loathing to the stomach brings."

Miss M. Blackwell, 54 Kensington Terrace, Norwood, S.A.

JUST ANXIOUS!

THERE must be many cases of town girls working in factories and offices in the city marrying country boys and going with them to live in the outback. Having seen conditions in the country, the long, hard-working hours, and knowing superficially the life of a city worker, with its hours 9 to 5, and ample amusement and luxury, I am rather curious to know whether the girls prefer their new life.

D. W. Hemmons, Gladnock, Young, N.S.W.

UNDERSTANDING HEART

A SMART appearance and carriage, with a business-like manner, should not be the deciding factors when saleswomen are being engaged. Rather, the important things should be warmth, sympathy, and an understanding eye and manner. How many customers, especially the more timid, will go to a dignified, cold-looking, smart saleswoman in preference to a woman who looks as if she really cares what she sells?

Mrs. G. M. Leask, Box 122, P.O., Randburg, Qld.

Does Miss Modern Like to Look Up to Her Man?

IT is strange to hear a woman say, as Miss B. Lindsay (10/4/37) does, that women prefer men to be their mental superiors. I am sure few women will agree. What woman capable of surpassing a man in brain power would prefer to retard her mental progress so that she might worship at the feet of the superior male!

Women often "play up to" men's vanity, applauding their knowledge and wit, but this by no means shows her to be inferior in intellect.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Can't Love Unless

IMAGINE a woman's contempt for a lover to whom in knowledge and intellect she is superior! She would assuredly cease to love. Again, a man always prefers a woman whom he can teach and to whom he may show his superiority. It's all a part of the make-up of man and woman which no amount of modern equalising will ever overcome.

Frances Smith, St. John St., Launceston, Tas.

Both Should Be Equal

MISS LINDSAY is quite wrong. If the man is better educated than the woman, one of two things must happen. Either he must "talk down" to her, or the conversation will be "over her head." In either case boredom must result, and that is fatal to love and happiness.

A wife must be an intelligent companion these days to hold her man!

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o The Economic Store, Campbell Street, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Inborn Desire

MAN is naturally the aggressor, woman the submissive, consequently the successful woman allows her man to do all the talking.



WOMAN prefers to listen . . . and admire.

ing (automatically stifling her own desires), and make the decisions, even if she unobtrusively guides him. This is woman's true function, and if she proves the stronger by her scheming, what of it?

Robin Dixon, Hamilton St., East Fremantle, W.A.

Not Modern Maids

NOW, now, Miss Lindsay, those women who looked on males as glorified encyclopaedias went out, as you probably know, with bustles, beards, and side whiskers! What man does not enjoy the companionship of a woman with whom he can discuss intelligently the affairs of the day, and I have yet to hear of a man marrying a girl whom he thinks to quote your letter—"a bit of a fool."

Mrs. Jean Shaw, 10 Frederick St., Concord, N.S.W.

Not These Days!

YOUR correspondent says that sex equality is not preferred. That is undoubtedly true in some instances, but not in all.

There are modern young women who glory in airing their knowledge, and he is a wise man who lets them.

The modern girl likes to think that her boy friend knows as much as she does—but no more.

"A man's affection for a woman is stronger when he thinks her a fool," says Miss Lindsay. If that is so, how few men would be marrying!

F. James, 19 Gilbert St., Adelaide.

Do Acquaintances only Clutter up One's Life?

I AM inclined to agree with Mrs. Wathen (10/4/37) who says that it is better to have a few real friends than many casual acquaintances.

Doesn't real living mean to live outside ourselves, and we can only do this, I think, as we enter into the lives of our fellows. It is in the intimate sharing of our thoughts, experiences, and desires that we develop our own lives, and we can't really do this until we know another as "friend"—mere acquaintanceship is not enough.

If to be a friend means that we must take and make time to know and to understand another, the process must of necessity be selective. Acquaintances are of very little use.

Miss Vera Jones, 76 Radnor St., Camberwell E6, Vic.

Room For All

THERE is room in life for numerous acquaintances, quite apart from actual friends, as they bring to us a difference of outlook and viewpoint which is usually both interesting and stimulating.

Where, however, acquaintances prove definitely irritating or exceedingly boring, they should be unostentatiously dropped. Their tiny niche in your life can be filled by pleasant associations.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Another Friendship Fallacy

MRS. WATHEN'S letter started a train of thought for me:

What is friendship but a communion between two people of similar tastes and interests?

Once you have made a friend you are expected to cling together for life.

Yet as you expand, your interests must change, and friendship should change, too.

I think a man is a fool to cling to a friend for old time's sake.

Hard to take perhaps, but don't you honestly agree?

K. Colley, York St., Sth. Perth, W.A.

Wasters of Time!

HOW many hours, weeks, nay, years, of our precious three-score years and ten do we waste with people who do not remotely interest us—simply because we are too lazy or shortsighted to do anything about it?

Admittedly friends grow up from acquaintances, but for every friend made there are a dozen acquaintances who remain static in their relationships with us.

Hilda Round, Margaret St., Launceston, Tas.

Keep Us Bright

I CERTAINLY do not think that a lot of acquaintances are useless. Even if some never actually become friends it is pleasant to meet them and discuss the superficial things of life. Acquaintances often have viewpoints which our friends have not.

Keeping to just one set is likely to make us insular and very narrow-minded.

Miss Muriel Meller, 8 Reid St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Exchange Views

CERTAINLY let us have acquaintances, as many as we can, so long as we keep them in their place. Let us talk and exchange views with as many people as we can, but do not let them encroach on other valuable time. We are too apt to think of mere acquaintances as firm friends, and spend too much time with them.

Mildred Rawlings, Albany Rd., Kelmscott, W.A.

If Government Helped Couples to Wed!

F. E. MILLARD (10/4/37) advises Australia to adopt the same system to increase the birthrate as Germany has done—namely, loan money for young men and women to marry, and remit 25 per cent. of the loan where births have resulted from the union.

Australia naturally wishes to produce children to populate the country, but what is the use of bringing more people into the world when already we cannot find employment for those that are here?

H. McFarlane, Grafton St., Warwick, Qld.

Very Desirable

I AGREE with F. Millard. Rather than bring in immigrants, how much more desirable it is that more of our own young people should marry, and supply the best possible immigrants we can have.



... And so there'll be more of Australia's best immigrants!

A timely loan from the Government would help many a young couple.

Mrs. A. McKenzie, 7 Thompson St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Vicious Circle

WE should not have Government loans to assist matrimony.

Certainly a higher birth-rate might result, but it seems to me that the people who should have children would hesitate to take up such a scheme.

Also, it would mean a tremendous increase in taxation. Eventually we might come to paying taxes out of the money borrowed—a really vicious circle.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew E3, Vic.

LEAVE THEM ALONE!

A MAN'S main interest in a home is as a place of peace and rest. But how many of them are able to enjoy it as such? They may prepare for a nice restful day on Sunday, but the woman of the house generally has some weeds in the garden that need pulling up, a picture to be hung, and a thousand and one other things to be done.

The housewife should consider that he has worked hard all the week and done his job, and that she has her leisure when he is working hard. But how many consider this?

J. Thompson, Heindorf House, 51B 1st Floor, Queen St., Brisbane.

THE ONLY CHILD

RECENTLY an American magazine published an article entitled "Do's and Don'ts for those Contemplating Matrimony." Under the heading of "Don'ts" was "Don't marry an only child." Unfortunately in most cases that is good advice. Why should this indelible stamp be placed on an only child?

Primarily, the fault lies with parents who unthinkingly raise breeding-grounds for so many human failings by pampering and over-indulging their only child.

When will parents realise that love without authority is worse than neglect in the "bringing up" process?

Miss N. C. Armstrong, 31 Como Crescent, Newstead, Launceston, Tas.

WAKE UP, WOMEN!

I HAVE just read with interest in The Australian Women's Weekly (10/4/37) the report of a statement by the Queensland Labor Premier, Mr. Forgan Smith, as to the need for women in Parliament. This is surely encouraging, coming from the source it does, and should make all interested women keen to get things going, politically, before the next general election. Personally, I think that the ideal would be for every constituency to return both a man and a woman. This would eliminate the element of opposition, and would enhance the co-operation of the sexes in political affairs.

G. Colegrave, 25 Royal Parade, Parkville N2, Melbourne.

Perfect Eyesight without Glasses

Remarkable Development in Sight Correction



Eye Culture, a Natural Restorative Treatment Now Available To All Those Suffering From WEAK SIGHT SHORT SIGHT LONG SIGHT STRAINED EYES FAIRING VISION, SQUINT AND ASTIGMATISM corrected without the use of glasses, and those wearing glasses can now discard them.

Science has now come to the rescue after years of experimenting, and a system called EYE CULTURE has been evolved whereby the majority of those who have previously worn glasses are now enabled to discard them. It was never meant that our eyes should need artificial aids (Eye Crutches). EYE CULTURE enables you to use your eyes as our Creator intended them to be used, that is, naturally and without glasses.

EYE CULTURE was developed from a modern and more complete understanding of the structure of the human eye and the mass of minute muscles which are continually regulating its focus and functioning every minute of the working day. It has been found that in weak, defective, near and long sight, these muscles are strained, congested, and have lost their elasticity, no longer adjusting the eye to see clearly at all the varying distances we require. When these muscles are induced to work again, sight becomes normal and objects at any distance are seen with the greatest clearness. Just as physical culture and exercises build up the body muscles, so does EYE CULTURE

CORRECTLY APPLIED science tone and build up those long neglected muscles which control the sight. By the use of glasses the condition is aggravated and the eyes steadily become weaker. The proof of this being seen now and then it is necessary to get glasses which are stronger. As you progress with EYE CULTURE, which by the way, is also used extensively in Great Britain, America, and Germany, the process is reversed. The eye muscles strengthen, the vision improves, and you soon find you can see better without glasses. If your eyes become tired and ache whilst reading, driving a car, or at the picture, if your head aches, your vision is blurred or you have any of the disabilities mentioned above, consult us immediately—we can help you with EYE CULTURE, and at very little cost.

FREE CONSULTATION For the sake of your sight call and see us, or if unable, send a stamped addressed envelope, describing your eye trouble, to

EYE CULTURE C/- (City office) Ivelin's Pharmacy, No. 1 St. James Building, 187 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone MA1507.

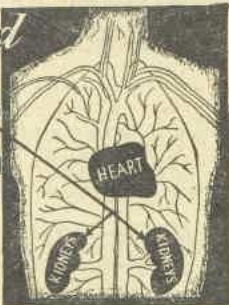
Acids in Blood-

must be removed

by Kidneys

Or your system is poisoned

Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains, and Feel Tired, Run-Down, and Worn Out.



There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of Acidity think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood and often caused by worry, overwork, fear, late hours or over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain on the kidneys.

Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your Kidneys, the most delicate and delicate organs in your body. Each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 40 million tiny delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 2-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the acids and poisonous wastes may be removed.

Causes Many Troubles

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, U.S.A., recently stated: "Modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys." For this reason it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous, and worn out.

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 2 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these acids and wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney and Bladder Troubles cause many diseases, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatism, Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning Itching and Smarting Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in 51 countries throughout the world think that the

right way to help your kidneys function is with the doctor's prescription, Cystex, which is scientifically prepared in accordance with the requirements of the United States and British pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys. For instance, Dr. C. Van Straubense noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that exceeds the prescription known as Cystex."

Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

If you are run-down, worn out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the diseases previously mentioned, Kidney and Bladder Troubles likely are the real cause of your trouble. At any rate it will do you no harm to put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. Under the guarantee, in 8 days' time it must do the work to your complete satisfaction, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded without question or argument. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first forty-eight hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. In testing Cystex, you are the sole judge of your satisfaction. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. Cystex costs little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you completely, you can not afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sime-tex) today.

THEN Tim commenced to laugh—long and boisterously, broken by occasional spasms of spluttering and coughing, when a wave broke over his head. At first I thought he'd gone out of his head—I'd heard that people sometimes do go off their nut from anger, and start laughing. But his next words dispelled that idea:

"I've been sailing boats for fifteen years, but this is the first time I've known anyone to fall overboard and then pull the boat in on top of him," he cried, weak from laughing. "Miss Stanley, you'll go down in history."

We all laughed at this—that is, all except Mary. You could have knocked me down with a piece of marlin when the fire died out of her eyes and she commenced to cry. I don't think anyone but myself noticed her quietly blubbing to herself, because at that moment a police boat arrived and chucked us a line.

All of a sudden I felt intensely sorry for the kid, and put a comforting arm around her shoulders. She shrugged it off angrily and swam to the side of the launch, where the jovial cops, ever ready to succor beauty in distress, hauled her aboard with great gusto.

The cops pulled us in to the beach at Shark Island, and there we righted the Narcissis, bailed her out, and re-rigged for the sail home. Mary stayed with her stalwart rescuers, and the last glimpse I had of her from the island she was wrapped in a police tunic and

There Is Sadness Here

A small, little boy in a bright blue shirt
(The cuffs are a wee bit shoddy)
And the bright blue turns to a darker blue
Where it clings to his limp wet body.

There is sadness here for the whole long year,
Ten more for the heart to quiver;

Two fishermen just went laughing by
On the other bank of the river.
—Yvonne Webb.

swilling something out of a glass, while the launch headed for Farm Cove and the Bentley. Just like a woman, I thought, to wreck the ship and then desert it for a more comfortable one.

We soon had the Narcissis sailing again, and the crew had regained its normal good humor. It was a pleasant relief not to have a woman in the boat, and now that we were once more under canvas the loss of the race seemed of minor importance. The jokes were flying thick and fast, and becoming more lurid as we progressed. We passed the Gwen on the way to her shed and gave her three rousing cheers. Peace and good-fellowship reigned. Feminine influence had been relegated to its proper place—in the home, and then very little of it.

WHY it was that we sailed past Mrs. Macquarie's Chair so close I can't imagine, but just when I was quietly thinking that life is worth living, a musical "Yoo hoo" of lyric soprano timbre smote our ears. Well, who do you suppose was calling and waving to us from the rocks? Yes, you're right. It was Mary.

To my thorough disgust, Tim gave the tiller a kick and rounded up just off the shore. And then began the most insane shouting conversation I've ever listened to.

"I'm glad you're safe," yelled Mary.

"Oh, we're all right. I'm glad you got ashore all right," Tim belatedly replied.

"I suppose you're freezing?"

LADIES' DAY

Continued from Page 16

"No, but I bet you are. Say, I'm sorry I laughed at you."

"Oh, forget it. I deserved it."

"No, you didn't, anyone can have an accident. Besides, every boat capsizes a couple of times during the season." That was a lie. We hadn't had a swim for two years.

"I don't suppose you'll invite me out again," Mary shouted.

"I didn't think you liked sailing."

"Oh, it's grand."

"Well, how about talking it over to-night?"

"I'd love to."

"Pick you up at about nine. O.K.?"

"That'll be perfect."

And so we set sail to the shed.

Well, you might as easily guess the end of this story as I can tell it. Yes, one thing led to another, and finally they got married. At the end of the sailing season. Sure, mother and dad kicked up a great fuss, but there's only one human being I know who can keep Mary from getting her own way and he's married to her.

Yes, we've had a fair run of luck so far this season—except for Ladies' Day. What happened? Oh, Mary fell overboard and Tim capsized us trying to pick her up.

(Copyright)

7 people in 10 have "Shrinking" gums at 35!

Gums may start to shrink back (recede) as early as 20. By 35 most mouths show 3 to 4 "recession" spots at gum line. These spots are highly sensitive when brushed.

Three common mistakes hasten "shrinking," according to modern dentists. Three things to do if you want to retard a premature "aging" process.

As GUMS grow old they naturally recede. Your first warning is that certain teeth are sensitive to brushing. To harsh, abrasive dentifrices, to ineffective cleaning and to wrong ways of brushing are laid the prematurely receding gums of modern times. Thus, to retard unnatural "shrinking" of the gums, follow these three simple rules.

1. BRUSH PROPERLY

Brush away from the gums upwards on the lower teeth and downwards from above.

2. USE A PROTECTIVE TOOTH PASTE

When gums recede, the part exposed (cementum) is much softer than enamel. Thus, your

cleansing material must be softer than "cementum." Of the leading brands only Pepsodent is softer than this more delicate portion of the tooth.

3. YOU MUST REMOVE FILM

—it contains germs associated with decay. Film also combines with lime salts to form tartar, whose sharp edges may irritate the gums, cause bleeding and make gums recede much faster.

Pepsodent Removes Film

Pepsodent is a special film-removing tooth paste. Scientists developed a new softer, safer cleansing and polishing material. This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively.

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE.

THE 2½ SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

How to Stop a Cold Quick as You Caught It



Take 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.

Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them.

And for a gargle, Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely, they leave no irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

DOES NOT DEPRESS THE HEART NOR UPSET THE STOMACH



WASH YOUR DOG

A dog's skin is far more sensitive than human skin. Cheap harsh soaps should never be used for washing dogs, although the same soaps may have no ill-effects on human skin. BARKO IODINE SOAP, because it is super-fatted, is most beneficial and soothing to a dog's skin. It improves the coat, and although antiseptic, it does not irritate.

MOTHERS USE IT AS ANTISEPTIC SHAMPOO FOR CHILDREN

So mild is BARKO IODINE SOAP, and so rich and creamy is its antiseptic lather, that it has proved the ideal soap for washing children's hair. BARKO IODINE SOAP enhances the hair's natural gloss and refreshes the scalp while keeping it free of parasites.



BARKO IODINE SOAP should always be used for washing your dog. It is particularly beneficial, when used in conjunction with BARKO SKIN LOTION, for combating Mange and Eczema. The antiseptic properties of BARKO IODINE SOAP also make it extremely valuable for cleansing sores and ridding the dog of parasites.

BARKO IODINE SOAP

9d. per cake—AT ALL CHEMISTS
FREE BOOK on Dogs. Send 2d. in stamps to Parry, Barker & Co., 66 King St., Sydney

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master of magic, with his man,
LOTHAR: Giant Nubian, rescue a young prince.
SEGRID: Dwelling in Gizeh, in Egypt, from
KRIM: An evil Emir. They then rescue Segrid's sister,
NARDA: From a dark tomb in the pyramid of Gizeh,
where Krim had trapped her. But Krim again
manages to capture her and takes her away. Man-

drake learns from one of Krim's men, whom he has
a prisoner, that she has been taken to Alradi oasis,
and he follows post haste with Lothar by car.
Krim's man manages to telegraph a warning to
Krim at Alradi, where he has taken Narda to await
the pleasure of a higher authority. Krim orders
Bedouins to be sent out to kill the magician and
Lothar as they cross the desert. NOW READ ON.





Walter's great ambition was to be a jockey. He seemed a strong lad, and the life of a training stable appealed to him. And then somehow things seemed to go against him...



WHEN your boy tackles the serious business of fighting his way into a man's job, there's an extra strain thrown on him before he's done growing. At that critical time, he will certainly need extra nourishment.

A cup of Horlick's every night will give him the extra energy he needs in his new sphere, and keep him fit and up to the mark. He'll like it. It's economical, too—just add water—the milk is in it. Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/4.

★ SPECIAL OFFER! — 1 lb. tin Horlick's — Mixer — Measuring Spoon — all for 2/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

BLANKET INSURANCE



This winter, insure against cold with fleecy Challenge Blankets. An unconditional guarantee covers every pair. Challenge Blankets, odourless and free from filling, give lifetime service. They lose neither weight nor shape in the wash... the downy nap does not come

out. Beautifully woven, they are finished with broad-banded, pastel-toned headings in various attractive shades. Challenge Blankets are offered in colour as well as white, with ribbon or silk-whipped edging... in the very latest style. All sizes and qualities.

Challenge

BLANKETS

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

English Author Deals Fairly With Australians "The Picnic" Has Atmosphere

The "picnic" is such an essentially Australian function that readers will not be surprised to find their fellow countrymen — and women — featuring prominently in Martin Boyd's new novel of that title.

On the whole, Australians have fared rather badly at the hands of English novelists. In spite of fast travel, newsreels and profusely illustrated papers, the average Englishman knows comparatively little about this distant Dominion.

NUMEROUS tourists may cross his path, but an Australian abroad conveys little to an observer beyond the fact that his step is freer, his speech slightly different in accent and intonation, and his clothes, often, of an unconventional cut.

Martin Boyd has chosen a group of Australians, the individual members of which any one of us might have met many times. Miss Beatrice Westlake, a middle-aged spinster, has inherited a very large fortune from a wealthy squatter who, having failed to persuade her to marry him, was generous enough to provide for her comfort.

Miss Westlake determines that the money shall be used to educate and establish in life her favorite nephew, Christopher. And so we find them, recently arrived in Eng-

land, the hall is a centre for tennis-parties and other social functions. Christopher meets Ursula Woodford and they become strongly attracted to each other. Wilfred develops a predilection for advanced ideas in sociology and art; he provides some amusing passages.

The climax of the tale is reached at a picnic, given by Beatrice in honor of a distinguished Plumbridge aunt. Here the author gathers up all the elements of his varied cast and with considerable skill crystallises the conception which, throughout the book, he has been at pains to convey in regard to their mental and physical potentialities. The denouement is dramatic and the final chapters are devoted to the tidying up of the few loose ends which remain.

Mr. Boyd writes with fluency and a sure touch. He has an excellent sense of characterization, and both his Australian and his English readers should be interested in his conclusions, even if they do not always agree with some of his basic ideas. S.H.

"The Picnic." By Martin Boyd. Dent.



MR. STEWART HOWARD, whose latest humorous novel, "Ah There, Flyth," is being published by Angus and Robertson in May.

land, accompanied by Matty and Wilfred; the former Beatrice's sister-in-law; the latter, Christopher's brother.

In course of a motor tour through the Southern Counties, the family stumbles upon Plumbridge Hall, at the moment untenanted. Beatrice, on a sudden impulse, buys the place, and decrees that they shall all live there. Matty is a little reluctant, but the boys are delighted.

Wilfred is a snob and is intrigued by his mother's impressive ancestry, illustrated by a small chapel full of memorials in the village church. Something deeper stirs within Christopher. He is, obviously, scion of an aristocratic breed. There are depths in his nature which may lead him on to some great triumph, or to self-destruction. His attitude towards his brother is one of contemptuous tolerance when he is not driven to uncontrollable irritation.

It can well be imagined that this sudden influx of Antipodeans causes a considerable flutter in the village dovecotes. Mr. Boyd has made the most of his opportunities here, and his character sketches of the various members of this typical little quasi-county social group are very amusing, often shrewd, and sometimes brilliant.

It is inevitable that there should be difficulties in the initial stages of the Westlakes' occupancy of Plumbridge Hall. Beatrice Westlake is, however, a woman of great determination and unusual common sense. It is not long before they are accepted by everyone, and

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TATTOO South Sea Colour for Lips

What Women Are Doing

Highly Honored

SIX women are included in the group of eleven Tasmanian artists who have been chosen to send pictures to the collection of representative Australian Art to be shown in London at Coronation time.

They are Mrs. M. Dechaux, Miss E. M. Nicholls, Miss Edith Holmes, Miss Mabel Hookey, Miss Doughty Butler, and Miss Nea Whittle.

Has Secret Process for Modelling in Clay

MISS MARGUERITE RICHARDSON, of Mellor Park, South Australia, has some interesting pieces of clay modelling in the Society of Arts Autumn Exhibition, which concludes this week.

Miss Richardson recently flashed into the limelight in South Australia by suggesting that she do a large statue of the late King George V. on horseback, to be cast in bronze as a memorial to the late King. She has been at work on a model of the statue, three feet high.

Miss Richardson's entries in the exhibition consist of a circus rider and horse, in clay, also a statue called "Sweetheart." She has evolved a secret process for her modelling, which renders her work unusually durable.

Produced Her Own Plays in England

MISS G. GRIFFITHS, a graduate of the University of Wales, who came to Australia as an exchange teacher, is also a successful playwright. She has produced some of her own plays in England, while three of her one-act radio plays will shortly be broadcast over Australian stations.

Miss Griffiths was recently transferred from MacRobertson Girls' High School, Melbourne, to Frankston High School. In Wales her own school is the Viewpoint Technical School, where she is lecturer in English.

Wireless Installed in Hobart Hospital

A RECENT and much appreciated gift is the wireless equipment that has been installed in the nurses' quarters of the Repatriation Hospital, Hobart.

The money for its purchase was raised by Miss Marie Burgess, who organised dancing displays by her juvenile pupils of the Huonville and Cradock districts—a children's ball, and a children's party.

Various people of the district gave assistance in organising these parties, among them being Mesdames E. Fenner, C. Bally, G. Savage, Miss Joyce Baldwin, Messrs. J. Skinner, Tate, Eric Pitt, and Ashton.

Working for the Education of Sick Children

MISS FLORENCE MCINTOSH, who has recently been given complete charge of the reorganised classes at the Adelaide Children's Hospital, is particularly well equipped for her new position, as she recently spent eighteen months studying the methods used by the Special Services of the London County Council for the education of physically and mentally deficient children.

Under Miss McIntosh's charge the children at the hospital spend more than four hours a day in the new schoolroom, which is equipped with a piano and library, doing work adapted to the state of their health.

Miss McIntosh says that the children keep in touch with the outside world through their conversations with her thirty voluntary helpers, and are assisted along the road to health by the handwork which occupies the greater part of their day.

Another Victorian Honored

DR. RACHEL GILLESPIE-HILL, of Victoria, was recently appointed a magistrate for the Borough of Windsor, England.

As Rachel Gillespie she trained in nursing at the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, and later went to England to do a medical course.

In London she took her M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., and was appointed to Windsor Hospital. While there she met and married Mr. H. G. Hill.

In partnership with Dr. J. P. Cuddigan she is practising medicine, and is an honorary assistant anaesthetist at King Edward VII Hospital, Windsor.

Pharmaceutical Research Work Overseas

MISS ALDITH LONGMORE, a daughter of the late Mr. Francis Longmore, who established his well-known Melbourne pharmacy in 1875, has since his death carried on the business successfully.

During a recent tour abroad Miss Longmore acquired further knowledge at laboratories, pharmacies, and chemical works in London and Edinburgh, and was amazed at the size of some of them, each department being a business in itself.

The art of make-up, which she studied in London, she found both useful and interesting. She also had opportunities of gaining insight into the wonderful Child Welfare work done at the orthopaedic hospitals and other institutions.

On her return from abroad Miss Longmore was a guest of honor at a party given by the Business and Professional Women of Victoria.

To Give Recitals and to Lecture in America

MISS MARGARET MARSHALL, well known for her dramatic work in Melbourne, is now in America.

She will give dramatic recitals there, and lecture on the latest scientific methods of curing defective speech—a subject she has been studying in London during the past year with Miss Elsie Fogarty, one of the best-known voice specialists at the Royal Albert Hall School of Dramatic Art.

Miss Marshall will be the guest of honor at one of the big Universities in Ohio, and in New York she will study with voice specialists and inquire into methods of broadcasting.

Practical Worker for Peace and Freedom League

AT the annual meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, held in Melbourne, Mrs. A. J. Syme was elected president of the Victorian branch for the third successive year.

The movement for a Women's International Organisation for Peace first came into being at a meeting at The Hague in 1915, and was formed under its present name at Zurich in 1919, with the idea of bringing women of all countries into co-operation for peace and freedom.

The four branches in Australia are affiliated with the League of Nations Union, the Pan-Pacific Women's Association, and the main centre in Geneva.

Through the latter they are connected with the Disarmament Committee of the Women's International Organisation, also at Geneva.

Concerned With Every Type of Employment

MORE than 300 schools, training colleges, university boards, professional women's societies and other women's organisations are affiliated with the Women's Employment Federation in England.

It is concerned with every type of employment from highly-skilled professional jobs like architecture or veterinary surgery to various odd occupations which enterprising women create for themselves—one of them, for instance, was to solve newspaper puzzles for a "solutionist."

Its Advisory Department gave 3000 individual consultations last year. It also runs a placing register which co-operates with 31 university appointment boards, accepting only posts at £300 and over. Another branch of its activities is its loan fund, which helps promising girls without the necessary means to train for specialised work.

Sweden Adopts Apartment House With Individual Flats

Fru MARTHA SILVERHJELM, of the National Swedish Housewives' Association, and delegate to the Associated Country Women of the World, is a sweet-voiced woman, fair-haired and blue-eyed, who says her association provides a link between urban and rural women, with a better understanding between producer and consumer.

Fru Silverhjelm recommends for city dwellers the apartment house, where families have their individual flats, with a community dining-room if desired, and a community kitchen where modern methods of electricity do away with the drudgery of washing-up. Families may have all their meals served, their laundry done, and even the children cared for, thus releasing the mother for the personal duties of rearing her children and the care of her home away from the routine work of the preparation of meals and the serving of them. These large apartment houses have been so successful in Stockholm that there are already more than ten of them, covering a huge acreage.

Helps Inland Mission Patrol in Northern Territory

FOR the past seven years Mrs. Harry Griffiths, wife of the patrol padre of the Methodist Inland Mission in the Northern Territory, has travelled with her husband over the largest circuit in the world, covering a patrol area of 500,000 square miles. She has made her home in Alice Springs for the past two years, and before then was at the Catherine for five years, but she is often out on the road for three months at a time calling at the more remote stations in the circuit.

Mrs. Griffiths, who has just completed a tour of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide with an exhibition of Northern Territory products, is a member of the Country Women's Association, and an active Girl Guide worker, and is Brown Owl of the Alice Springs Brownie Pack.

Looking Forward to a Busy Year

MRS. C. W. F. CALLENDAR, of Stanthorpe, Queensland, who is president of the local branch of the C.W.A., is looking forward to a year of hard work. Her main object will be to establish a much-needed central rest-room for the use of residents as well as visitors to Stanthorpe. Money will have to be raised to furnish the home, and Mrs. Callendar and members of her committee are arranging several entertainments on a large scale.

New Broadcasting Artist Chosen for Oratorio Choir

A NEW soprano artist in the South Australian broadcasting world is Miss Kathleen Ashton, whose first solo broadcast, given early in April, was well received. Miss Ashton is a student of the Elder Conservatorium, and obtained the degrees of A.M.U.A. and L.R.C.M. from there four years ago.

She has been chosen as a member of the newly-formed SCL Oratorio Choir, which is hoping to present Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" at its first broadcast performance in June.

Creating Art History in Queensland

FOR the first time in the history of art in Queensland, the Society of Artists will hold an exhibition in Brisbane.

It will be opened on May 19 and the arrangements are in the hands of Miss Jeanette Sheldon, director of the Gainsborough Gallery, Brisbane, who for many years has managed nearly all the exhibitions in Brisbane, including several important one-man shows.

Miss Sheldon's own specialty is painting seascapes and landscapes, and when time permits and she is not showing visitors the collection of paintings, etchings and pottery exhibits at the Gainsborough Gallery, she makes pottery and has several very attractive pieces to show her friends.

Says Ours is Not a Land of Songless Birds

MRS. E. L. HANKS, president of the Bird Observers' Club, Victoria, is in disagreement with those writers who have declared that Australia is a land of songless birds. She enthuses over the bird calls of this country, and she has travelled over thousands of miles of it making a special study of bird life.



Mrs. Hanks.

At the inauguration of the club women were excluded from membership, but so many of them displayed a deep interest and knowledge of natural history that foundation members were soon brought to realise the stupidity of this decision and rescinded the rule. Mrs. Hanks is the second woman to hold office as president.

Studying for some years with the late Dr. Leach, Mrs. Hanks became an ardent naturalist and a foundation member of the Leach Memorial Club. She is also an active member of the Field Naturalists' Club and of the Anthropological Society, and has found time to study the life and conditions of the aborigines.

Young Sydney Musician Composes Violin Sonata

MISS DULCIE HOLLAND is a young Sydney musician whose work is winning recognition, especially in broadcasting circles. A violin sonata of her composing had its first public performance from one of the national stations, Miss Holland taking the piano part. This new work is modern in its treatment.

Miss Holland, who studied at the Sydney Conservatorium, and is an organist as well as a pianist, has also composed a number of songs. One, "At the Edge of the Sea," which won first prize in the broadcasting composers' competition, has been published in Sydney. Since then the same firm has published a set of duets of Miss Holland's composing.

She finds great pleasure in writing part songs and her training of a church choir gives her many opportunities of studying ensemble singing.

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For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

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"Tell me, doctor . . . Are you sure?"

I can't believe . . . I mean, it seems incredible that all this should have started with a tiny cut on the finger! One feels so helpless. I've told her so often not to play with scissors. There must be some way of preventing such awful results. After all, it might happen to anyone. Suppose one of the other children, Elizabeth or Ronnie . . . I couldn't stand this twice, Doctor. Tell me, what ought I to do?"

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TO CAIRNS BY SEA

HOPE Dies HARD

Continued from Page 7

THE smile and the color went from Fay's face as quickly as a hand might wipe writing from a slate, but luckily Tessa didn't notice this:

"How do you know he's a married man?" Fay asked.

"Oh! you can always tell," Tessa said airily, and opened her bag and looked at herself in three inches of mirror.

"How?" Fay asked, but Tessa had not heard her, for at that moment a red-and-black sports car had drawn up at the kerb and a rather nonchalant young man had waved to her.

"There's Reg!" Tessa exclaimed, and ran across the wide pavement as fast as her high heels allowed.

Fay didn't sleep much that night.

During the next week, time alternately dragged, as when Fay sat in the outer office, keeping her thoughts firmly in check, or flew on iridescent wings when she worked with Alan in his room. Twice that breathless moment happened again, and on Friday he took her out to lunch. They talked business with their lips, but their eyes said quite other things. He couldn't look like that and have a wife, Fay thought, and shut out the little nagging fear that asked her why, if he felt as he seemed to, did they always talk about the firm, and the firm's work, and never about themselves.

Only on the way back in the taxi, he had suddenly, without a word, taken her in his arms and kissed her almost violently, and then, as suddenly, he had released her again and started talking about the new scheme for Ferguson's chocolates, with a determination that had at first bewildered Fay and then made her want to cry.

On her way home from work that night Fay put a penny in a machine that said the gipsy would tell your fortune. She waited, tense, as the circle whirled, a turning mass of color. It slowed: the gipsy figure showed up, with its sinister pointing finger. It wobbled almost to a standstill. It reached, "You will gain your desire," nearly stopped, and then jerked on to "A dark woman stands in your path."

"What rot!" Fay said aloud, so that an old gentleman standing near her on the platform looked at her in shocked amazement, and then remarked with mild jocularity, "Well, if it's such rot, my dear, I shouldn't take it so dreadfully seriously."

"I'm not!" Fay told him, and walked away, yet all the same, that night she made a resolution. Unless he says something—just something, to show that it's all right, I'm going to stop this thing altogether. And by "all right," Fay meant that he was not a married man, and by "this thing" she meant the love that burned all day now in her heart and brain like a torch.

Two days went by. There were plenty of opportunities for Alan to have said quite a number of things, but he didn't. He stuck grimly to business, and seemed harassed and distraught. All of which seemed to point to the fact that Tessa was right, and that whatever his feelings for Fay were, he was not at liberty to speak of them. Wednesday and Thursday, Fay struggled to put her resolution into practice.

BY Thursday at four o'clock she admitted herself beaten. Love didn't depend on receiving love in return. You couldn't just turn it out of your heart, by strength of will—at least, not when you worked all day in the same building as the one you loved.

"Perhaps I shall have to get another job." But not yet, because, after all, there might still be some explanation of Alan's contradictory behaviour; hope refused to quite die.

It died a violent and sudden death on the following Tuesday, and it was only then that Fay realised quite how much hope had buoyed her up.

On the Tuesday afternoon in question she had been working on some rather difficult letters. Townsend had told her very roughly what it was necessary to say to these new clients and left it to her to phrase the letters how

she liked. Her head was bent forward over her pad, her thin, dark brows drawn together in thought. She kept her forehead on one hand, and had pushed her small, curling fringe all awry.

She looked rather like a little girl doing homework, in spite of her bright lipstick, and softly darkened lashes.

The door from the passage opened with a bang, and Ernie stood there, his round blue eyes all agog with interest.

"Lady to see Mr. Townsend, Miss Keen."

"Oh! Who is it?" Fay asked quite casually, without looking up. There were quite a number of women clients, and she knew most of them by name.

"It's not business," Ernie said, and something in his voice made Fay look up at him. She saw the expression on his face.

"Who is it? What is the name?" she said sharply.

"Mrs. Townsend."

For a second the room seemed to rock, and there was a roaring noise like water falling on Fay's ears. Then she heard her own voice saying, "I will go and tell Mr. Townsend."

At that moment the door into the inner office opened, and Alan stood there, some notes in his hand.

"Mrs. Townsend to see you, sir," Ernie said again.

"Good heavens, why on earth had she got to come here?" Alan said.

"Shall I send her in, sir?"

"No—yes—" Alan started, and then suddenly the door behind Ernie was flung further open, and a woman's voice interrupted: "Alan darling, why do you keep me waiting in wretched little waiting-rooms, with a lot of little office boys?" and a small, dark woman, wearing fox fur, pushed past Ernie into the room.

SHE was very lovely, very well-groomed from the top of her tiny velvet hat to her narrow suede shoes. She was perhaps a year or two older than Fay, or possibly she was only the same age, but looked older and harder owing to her extreme sophistication.

She and Alan retreated through the black door. Before it closed Fay heard Mrs. Townsend say petulantly, "Why hasn't my cheque come this month?" and Fay noticed with icy detachment that her accent was faintly American. Fay forced herself to pick up the notes on her desk. To turn to Ernie and say quite quietly, "Run along, Ernie, I'm busy." Looking at her, the wide grin on Ernie's face vanished and, feeling a little scared, he shut the door and disappeared.

Still moving mechanically, Fay gathered up her things, put the cover over her machine, powdered her nose, and put on her street clothes.

"Going early?" the girl at the switchboard asked.

"Yes. I'm not feeling very well."

"You look rotten. In for flu, most likely. Better go home and get to bed."

"Yes," Fay agreed, and got into the lift.

Afterwards, she could not remember her journey home at all; everything seemed a blank until she found herself lying on her bed, face down, shaken by dreadful sobs that after a long while eased into the bitter relief of tears.

The night passed in a waking nightmare. In the morning she pulled herself together and phoned the office that she was ill. Then she packed a suitcase and wired her sister Margaret, who lived at Leigh-on-Sea, that she would arrive that day.

Her sister had three children, and there was always plenty to do in the house, for the one little maid had her hands more than full. The days dragged themselves through, and Fay slept at night from very tiredness and strong sea air. She told Margaret nothing, for, after all, there seemed little enough to tell, and Margaret, absorbed by her own children, only noticed that Fay seemed listless and run down.

Please turn to Inside Back Cover

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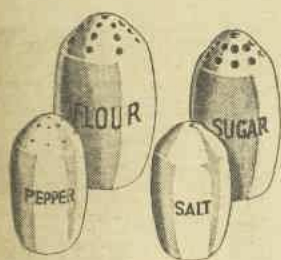
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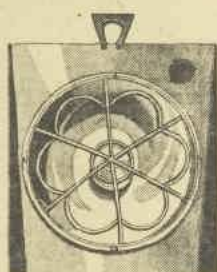
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Beautiful four-piece china set. In pretty colours of green and checker, buttercup, ivory, gold, white. Set now costs only **7/6**

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19/- electric RADIATORS

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Spirited undies when nights are cold

Gown, Ripple cloth, stitch collar. Saxa blue, v. rose. **25/-** SW, W, OS

Gown, Wool flannel. Saxa blue, v. rose, apple gro., fawn. **32/6**

Pyjamas, Lullaby flannel, tailored coat, blue grey, rose. **15/11**

Undies on the Fourth Floor. A lay-by?



Cosy gowns

that take
the chill out of children

Gown of warmest blanket cloth. A silk girdle. Checks in fawn, brown or blue. Fit boys 1½-5 years. Girls 1½-17 years. Prices from **18/11**

1½ to 3, 18/11; 4 to 6, 21/-; 7, 22/6; 8 to 12, 25/-; 13 to 17, 27/6. Lay-by now for winter!

James of English Flannellette. A buttoned drop flap at back, duck or chicken applique. Pink, lemon, white. 1½ yrs. 4/11; 3-5 yrs. 5/11. 6 to 7, 6/11. For girls or boys. Make a lay-by!

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Felt bootee SLIPPERS

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to hug your ankle.

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Slippers—Third Floor. Lay-by!





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FEARS OF CHURCH Leader for Business GIRLS

But General Opinion Is That High Standard Of Conduct Prevails

Every mother of a girl in a job must be concerned at the published statements of the Rev. G. S. Watts, editor of the "Australian Church Standard," regarding certain unscrupulous types of employers who force their attentions upon girl employees.

"IMMORALITY is rife in the world of commerce," said Rev. Watts in an address last week. "I have been told about attractive girls who can only secure or retain their jobs by becoming the paramour of their employer."

"Such things make it apparent

that there is an urgent need for hostels for young girls who have no friends or relatives in the city," the Rev. Watts added.

He made it clear that he was referring only to a certain unscrupulous type of employer—not reputable business houses.

Leaders in social work and the business world were invited by The Australian Women's Weekly to comment on Rev. Watts' remarks.

One of the most outspoken was Miss Kate Cocks, former chief of women police in South Australia.

"I agree with the Rev. Watts," she said. "Girls are sometimes exposed to immorality, not only in business, but in all walks of life."

"It is unfair to condemn employers as a whole, but there are always some who are unscrupulous in their moral standards."

"If, when a girl enters a big business, she chooses the right type of friends, her position is a safer one."

"Where there is only one girl employed in a firm, that girl's position would be hard should she meet with an employer whose morals are not what she would wish."

"The position is especially hard for women who take up employment as housekeepers, but as regards business houses I am glad to say that it is only in a very small minority of cases that employers do not treat girls with respect."

Incorrect, Unfair

MR. JEFFREY WARD, president of Brisbane Legacy Club: "The statement attributed to the Reverend Watts infers that girls in employment who are unwilling to accede to loose suggestions by their employers are liable to lose their employment."

"I think such a statement is far too sweeping in its nature. Of course, there might be the possi-

"I THINK the statement made by the Rev. G. S. Watts is too sweeping," said Mrs. Lines, president of the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney. "The competent girl gains and holds her position by reason of her efficiency."

bility that incidents of this nature have occurred, but my knowledge of business men, as also of their employees, leads to the conviction that as a statement, general or otherwise, it is both incorrect and unfair."

"It is, I think, admitted that the character of our younger women of the present day is stronger than for many generations."

Unjust Reflection

"IT is my own opinion that present-day girls are morally stronger than their contemporary males, and any average citizen, I think, would consider the clergyman's remarks as most unjust and an unjustified reflection on both employer and employee."

Mr. Ivor Manton, of Melbourne, whose emporium employs hundreds of girls: "It is a dreadful thing to say about girls working for their living."

"If the Reverend Watts found himself placed as the executive of a commercial business or a saleswoman in a highly competitive sphere, he would find very little time for anything other than hard work."

"The tempo of 1937 business is hard work and keenness. I feel such remarks are definitely hurtful to a group of women who know the meaning of hard work, loyalty, and enthusiasm."

"In years of business experience I have never encountered immor-

STENOGRAPHER AND TYPIST

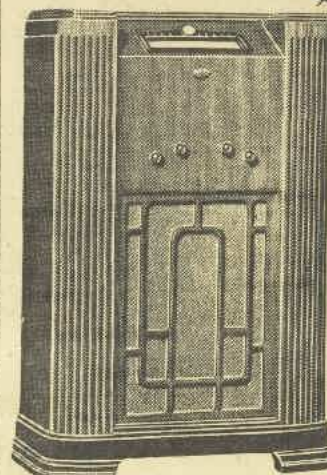
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Salary to commence at least £3/10 weekly, if special qualifications, a higher salary will be paid.

The girl should be of good appearance, education and sufficient knowledge of figures to carry out simple calculations. The class of work is not of a technical kind and is interesting.

Suitable applicant may be sure of appointment for period if required, so that a girl, if leaving her present position may feel confident of permanency.

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THE Last TRICK

Continued from Page 5

"I HUMOR her a little, of course. This specialist business, for instance! It's merely to humor her. It doesn't matter to me what the specialist says. I don't mind telling you that now, because if you say a word to Thelma her father goes to prison. If the genuine report isn't satisfactory, I can soon write out one that is."

He rose and put up the collar of his overcoat.

"That was your trump card, I suppose," he remarked. "I'm no end sorry, Bartleby, to have over-trumped it. But I told you, didn't I, that you would never marry Thelma?"

Bartleby sat for an instant longer, half stunned by what he had heard.

Then slowly he got up. He had been relying upon that threat of prosecution in order to bring Filson to heel, and here was Filson ready with a counter-threat to ruin Thelma's father!

But Bartleby's determination was too great to be rendered ineffective by an accident of this sort. He had said that he would put the fear of Old Harry into Filson. And he would. It was time now to resort to cruder weapons. He had been justified in taking the precaution of bringing Filson to this disused house.

With a single bound he was at the door. The key grated in the lock. He turned and moved towards Filson, creeping forward with his body bent and his curved arms and curved fingers threatening to tear the other man to pieces.

"You swine!" he growled; and he laughed in the sheer unholy joy of battle. "I'm going to give you the worst ten minutes you've ever had. The worst ten minutes!"

His voice trailed away and became inaudible. And as he crept forward—crept, because of some instinct that made him glory in protracting the other's terror-stricken agony—Filson backed away, white-faced, staring-eyed, speechless. And in silence, like a snake with a rabbit, Bartleby drew closer to Filson. And when Filson could not go back any farther because of the table, Bartleby did not pounce but continued to creep nearer and nearer in gloating, fiendish ecstasy.

AND slowly Bartleby's hands went up, and their curved fingers settled about the other man's throat.

Filson gave a hoarse exclamation, but he seemed motionless with terror; and his arms, after one feeble movement of protest, dropped useless at his sides. Only by the panic in his wide, staring eyes did he show that he was aware of what was happening.

Bartleby's fingers closed on the windpipe, and his weight forced Filson back across the table.

Then Bartleby realised with a shock that he was on the point of committing murder. His fingers relaxed their hold. He smiled down into the terrified eyes that were staring up into his.

"That's a taste," he said. Filson did not make any comment. Bartleby scorned him for his state of terror.

"Scum!" he exclaimed, bending over and gripping the other man's shoulders. "Afraid even to show fight! You threaten a powerless woman; you can't put your fists up to a man. And this is only a taste."

Still Filson did not make any comment.

"If you're not out of the country by to-morrow—" Bartleby continued.

Then he stopped. His muscles became painfully taut. Something about Filson's stare arrested him.

He bent closer. But the eyes that were staring up at him did not react to the movement. He raised a hand, frantically, and moved it to and fro in front of those eyes. But the stare remained steady—fixed on a point on the ceiling.

Please turn to Page 26



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ML60—MAN-TAILORED WORSTED SUITS. Fully lined, cut-away coat with jigger buttons and pockets. Skirt has inverted pleats back and front. Shades: Black and Navy. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW and W.
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FEEL HOW SOFT THEY ARE
... HOW STRONG THEY ARE

THE TRICK Last

Continued from Page 25

WITH a sound that was like a sob, Bartleby spread his hands over that white face as though to hide those accusing eyes. He glanced fearfully over his shoulder. He kept his head sideways and screwed up his face, shuddering. And still his hands were held over those accusing eyes. He had told himself that he must be careful. He had warned himself against the danger of losing his temper. A line from his school Latin book came back to him: "Anger is temporary insanity," he repeated. He had been insane, he told himself, for just as long as it had taken him to murder Filson.

His instinct was to flee; and he might have fled, wildly, incautiously.

But suddenly his brain cleared and he remembered Filson's statement about the malady that had sent him abroad for treatment. "Might drop down dead at any minute!" Filson had said with a laugh.

Bartleby sobbed again; but now it was a sob of relief.

That was what had happened—Filson had just died. The excitement of the situation, perhaps, had brought about death at that particular moment. But that was not murder.

Bartleby's feeling of horror waned. And with clearer reasoning he knew that he could not have murdered Filson. He had not had his fingers about Filson's windpipe for more than three seconds. He had remembered in time.

What ought one to do? Fetch a doctor? Fetch the police?

He was calm now. He had removed his hands from the face. A doctor, of course! Naturally, a doctor. He had nothing to be afraid of. Pity, though, that the fellow hadn't died a day or two earlier. There would be an inquiry, and it might seem strange to the legal mind that a well-to-do man should drop dead in a dilapidated house that had not been occupied for years.

Then Bartleby saw something that put doctors and everybody else out of the question. Finger-marks stood out clearly on Filson's throat. The blood had flowed from the face and neck, leaving only those two spots reddish where the skin was bruised.

THOSE marks might condemn him, he reasoned with fresh fear. Most assuredly they would condemn him, he told himself. Useless for him to assume that the doctors would be able to put the death down to the malady by which Filson had been known to be afflicted. There was one chance in a hundred that they would not be able to prove the true cause of the death. And one chance in a hundred was too many for Bartleby to take.

Noiselessly he examined the body to make sure that it was dead; and, much though he hated Filson, he hoped for just one sign of life. But there was no sign of life. He employed every test he knew, but he only succeeded in assuring himself that Filson was dead beyond question. And the final assurance came when he raised the body and saw that the jaw had dropped.

He crept cautiously to the door of the room and unlocked it. He crept because of the feeling that a thousand eyes were watching, and a thousand ears were listening.

He thought of the cellar underneath the house. He thought of how he had originally conceived the practicability of imprisoning Filson in that cellar until the hound should be forced to sign some paper that would destroy the last shreds of his reputation. And now he thought of the cellar with a different end in view.

Please turn to Page 32

Laconia
BLANKETS

MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

PATON

Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Engelbach are entertaining at a dinner party for ten guests at Kitty Darumple Hay's new rendezvous in Waratah Street this Wednesday? The party will later go to the Legacy Ball.

"To Finish"

"TO finish," said Lotte Lehmann as she announced the name of her final encore at the Town Hall concert. She also emphasised the "Good-night" in her last number before taking a laughing farewell of her vast and enthusiastic audience.

Madame cannot bear to leave her flowers wired, and out of water overnight, so she must have spent a great deal of time attending to the many floral gifts presented to her at the conclusion of her first Sydney concert.

Flowers also played their part in decorating the coiffures of the audience. Elsie McWilliam wore a top-knot of white flowers with her white frock. Mrs. Ewart Chapple favored red flowers, and June Bracken, fair and slim, tucked lily-of-the-valley into her curls.

Lieutenant David Logan, R.A.N., announced his engagement to Wanda Piesse in Hobart recently. A large "At Home" given by Wanda's parents celebrated the event.

At A.J.C. Meeting

OUR Governor has spoken of his fondness for racing, and arranged to pay his first official visit to Randwick on Monday, accompanied by Lady Wakehurst. Members of the A.J.C. committee invited the Governor to lunch with them, and Lady Wakehurst asked several well-known people to a luncheon party in the Vice-Regal rooms.

Young Miss McFarlane

JULIA HELEN are to be the "given" names of young Miss McFarlane. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hector McFarlane, are among the most popular of the country people in the Young district, and their station, Mill Mill, is a social meeting place. Baby Julia and her mother, formerly Hazel Crace, are being inundated with flowers at Charlemont Hospital.

Visitors to Sydney

SIR PHILIP AND LADY STREET received a number of visitors at a late afternoon party at their Elizabeth Bay home last Wednesday. Miss Hermione Llewellyn, Lady Wakehurst's private secretary, and the new Governor's aide, Lieut. Tony Lawrence, and private secretary, Captain Kenneth Harding, were among the guests.

"The Village" Celebrates

AN English visitor to Sydney, Olive Matthews, who has had experience in production work in London, will organise the Manly Coronation Pageant on May 3, 4, and 5 at St. Matthew's Hall.

The episodes in English history to be depicted will include cavemen scenes, glimpses of Edward III, Edward VI, and Queen Elizabeth.

Among the scenes in the Growth of Empire pageantry will be the Australian Gold Rush, Court of the Great Mogul, and the arrival of the first train in Canada.

Pipes for Lord Gowrie

THE Gowrie March" will pipe Lord Gowrie to the dais at the Town Hall this Wednesday when he arrives for the Legacy Ball. The Governor-General made a special trip from Canberra for the occasion, as he is particularly interested in the success of the Legacy Club. It was at the Legacy Ball two and a half years ago that Lord Gowrie, then State Governor, made his first official appearance in Sydney.

Dr. Bill Wood was president on that occasion, and this year the honor falls to President Ted Church and his charming wife to receive the Vice-Regal visitor.

Road House Party

THE Road House, on the Parramatta Road, was chosen by Mr. and Mrs. John Fairfax for a party last Saturday. The hostess wore a charming tailored frock of white sheer, and among the guests who motored towards the gum trees and country air were Kay Oliver, Joan Dowling, Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, Lord Ranfurly, Tony Shepherd, Vincent Fairfax, and Captain Gerald Lassen, who is at present making the Australian Club his headquarters.

Mrs. Victor White, of Lulworth, Elizabeth Bay, is confined to her home with influenza, and her daughter Suzanne has also been on the sick list and unable to attend recent parties.

are already being made for her wedding on May 17. Her sister, Mrs. K. McDonald, will be matron of honor, and another sister, Dinnie Hegarty, and Myra Theodore will attend her during the ceremony.

Mrs. Gate, formerly Molly Rutherford of Point Piper, is off to Cowra for the picnic races this month.

First Dinner Party

STREAMS of car lights illuminated the drive at Government House on Friday night, when members of the Executive Council and their wives arrived at the dinner hour. They were honored by being the guests at the first formal dinner party given by the Governor and Lady Wakehurst in their new home.



MRS. GERALD GREGERSON, who, before her recent marriage in London to Dr. Gerald Gregerson, of Adelaide, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Gregerson, of Dulwich, was Miss Sheila Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell, of Wabroonga, Sydney. Dr. and Mrs. Gregerson, who first met when travelling to England last February, will leave London in November to make their home in Adelaide.



Anzac Week-end

ANZAC week-end was responsible for a number of important items in the diary. A military gymkhana took place at the Showground on Saturday, which was attended by Lord and Lady Wakehurst and their sons, and representatives of all the defence services and of political life. Major John McCall organised the events, which went off with their usual precision.

Members of the Junior Red Cross Society were received at Government House on Sunday, and there were reunions of returned Army nurses, the Anzac Fellowship Men's Services, and the Old Soldiers' Club reunion.

Wedding Glamor

ELISE BUDGE and Harold Cribb had their first experience of wedding glamor at the party given by Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran on Thursday. Little silver emblems of wedding-bells, shoes, orange blossoms, and such-like were scattered over the table where savories were served during the cocktail hour. White roses, too, so bridal in their association, were the sole floral decoration.

Bea Fawsitt and her very cheery fiancé, Jim Cosh, were there; also Sadie Budge, Dr. and Mrs. Redvers Shute, Dr. Gregory Roberts, and Ivan Roberts.

Since her return from abroad Mollie Walder has spent every spare minute dashing around the Harbor in the speed boat recently purchased by her father, Sir Samuel Walder.

Gay Medley

MRS. G. A. PARKES, our Lady Mayoress, is most anxious that our Diggers will not be forgotten in the Coronation celebrations. She is putting all her enthusiasm into working for the Diggers' Coronation Ball, which will take place at the Trocadero on May 11 in aid of the Limbless Soldiers. Red, white, and blue will be much in evidence in the gay medley of balloons and streamers, which will make a colorful appearance from the ceiling at midnight.

Mrs. Parkes will receive her niece, Marjorie Parker, among the debutantes. The girls will carry red, white, and blue floral muffs mounted on stiffened waratah leaves.

To Design Costumes

COSTUMES for the pageants included in the programme of the Sesqui-centenary celebrations in Sydney next year will be designed by Miss Thelma Thomas, who did a similar work for the Adelaide celebrations.

The frocks worn in "Heritage," and the Proclamation Pageant at Glenelg were designed by her, and won the highest praise.

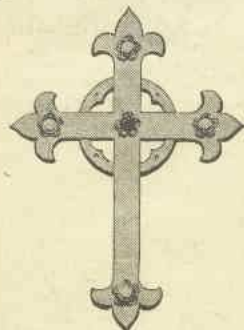
Miss Thomas was notified of her appointment at the week-end, and arranged to leave Adelaide for Sydney on Wednesday of this week.

Have You Noticed—

The perfectly splendid jade jewelry worn by Madame Pao, wife of the Consul-General for China? Her rings are translucent, and one set of earrings is composed of two circles of jade interlocked.

THE Full CORONATION SERVICE

*The form and Order of the Service that is to be Performed
and of the Ceremonies that are to be Observed in the*



I.

The Preparation

IN the morning upon the day of the Coronation early, care is to be taken that the Ampulla be filled with Oil and, together with the Spoon, be laid ready upon the Altar in the Abbey Church.

THE LITANY shall be sung as the Dean and Prebendaries and the Choir of Westminster proceed from the Altar to the West door of the Church.

THE Archbishops and Bishops Assistant being already vested in their Copes, the procession shall be formed immediately outside of the West door of the Church, and shall wait till notice is given of the approach of Their Majesties, and shall then begin to move into the Church.

II.

Entrance into the Church

THE King and Queen, as soon as they enter at the West door of the Church, are to be received with the following Anthem, to be sung by the Choir of Westminster.

Psalm cxlii—1-3, 6, 7.

*I was glad when they said unto me,
We will go into the House of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand in the gates,
O Jerusalem.*

*Jerusalem is builded as a city
That is at unity in itself.*

*O pray for the peace of Jerusalem,
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And plenteousness within thy palaces.*

THE King and Queen shall in the meantime pass up the body of the Church, into and through the Choir, and so up the stairs to the Theatre; and having passed by their thrones, they shall make their humble adoration, and then kneeling at the fald-stools set for them before their Chairs of Estate on the South side of the Altar, use some short private prayers; and after, sit down in their chairs.

III.

The Recognition

THE King and Queen being so placed, the Archbishop shall turn to the East part of the Theatre, and after, together with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal (Garter King of Arms preceding them), shall go to the other three sides of the Theatre in this order, South, West, and North, and at every of the four sides shall with a loud voice speak to the People; and the King in the meanwhile, standing up by his chair, shall turn and shew himself unto the People at every of the four sides of the Theatre as the Archbishop is at every of them, the Archbishop saying:

Coronation of Their Majesties

KING GEORGE VI

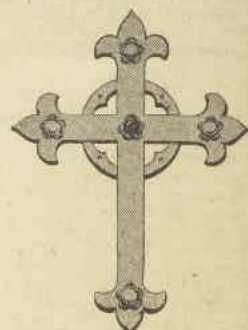
and

QUEEN ELIZABETH

in the Abbey Church of S. Peter,

Westminster, on Wednesday,

the 12th Day of May, 1937



THEN the Archbishop shall begin the Communion Service, saying:

The Lord be with you.

Answer: And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

SIRS, I here present unto you King GEORGE, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?

THE People signify their willingness and joy, by loud and repeated acclamations, all with one voice crying out,

God save King GEORGE.

THEN the trumpets shall sound.

THE Bible, Paten and Chalice shall be brought by the Bishops who had borne them, and placed upon the Altar.

THE Lords who carry in procession the Regalia, except those who carry the Swords, shall come near to the Altar, and present in order every one what he carries to the Archbishop, who shall deliver them to the Dean of Westminster, to be by him placed upon the Altar.

IV.

The Oath

THE Archbishop shall go to the King, and standing before him, administer the Coronation Oath, first asking the King, Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?

AND the King answering:

I am willing.

THE Archbishop shall minister these questions, and the King, having a book in his hands, shall answer each question severally as follows:

Archbishop: Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the peoples of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, of your possessions and the other territories to any of them belonging or pertaining, and of your Empire of India, according to their respective laws and customs?

King: I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop: Will you, to your power, cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?

King: I will.

Archbishop: Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the Laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel?

Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain in the United Kingdom the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law?

And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof as by law established in England?

And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and to the churches there committed to their charge all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?

King: All this I promise to do.

THEN the King arising out of his chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, shall go to the Altar, and there being uncovered, make his solemn Oath in the sight of all the people, to observe the premises: laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the great Bible (which was before carried in the Procession and is now brought from the Altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he kneels upon the steps), saying these words:

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep.

So help me God.

THEN the King shall kiss the Book and sign the Oath, after which the Archbishop shall minister the Declaration prescribed by Parliament, His Majesty audibly repeating same.

V.

Beginning of the Communion Service

The Introit

Let my prayer come up into Thy presence as the incense, and let the lifting up of my hands be as an evening sacrifice.

GOD, who providest for Thy people by Thy power, and rulest over them in love: Grant unto this thy servant GEORGE, our King, the spirit of wisdom and government, that being devoted unto Thee with all his heart, he may so wisely govern this kingdom, that in his time Thy Church and people may continue in safety and prosperity; and that persevering in good works until the end, he may through Thy mercy come to Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

The Epistle

TO be read by one of the Bishops.

The Gospel

TO be read by another Bishop, the King and Queen with the people standing.

THEN shall be sung the Creed following the King and Queen with the people standing, as before.

I BELIEVE in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-Begotten Son of God, Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made: Who for us men, and for our Salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary. And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, And ascended into heaven And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son. Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the life of the world to come. Amen.

OF INTEREST TO ALL is the complete ceremonial to be followed when the King and Queen are crowned at Westminster Abbey on May 12. The Australian Women's Weekly gives in detail on this and succeeding pages the whole service, covering the preparations, Their Majesties' arrival at the Abbey, the questions put to the King, his responses, the prayers and the psalms, the anointment and the crowning. It is a valuable record of a ceremony rich in historical traditions.



VI.

The Sermon

AT the end of the Creed one of the Bishops shall be ready in the pulpit, placed against the pillar at the north-east corner of the Theatre, and begin the Sermon, which is to be short.

AND whereas the King was uncovered during the beginning of the Communion Service; when the Sermon begins he shall put on his cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, and so continue to the end.

ON his right hand shall stand the Bishop of Durham, and beyond him, on the same side, the Lords that carry the Swords; on his left hand the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Lord Great Chamberlain.

THE two Bishops that support the Queen shall stand on either side of her.

ON the north side of the Altar shall sit the Archbishop in a purple velvet chair and the other Bishops along the north side of the wall, betwixt him and the pulpit. On the south side, east of the King's chair nearer to the Altar, shall be the Dean of Westminster, the rest of the Bishops, who bear any part in the Service, and the Prelates of Westminster.

VII.

The Anointing

THE King and the Queen kneeling at their fald-stools, the Archbishop shall begin the hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," and the Choir shall sing it out.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire. Thou the anointing Spirit art, Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love. Enable with perpetual light The dullness of our blinded sight: Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the abundance of thy grace: Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son, And thee, of both, to be but One: That, through the ages all along, This may be our endless song: Praise to thy eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen.

THIS being ended, the Archbishop shall say this prayer: O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with Oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets, to teach and govern thy people Israel: Bless and sanctify thy chosen servant GEORGE, who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this Oil, and consecrated King of this Realm: Strengthen him, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter: confirm and establish him with thy free and princely Spirit, the Spirit of wisdom and government, the Spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the Spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and fill him, O Lord, with the Spirit of thy holy year, now and for ever, Amen.

THIS prayer being ended, the choir shall sing:

Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king; and all the people rejoiced and said: God save the king. Long live the king. May the king live for ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

FULL CORONATION SERVICE

Continued

IN the meantime the King, rising from his devotions, having been disrobed of his crimson robe by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and having taken off his cap of state, shall go before the Altar, supported and attended as before.

THE King shall sit down in King Edward's Chair (placed in the midst of the area over against the Altar, with a fald-stool before it), wherein he is to be anointed. Four Knights of the Garter shall hold over him a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold: The Dean of Westminster, taking the Ampulla and Spoon from off the Altar, shall hold them ready, pouring some of the holy Oil into the Spoon, and with it the Archbishop shall anoint the King in the form of a cross:

1. On the crown of the head, saying,

Be thy Head anointed with holy Oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed.

2. On the breast, saying, Be thy Breast anointed with holy Oil.

3. On the palms of both the hands, saying,

Be thy Hands anointed with holy Oil:

And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this People, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THEN shall the Dean of Westminster lay the Ampulla and Spoon upon the Altar: and the King kneeling down at the fald-stool, the Archbishop standing shall say this Blessing over him:

OUR Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who by his Father was anointed with the Oil of gladness above his fellows, by his holy Anointing pour down upon your Head and Heart the blessing of the Holy Ghost, and prosper the works of your Hands: that by the assistance of his heavenly grace you may preserve the people committed to your charge in wealth, peace, and godliness; and after a long and glorious course of ruling this temporal kingdom wisely, justly, and religiously, you may at last be made partaker of an eternal kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THIS prayer being ended, the King shall arise and sit down again in King Edward's Chair, while the Knights of the Garter give back the pall to the Lord Chamberlain; whereupon the King again arising, the Dean of Westminster shall put upon His Majesty the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica or close pall of cloth of gold, together with a Girdle of the same.

VIII.

The Presenting of the Spurs and Sword and the Girding and Oblation of the said Sword

THE Spurs shall be brought from the Altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered to the Lord Great Chamberlain; who, kneeling down, shall touch His Majesty's heels therewith and send them back to the Altar.

THEN the Lord who carries the Sword of State, delivering to the Lord Chamberlain the said Sword (which is thereupon deposited in the traverse in Saint Edward's Chapel), shall receive from the Lord Chamberlain, in lieu thereof, another sword in a scabbard of purple velvet, provided for the King to be girt withal, which he shall deliver to the Archbishop; and the Archbishop shall lay it on the Altar, saying the following prayer:

HEAR our prayers, O Lord, we beseech thee, and so direct and support thy servant King GEORGE, who is now to be girt with this Sword, that he may not bear it in vain; but may use it as the minister of God for the terror and punishment of evil-doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THEN shall the Archbishop take the Sword from off the Altar, and deliver it into the King's right hand, the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Winchester and other Bishops assisting and going along with him; and the King holding it, the Archbishop shall say:

RECEIVE this kingly Sword, brought now from the Altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy.

THE King standing up, the Sword shall be girt about him by the Lord Great Chamberlain; and then, the King sitting down, the Archbishop shall say:

WITH this Sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order: that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue; and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with him in the life which is to come.

THEN the King, rising up; shall unsignd his Sword, and, going to the Altar, offer it there in the scabbard, and then return and sit down in King Edward's Chair; and the Peer, who first received the Sword, shall offer the price of it, namely, one hundred shillings, and having thus redeemed it, shall receive it from the Dean of Westminster, from off the Altar, and draw it out of the scabbard, and carry it naked before His Majesty during the rest of the solemnity.

THEN the Bishops, who have assisted during the offering, shall return to their places.

IX.

The Investing with the Armill and Royal Robe, and the Delivery of the Orb

THEN the King, arising, the Armill and Robe Royal or Pall of cloth of gold, shall be delivered by the Master of the Robes to the Dean of Westminster, and by him put upon the King standing; the Lord Great Chamberlain fastening the clasps. Then shall the King sit down, and the Orb with the Cross shall be brought from the Altar by the Dean of Westminster and delivered into the King's hand by the Archbishop pronouncing this Blessing and exhortation:

RECEIVE this Imperial Robe, and Orb; and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and with power from on high, the Lord embrace you with his mercy on every side; the Lord cloath you with the robe of righteousness, and with the garments of salvation. And when you see this Orb thus set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer.

THEN shall the King deliver his Orb to the Dean of Westminster, to be by him laid on the Altar.

X.

The Investiture per Annulum at Baculum

THEN the Keeper of the Jewel House shall deliver to the Archbishop the King's Ring, in which a table jewel is encased; the Archbishop shall put it on the fourth finger of his Majesty's right hand, and say:

RECEIVE this Ring, the ensign of kingly dignity, and of defence of the Catholic Faith; and as you are this day solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with that Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of an heavenly inheritance, and reign with him who is the blessed and only Potentate, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

THEN shall the Dean of Westminster bring the Sceptre with the Cross and the Sceptre with the Dove to the Archbishop.

THE Glove, presented by the Lord of the Manor of Worksope, being put on, the Archbishop shall deliver the Sceptre with the Cross into the King's right hand, saying:

RECEIVE the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice.

AND then shall he deliver the Sceptre with the Dove into the King's left hand, and say:

RECEIVE the Rod of equity and mercy; and God, from whom all good desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and exercise of all those powers which he hath given you. Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go.

THE Lord of the Manor of Worksope may support His Majesty's right arm.

XI.

The Putting on of the Crown

THE Archbishop, standing before the Altar, shall take the Crown into his hands, and laying it again before him upon the Altar, he shall say:

O GOD, the crown of the faithful: Bless we beseech thee and sanctify this thy servant GEORGE, our King; and as thou dost this day set a Crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King eternal Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THEN the King sitting down in King Edward's Chair, the Archbishop, assisted with other Bishops, shall come from the Altar; the Dean of Westminster shall bring the Crown, and the Archbishop taking it of him, shall reverently put it upon the King's head. At the sight whereof the people, with loud and repeated shouts, shall cry, GOD SAVE THE KING; the Peers and Kings of Arms shall put on their Coronets; and the trumpets shall sound and by a signal given, the great guns of the Tower shall be shot off.

THE acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop shall go on and say: GOD crown you with a crown of glory and righteousness, that by the ministry of this our benediction, having a right faith and manifold fruit of good works, you may obtain the crown of an everlasting kingdom by the gift of him whose kingdom endureth for ever. Amen.

Then shall the choir sing:

CONFORTARE Be strong and play the man, keep the Commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in His ways.



XII.

The Presenting of the Holy Bible

THEN shall the Dean of Westminster take the Holy Bible from off the Altar and deliver it to the Archbishop, who shall present it to the King, first saying these words to him:

OUR gracious King; we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God.

THEN shall the King deliver back the Bible to the Archbishop, who shall give it to the Dean of Westminster, to be reverently placed again upon the holy Altar; and the Archbishop of York and the Bishops shall return to their places.

XIII.

The Benediction

AND now the King having been thus anointed and crowned, and having received all the ensigns of royalty, the Archbishop shall solemnly bless him; and the Archbishop of York and all the Bishops with the rest of the Peers, shall follow every part of the Benediction with a loud and hearty Amen.

THE Lord bless you and keep you: and as he hath made you King over his people, so may he prosper you in this world, and make you partake of his eternal felicity in the world to come. Amen.

The Lord give you a fruitful Country and healthful seasons; victorious fleets and armies, and a quiet Empire; a faithful Senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates, a loyal nobility, and a dutiful gentry; a pious and learned and useful clergy; an honest, peaceable, and obedient commonality. Amen.

THEN shall the Archbishop turn to the people, and say:

AND the same Lord God Almighty grant, that the Clergy and Nobles assembled here for this great and solemn service, and together with them all the people of the land, fearing God, and honoring the King, may by the merciful superintendency of the divine Providence, and the vigilant care of our gracious Sovereign, continually enjoy peace, plenty, and prosperity; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with the eternal Father, and God the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church, world without end. Amen.

XIV.

The Inthronisation

THEN shall the King go to his Throne, and be lifted up into it by the Archbishops and Bishops, and other Peers of the Kingdom; and being Inthronised, or placed therein, all the Great Officers, those that bear the Swords and the Sceptres, and the Nobles who carried the other Regalia, shall stand round about the steps of the Throne; and the Archbishop standing before the King, shall say:

STAND firm, and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of royal and imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto you, in the Name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy: And as you see us to approach nearer to God's Altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your royal favor and protection. And the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of his mysteries, establish your Throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before him, and as the faithful witness in heaven. Amen.

Please turn to Page 30



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THE FULL Coronation SERVICE

XV.
The Homage

THE Exhortation being ended, all the Princes and Peers then present shall do their Homage publicly and solemnly unto the King.

THE Archbishop first shall kneel down before His Majesty's knees, and the rest of the Bishops shall kneel in their places; and they shall do their Homage together, for the shortening of the ceremony, the Archbishop saying:

I COSMO Archbishop of Canterbury (and so every one of the rest, I X. Bishop of X, repeating the rest audibly after the Archbishop) will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lord, and your heirs Kings of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defenders of the Faith, and Emperors of India. And I will do, and truly acknowledge, the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you, as in right of the Church. So help me God.

THEN shall the Archbishop kiss the King's left cheek

THEN the Duke of Gloucester, taking off his Coronet, shall kneel down before His Majesty's knees, the rest of the Princes of the Blood Royal being Peers of the Realm, kneeling in their places, taking off their Coronets, and pronouncing the words of Homage after him, the Duke saying:

I HENRY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God.

Continued from Page 29

THEN shall the Princes of the Blood Royal, being Peers of the Realm, arising severally touch the Crown on His Majesty's head and kiss His Majesty's left cheek. After which the other Peers of the Realm, who are then in their seats, shall kneel down, put off their Coronets, and do their Homage, the Dukes first by themselves, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, and so the Marquesses, the Earls, the Viscounts, and the Barons, severally in their places, the first of each Order kneeling before His Majesty, and the others of his Order who are near His Majesty, also kneeling in their places, and all of his Order saying after him.

I X. DUKE, OR EARL, &c., of X, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God.

THE Peers having done their Homage, the first of each Order, putting off his Coronet, shall singly ascend the throne, and stretching forth his hand, touch the Crown on his Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony for himself and his Order to be ever ready to support it with all their power; and then shall he kiss the King's cheek.

WHILE the Princes and Peers are thus doing their Homage, the King, if he thinks good, shall deliver his Sceptre with the Cross and the Sceptre or Rod with the Dove, to some one near to the Blood Royal, or to the Lords that carried them in the procession, or to any other that he pleaseth to assign, to hold them by him.

AND the Bishops that support the King in the procession may also ease him, by supporting the Crown, as there shall be occasion.

AT the same time the choir shall sing the

HOMAGE ANTHEM

WHEN the Homage is ended, the drums shall beat, and the trumpets sound, and all the people shout, crying out:

God save King GEORGE.
Long live King GEORGE.
May the King live for ever.

THE solemnity of the King's Coronation being thus ended, the Archbishop shall leave the King in his Throne and go to the Altar.

XVI.

The Queen's Coronation

THE Queen shall arise and go to the steps of the Altar, supported by two Bishops, and there kneel down, whilst the Archbishop saith the following prayer:

ALMIGHTY God, the Fountain of all goodness: Give ear, we beseech thee, to our prayers, and multiply thy blessings upon this thy servant ELIZABETH whom in thy Name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen; defend her evermore from all dangers, ghostly and bodily; make her a great example of virtue and piety, and a blessing to this kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee, O Father, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

THIS prayer being ended, the Queen shall arise and come to the place of her anointing; which is to be at a fald-stool set for that purpose before the Altar, between the steps and King Edward's Chair. There shall she kneel down, and four Peeresses, appointed for that service, holding a rich pall of cloth of gold over her, the Archbishop shall pour the holy Oil upon the crown of her head, saying these words:

IN the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Let the anointing with this Oil increase your honor, and the grace of God's Spirit establish you, for ever and ever. Amen.

Please turn to Page 31

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THE FULL Coronation SERVICE

Continued from Page 30

¶ THEN shall the Archbishop receive from the Keeper of the Jewel House the Queen's Ring, and put it upon the fourth finger of her right hand, saying:

RECEIVE this Ring, the seal of a sincere faith; and God, to whom belongeth all power and dignity, prosper you in this your honor, and grant you therein long to continue, fearing him always, and always doing such things as shall please him, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

¶ THEN the Archbishop shall take the Crown from off the Altar into his hands, and reverently set it upon the Queen's head, saying:

RECEIVE the Crown of glory, honor, and joy; And God, the crown of the faithful, who by our Episcopal hands (though unworthy) doth this day set a crown of pure gold upon your head, enrich your royal heart with his abundant grace, and crown you with all princely virtues in this life, and with everlasting gladness in the life that is to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

¶ THE Queen being crowned all the Peereses shall put on their coronets.

¶ THEN shall the Archbishop put the Sceptre into the Queen's right hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove into her left hand, and say this prayer:

O LORD, the giver of all perfection: Grant unto this thy servant ELIZABETH our Queen, that by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue, she may adorn the high dignity which she hath obtained, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

¶ THE Queen being thus anointed, and crowned, and having received all her ornaments, shall arise and go from the Altar, supported by her two Bishops, and so up to the Theatre. And as she passeth by the King on his Throne, she shall

bow herself reverently to His Majesty, and then be conducted to her own Throne, and without any further ceremony take her place in it.

XVII.

The Communion

¶ THEN shall the organ play and the choir sing the Offertory.

O hearken Thou unto the voice of my calling, my King, and my God, for unto Thee will I make my prayer.

¶ IN the meanwhile the King and Queen shall deliver their Sceptres to the Lords who had previously borne them, and descend from their Thrones, supported and attended as before; and go to the steps of the Altar, where, taking off their Crowns, which they shall deliver to the Lord Great Chamberlain and other appointed Officer to hold, they shall kneel down.

¶ AND first the King shall offer Bread and Wine for the Communion, which being brought out of Saint Edward's Chapel, and delivered into his hands (the Bread upon the Paten by the Bishop that read the Epistle and the Wine in the Chalice by the Bishop that read the Gospel), shall by the Archbishop be received from the King, and reverently placed upon the Altar, and decently covered with a fair linen cloth, the Archbishop first saying this prayer:

BLESS, O Lord, we beseech thee, these thy gifts, and sanctify them unto this holy use, that by them we may be made partakers of the Body and Blood of thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ, and fed unto everlasting life of soul and body: And that thy servant King GEORGE may be enabled to the discharge of his weighty office, whereunto of thy great goodness thou hast called and appointed him.

Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

¶ THEN the King, kneeling as before, shall make his Oblation, offering a Pall or Altar-cloth delivered by the Officer of the Great Wardrobe to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and by him, kneeling to His Majesty and an Ingot or Wedge of Gold of a pound weight, which the Treasurer of the Household shall deliver of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and he to His Majesty; And the Archbishop, coming to him, shall receive and place them upon the Altar.

¶ THE Queen also at the same time shall make her Oblation of a Pall or Altar-cloth, and a mark weight of Gold, in like manner as the King.

¶ THEN shall the King and Queen return to their chairs, and kneel down at their fald-stools, and the Archbishop shall say the prayer for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here in earth. Then follows the Exhortation, the general Confession, the Absolution, the Sanctus and the prayer of Consecration.

¶ WHEN the Archbishops, and Dean of Westminster, with the Bishops Assistants (namely, the Preacher and those who have read the Epistle and the Gospel), have communicated in both kinds, the King and Queen shall advance to the steps of the Altar and kneel down, and the Archbishop shall administer the Bread and the Dean of Westminster the Cup, to them.

¶ THE King and Queen shall then put on their Crowns, and taking the Sceptres in their hands again, repair to their Thrones.

¶ THEN shall the Archbishops go on to the Post-Communion, and there shall be sung the Gloria and the Te Deum.

XVIII.

The Te Deum

¶ THEN shall the Choir sing the Te Deum.

XIX.

The Recess

¶ IN the meantime the King, attended and accompanied as before, the four Swords being carried before him, shall descend from his Throne crowned, and, carrying his Sceptre and Rod in his hands, go into the area eastward of the Theatre, and pass on through the door on the South side of the Altar into Saint Edward's Chapel; and as they pass by the Altar the rest of the Regalia, lying upon it, are to be delivered by the Dean of Westminster to the Lords that carried them in the procession, and so they shall proceed in state into the Chapel.

¶ THE Queen, at the same time descending, shall go in like manner into the same Chapel at the door on the North side of the Altar: bearing her Sceptre in her right hand, and her Ivory Rod in her left.

¶ THE King and Queen being come into the Chapel, the King, standing before the Altar, shall deliver the Sceptre with the Dove to the Archbishop, who shall lay it upon the Altar there. And the golden Spurs and Saint Edward's Staff are to be given into the hands of the Dean of Westminster, and by him laid there also.

¶ THE King shall then be disrobed of his Royal Robe of State, and arrayed in his Robe of purple velvet, and, wearing his Imperial Crown, shall then receive in his left hand the Orb from the Archbishop.

¶ THEN their Majesties shall proceed through the Choir to the West door of the Church, in the same way as they came, wearing their Crowns; the King bearing in his right hand the Sceptre with the Cross, and in his left the Orb; the Queen bearing in her right hand her Sceptre with the Cross, and her left the Ivory Rod with the Dove; all Peers wearing their coronets.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

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Morning**

21 Kildalton Avenue,
Evandale, S.A., 26/5/36.

Dear Sir,
At all times during the cold weather my wife and I make a habit of using 'ASPRO' as a gargle each morning, thus insuring ourselves against Colds and Influenza. We never suffer any illness of this description now, knowing that the easiest method of combating them is by taking an 'ASPRO' gargle each morning.

Yours truly,
(Signed) S. C. HARRIS

**Always Uses
'ASPRO' To
Relieve Headaches**

1 Mile Plains P.O.,
South Brisbane,
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Dear Sir,
I have been using 'ASPRO' for several years, and I find it very effective for relieving headache. 'ASPRO' is everything that you say. It banishes headache almost immediately.

Yours truly,
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'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN
WHEN DEPRESSED.

**World Traveller
Recommends
'ASPRO' For
Seasickness**

C/o F. Barnes, Spring Valley,
Goonoo Goonoo Rd.,
Tamworth, N.S.W.,
8/5/36

Dear Sir,
I have travelled right round the world, and 'ASPRO' has always been my watchword. I find that 'ASPRO' is excellent for sea-sickness and its after-effects. Three Tablets taken before sailing seem to settle the stomach, and two tablets taken at the first signs of sickness banish all trace of that awful feeling and make one enjoy the voyage. I would not be without a box of 'ASPRO' for anything.

I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) R. N. WARD

**Asthma Sufferer
Praises 'ASPRO'**

1 Mary Street,
Brunswick, Vic.,
16/5/36.

Dear Sir,
For about five years I have suffered with Bronchial Asthma, which at times made me stay in bed for days. I was beginning to lose weight fast, and I tried all kinds of remedies without results. I was advised to go to Hospital, but my wife brought forward a small packet of 'ASPRO,' and after taking two I found that I could breathe much clearer, and it was wonderful to feel the effect. Now I can sleep through the whole night without any choking feeling. It was three months ago that I started to take 'ASPRO,' and I have not had an attack since.

I am, yours gratefully,
(Signed) C. C. PAULL

Nicholas Pty Ltd

THE Last TRICK

Continued from Page 26

HE went down through a trapdoor and inspected the silent, dusty-smelling place by the flickering light of matches. The body might lie there, undisturbed, for eighty-two years—for eighty-two years, because that was the extent of the unexpired portion of the lease. And in eighty-two years he himself would be beyond the reach of officers of the law.

He returned to the little gas-lighted room wherein the body still lay across the table staring at the ceiling. He thought that he would gladly leave it there, but that would be to risk too much. Loathing the job, he carried and dragged it down into the silent cellar and laid it in a recess where it might remain hidden from the light of day.

But a thousand possible chances of discovery came to his mind. The decay of the corpse might attract notice. There might be a fire next door and the firemen might break in here, justified by their duties. Water pipes might burst and make necessary some summary action on the part of officials. A burglar, one unfitted for more daring enterprises, might come in here to pick up what portable odds and ends the house might contain.

Bartleby reflected, seeking a means of perfect concealment for the body. A partly tumbled-down partition suggested the means. Loose bricks from that partition were strewn about the floor.

He left the body to the mercy of unlikely accidents and went home to his flat, reasoning in vain that he was perfectly innocent. He spent a night of wakeful apprehension and horror.

But behind all his apprehension and horror there was a murmur of satisfaction that would insist on being heard. He could have Thelma now. How vain had been Filson's boast: "... Thelma's mine—mine! And you'll never marry her, Bartleby."

Soon after dark on the next evening he arrived at the house in Fulham, carrying a suitcase filled with paper bags of sand and cement.

The body was still lying on its back in the recess—still staring upwards. Bartleby did not touch it. It would not be touched for eighty-two years, perhaps; then the house might be pulled down and a clothed skeleton lying flat on its back be discovered.

Until the early morning Bartleby worked in silence. There were bricks in plenty, and the aperture to be filled was not more than six feet high by three feet wide; but the need for silence made him work slowly and cautiously.

At length the body was walled up in its solid tomb, and Bartleby's relief showed him how great had been his horror of the exposed corpse—especially of those eyes that always stared towards Heaven.

He laughed in his relief as he looked at the solid wall. "Eighty-two years!" he said. "And I'll never marry Thelma, eh? You overtrumped, yes! But the last trick's mine!"

The next day he went abroad. His nerves were in disorder. Useless to argue that he was innocent! He had been through a profoundly horrifying experience, and he could not at once fall back into his normal manner of existence.

He heard from Thelma. She wrote to say that Filson had not presented himself on his return to London and that she assumed, therefore, that the specialist's report had been unsatisfactory. Bartleby replied, asking permission to call on her.

BUT six months passed before he could trust himself to return to London. It took six months for him to get over the feeling that he was guilty of having caused Filson's death.

Then, on a summer's afternoon, he stood with Thelma in the drawing-room of her Berkeley Square home.

He could now laugh at his fears, for he had just exchanged with Thelma the sacred kiss marking eternal affection.

Then Thelma told him about Filson—how Filson had had a hold over her father, and how she herself had very nearly been made a sacrifice to her father's reputation, and how she could almost forgive Filson now because he had kept his promise and had not worried her after his visit to the specialist.

"What exactly was the matter with him?" Bartleby asked. "He once told me that he might drop dead."

Thelma shuddered. "Oh, it was worse than that!" she exclaimed.

Then she lowered her voice. "It was cataplexy," she whispered. "Horrible! He would just drop down. And he would lie, apparently dead, for as long as four days. Oh, horrible! Ghastly! It once happened here. When he had a quarrel with father. We thought he was dead. The doctors thought so as well. He lay for two days, then he recovered. It terrified me. That's why I insisted upon a specialist's report."

My Favorite Poem

Then let us all be up and
doing,
Let the dead past bury its
dead;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er
head.
PSALM OF LIFE.
—Longfellow.
(Sent in by Rob Morrison,
Gopp Street, East Melbourne.)

when he said he was cured. . . . Why, what's the matter?"

But Bartleby did not reply. He dashed from the house. He took a taxi to Fulham, stopping on the way to buy a heavy hammer.

On the next day he was found shot dead in his bedroom at his club; and on his desk was a letter telling the police to go to the cellar of a certain Fulham house.

And when the police went to the house they found a broken-down wall, and beyond the wall a recess in which were the remains of a man, lying huddled up in a corner, face downwards.

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**13/6
3/9**



Here is a New Model 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet at a moderate price. It is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, shelves, etc., and the leadlight doors are particularly attractive. Do not miss this bargain at the Special Cash Price—
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EASY TERMS:— **5/- and 2/-**
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This fully-fitted Loungechair is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, transverse, adjustable mirror, and fitted inlaid compartments. Don't miss this bargain. Special Cash Price This Week **59/6**

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2GB
PRESENTS

1937 G.P.S. Regatta

On May the first, the G.P.S. Regatta will be held on the Nepean River, and 2GB have made arrangements to broadcast full descriptions of all the races. These descriptions will be made by experienced oarsmen, who will describe in full detail every aspect of the racing, culminating with the Head of the River race.

Jimmie Sampson and his Orchestra

Jimmie Sampson and his ballroom orchestra have a definite style of playing which places them in a distinct class. Jack Davey acts as Master of Ceremonies, and presents each number in his own whimsical style. Every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 8 o'clock.

2GB
"THE FAVOURITE STATION"

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Mud Larks That Sang A Dismal Tune At Moorefield

By BETTY GEE

I know that fire-side kittens like to sit at home on wet days, and listen to the races over the wireless.

But I'm a woman of sterner stuff.

I like to go hunting mudlarks in the storm-lashed betting ring. But some of them sang a dismal tune at Moorefield.

WASNT I glad after the first race, though.

I got there just in time to see Sam Solomons put £200 on Dutiful in the first race, so I thought a modest outlay on it might be a good idea, but I had to take £3 to £2.

Still, it was the only one the heads backed, and they knew their onionsauce.

Dutiful ran right away from the rest of the field as if they were hobbled, and won pulling up by four lengths. Teddie Bartle was looking round in the saddle, and really it could have been 14 lengths, and Dutiful wouldn't have complained.

But I don't like jockeys looking round on my horses. Throws them off their balance. I'm go-

ing to buy Teddie a swivel chair to make it easier.

Anyway, winning a race like that is too much of a strain on the poor fluttering heart of a girl punter.

When I saw Mac Sawyer's commissioner, the impulsive Paul Mantou, snapping 6 to 1 on Fearless, I said to myself, "Betty, my bright-eyed Sherlock Holmes, this is the stable sugar."

Then I ran into one of those Know-alls from Moorefield, and he whispered that Fearless came up from Randwick especially to do a gallop at Moorefield, and doubtless to pronounce his opinion upon the course.

Well, if that didn't look like a deep-dyed plot to trap the books, I never saw one, so I took £12 to £3, and that was that.

I tumbled in on to Rupert Gray's Torch in the second Juvenile race at a cost of £10 to £1, and when Jacky O'Sullivan streaked for the winning post two lengths ahead of the field I began metaphorically collecting the wager. But Poly Joy came home like a streak of lightning, and beat her up like a flummery.

Everybody's Tips

I WORKED it out that getting the right oil and the right money leads carries a girl a long way towards success in this picking contest against the bookmakers, but if there's any race I dislike, it's the one where everybody gives you a tip or a lead for a different horse.

And such a race was the Brighton Handicap.

Finally, I hit upon Cid, because I had the tip about it from Mr. Harry Brett, host of the Hotel Rosehill, bookmaker, punter, and man of many parts upon the Turf. I took £10 to £2 about Cid, but he's a funny creature. They all said he was good in the mud. Fairly revelled in it. Yes, assuredly, like a little baby who likes paddling in it.

That's what Cid stayed to do, instead of galloping through it, and his fondness for mud-pie joys cost me my £2. Lolorua liked the mud, too, but he didn't tarry to play pies.

If you had to pick a punter possessing the exotic male charms of Ramon Navarro in Sydney today it would be Bertie Byrne. The information that's stored in that handsome head of his is worth real money, believe me.

I picked him up at the wrong time when I followed him in on Volwood (£10 to £1) in the Moorefield Handicap.

"A champion in the mud," said her trainer, Mr. Kling, but she must have lacked goloshes or something, because she was never in it, and finished second last.

Fast Baroness

THE judge could have risen to a sensational occasion in the first Flying division.

Moorefield legends tell of a dead-beat between four horses in its dim past. He could have dead-beated three in the Flying, because Bronze God, Brown Baroness, and Aureus all passed the post together.

Instead, he gave it to Brown Baroness by half a head, and Bronze God was second. Yes, I'll confess I was on Bronze God, and but for being fenced in when they came to the straight, he would have won.

I hate races that are cut so fine. It's so disappointing when you get half-beat seconds after thinking your chicken and champagne have been laid on the table before you by a kindly Providence.

Give me the sort of finishes Rubens put in the last race. Bobby Mead whispered that he'd win it.



"Give me the storm-lashed betting ring," says Betty at Moorefield.

and he did in no uncertain manner.

I took £5 to £1 on that tip, and Rubens lay behind Silver Strand, and then sneaked through on the rails, and won it by two lengths before the others woke up it was a race.

Good old Rubens. If he were alive today—I mean the old Flemish painter—I'd get him to make a picture of this four-legged one.

Well, I'm saving up Aureus for next Saturday, because he was unlucky in last Saturday's race, and might do it this time, at Canterbury.

And there's a violinist down at the supper-house we went to on Saturday night who has a tip for Musician for the Novice right from the horse's mouth, he swears. I hope he's as good as giving them as he is at taking them—tips, I mean.



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DAY OUT for BOYS, OLD BOYS ...and GIRLS!

Head of the River as Fashion Parade

Schoolboys and old boys may think the Head of the River is a day out for athletes and expert enthusiasts. Ladies know better.

On Saturday they will show the male regatta-goers that this, like every other great event, is at least equally a feminine affair.

WHEN the Great Public Schools decided to hold their regatta on the rustic Nepean instead of the metropolitan Parramatta, they expressed a fond hope that this move would make it less of a public spectacle and more of an austere scholastic exercise.

Alas for their academic dream! The idyllic rural setting was all that was needed to make the regatta a perfect attraction for the public in general and the feminine public in particular.

Last year 20,000 people travelled to Penrith to watch the rowing. This year the crowd is expected to be at least 30,000.

A big proportion will be women, girls and school-girls.

Matrons and misses are looking out their smartest spectator sports for the river-bank parade, and even the short-skirted, long-legged contemporaries of the schoolboys are pleading for extra latitude in the matter of styles for the schoolgirl.

One or two hints on what to wear—from a practical point of view. It may be cold on the river, so don't go without something warm. It may also be hot, so a sunshade is an idea.

If you can make it harmonise with autumn tweeds, you're a genius. And finally, the grass is likely to be long and burry—so don't wear your sheerest stockings or your daintiest shoes.

As to the race itself, that will be as interesting as ever. Never before have so many crews had strong claims to the title.

A new flag—one never seen before at the top of the pole indicating win-



ALL THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS have their host of girl followers every boat race day and they cheer themselves hoarse, urging their favorites on to victory.

E. G. Dorsch may yet send them to the post with the ability to stay with the others to the finish.

ning crews—may be hoisted on Saturday, for The Scots College will start firm favorite for the Major Rennie Trophy eight-oared championship, the Head of the River.

Butter disappointment has been the lot of The Scots supporters in recent years—once, when they seemed assured of the title, the crew was run down by a launch during training and several of the oarsmen were taken to hospital.

Last year, they put up a valiant battle to finish fourth, from a bad position, within a length of the winning crew, St. Joseph's College.

Max Samins, who stroked the crew then, is again in that seat, and has three of last year's crew behind him, as well as coxswain Harry Kerr, whose years of experience baffle his youth.

Vince Butler, again in the stroke seat for St. Joseph's College, is the most experienced oarsman competing. This is his fourth Head of the River for St. Joseph's—three times in the stroke seat, and once in No. 7. A more level-headed boy never held a blade.

Sydney Church of England Grammar School will again present the ideal picture of modern rowing. Faultless in rhythmic style, Mr. L. C. Robson's crews are the envy of all rowing coaches.

Selections for the Races

CHAMPIONSHIP EIGHTS

(Major Rennie Trophy): The Scots College 1, Sydney Church of England Grammar School 2, Sydney Grammar School 3.

First Fours (Yaralla Cup): The Scots College 1, St. Joseph's College 2, Sydney Church of England Grammar School 3.

Second Fours: St. Joseph's College 1, Sydney Church of England Grammar School 2, Sydney High School 3.

Another crew with strong title claims is St. Ignatius' College, coached this year by Mr. Laurie Raper, brother of the coach of the N.S.W. crew in the King's Cup.

This is one of the strongest eights ever boated by St. Ignatius', which has not been near the title for many years.

Sydney Grammar, the highest rating crew of all, and Sydney High cannot be overlooked as possible winners.

Grammar crews are renowned for their fighting qualities, strongly evidenced last year when they were beaten by a canvas after suffering weeks of heart-breaking training setbacks.

If High comes to the fore it will be a triumph over adversity, for they have been forced to train under spotlight for weeks—the coach, Mr. Bill Livingstone, being unable to attend at the rowing shed before dark. They also spent many mornings training before 6 o'clock.

Newington College will go to the post at the peak of its racing condition, and may spring a surprise on the other crews by its speed off the mark. An encouraging advantage will be gained if it can take the lead in the early stages.

The King's School has shown amazing progress under pressure during the last few days, and Mr.

SKIN TROUBLES

How Septic Poison Develops

A cut, a scratch, the head off a pimple. These tiny incidents may be dangerous—take care! You have only to be the least bit unlucky for inflammation to follow. From this it is but a step to the spread of destructive poison from SEPTIC germs. Any injury, no matter how trivial, is liable to turn septic if germs get in. Your safest and swiftest protection is Germolene Skin Ointment—the most powerful, effective and germicide known. Germolene quickly heals cuts, scratches, burns, scalds, broken chibblains and pimples. It checks infection before it starts to be serious. Even if sores and wounds are septic, inflamed and discharging, Germolene cleans them quickly and starts healthy new growth.



For EVERY Skin Trouble

All Chemists

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

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By seven London
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Would you like a Harley Street, London, specialist to tell you how to look after your skin? To learn the secrets of a beautiful figure from a famous physical culture expert. Hints from leading physicians on slimming, diet—how to keep youthful in middle age. Then read "Keep Young and Beautiful"—the wonderful sixty-four page book written by seven medical specialists for the proprietors of Eno's "Fruit Salt." Just write your name and address on the coupon below and post to day.

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A beautiful complexion is not a matter of cosmetics, but comes from a proper regard for exercise, fresh air, diet and most important of all—inner cleanliness. It is the special function of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to look after this inner cleanliness, and it has been trusted for generations as the world's best aid to good health and good looks. Eno gently but thoroughly removes poisonous waste from the system. A sparkling glass taken regularly every morning will get rid of many ailments such as depression, sleeplessness, indigestion and poor appetite. Join the happy and healthy band of Eno users—get a bottle and prove its value for yourself!

REGULAR [HANDY] SIZE COSTS ONLY 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

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Twelve Distinct Herbs

Proven for 70 years

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a Natural
Corrective for Disordered Stomachs.

Irritability, Sleeplessness, Nerve Troubles, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation, and Loss of Appetite and energy are symptoms of a Sluggish Liver and Disordered Stomach.

Tune up the Liver—restore the Stomach to its normal healthy condition—with a regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup and all your troubles will quickly vanish. Mother Seigel's Syrup has been an unequalled corrective for Stomach and Liver Disorders for more than 70 years. Countless thousands rely solely on this world famous remedy. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/6.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your stomach. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you dizzy, grumpy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Leavies and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/6, household size 3/6. Repeat a substitute.

wvs-page40100

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 1, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

37

GAY COLOR In The KITCHEN

Modern Rooms In Contrast With
Ancient Peasant Types In Ideal
Home Exhibition in London

THE demand for labor-saving and cleanliness in the modern kitchen has made it almost as impersonal as a hospital ward. But kitchen equipment designers seem to have decided to give it back its personality as the heart of the house.

At the Ideal Home Exhibition in London, a contrast is offered between kitchens that are the last word in modernity and a group of European peasant kitchens—from Norway, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Russia—where equipment and decoration conform to a tradition of centuries.

Instead of contrasting them, a clever housewife might combine the ancient and modern, and evolve the sort of kitchen that made her feel she was working in a musical-comedy setting.

Most modern of the kitchens shown was completely automatic—central heating and hot water supply provided by thermostatically-controlled boiler, refrigerator automatically controlled and operated, the temperature remaining constant at all times, cooker with automatic controls for both cooking and lighting.

Walls on two sides were composed entirely of cupboards and cabinets for everything in the kitchen, with a highly glazed washable cream surface.

washable metallic surface in greeny-grey that looked like pewter. Australian housewives might adapt the Czechoslovakian summer kitchen successfully. A small room

By Air Mail
from MARY
ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special
Representative
in London



CZECHOSLOVAKIAN kitchen in the Ideal Home Exhibition, London. The coke stove in the centre of the room looks more like an altar in a shrine than a stove, yet it provides enough heat for light cooking.



GERMAN KITCHEN in Ideal Home Exhibition with dead white walls, furniture light grey ash, curtains in yellow and white check and many cupboards.

cooking in the centre, while its outside frame remained cool.

A small window let in a minimum of heat and sunlight, while bright designs in blue, red, and yellow, painted on the whitewashed walls, saved the room from looking dark.

Fraulein Bauer, a native of Saxony, who is on the staff of Herr Hitler's Food Ministry, expects to knit herself four pairs of bed-socks while she sits in her German kitchen answering questions.

Specially Built

THE furniture was specially built to demonstrate the work being done by the Ministry to encourage German people to go on the land. The Ministry provides not only farm implements, but furniture as well.

Fraulein Bauer's kitchen, cool looking, durable, and comfortable, would be a welcome personality in an Australian country home.

Dead-white walls provide a background for the furniture of light grey ash with washable surface and handles of white pine. An upholstered seat round one corner makes the kitchen a family dining-room as well.

Specially fitted low cupboards, with wide tops hold rolling-pins, mincing machine, and other cooking utensils in their right niches instead of in a jumble in a cabinet drawer, are placed below a wide window framed in yellow and white check curtains, so that the housewife can prepare food in the coolest corner of the kitchen.

If you live in a not-so-modern home where the builder put the kitchen in the darkest corner of the



DUTCH KITCHEN in Ideal Home Exhibition. Walls are bright terra-cotta pink, tiles shining white with blue designs, curtains are blue and red check gingham, linoleum blue and white, and furniture old walnut.

Red rubber floor covering with wide blue border, and curtains of red and blue washable oil silk provided the prevailing Coronation color scheme.

Another kitchen achieved personality with built-in furniture, with a

built between two larger rooms, it is always cool in the summer, though it contains a large coke stove.

In the kitchen at the exhibition the stove looked more like an altar-table in a shrine. It was large enough to provide heat for light

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UNSHRINKABLE KNITTING YARN

When you knit be sure to choose a yarn that is firm and smooth and even, a yarn that shapes well. In short . . . 'Viyella.' Although so sturdy, 'Viyella' is beautifully soft and washes well. It never shrinks and the many beautiful shades that are available are all fast and all can be matched should extra wool be needed. Send for the free instructions above and knit it to fit in 'Viyella.'

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Please send me free knitting instructions for garment (B) as illustrated. I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

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Even complexions which have been marred by blemishes for a long time, have been made clear and lovely by Cuticura. The beautifying effects of Cuticura are due to the immediate improvement it makes in the health of the skin.

The luxurious and mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap purifies the pores right down to the depths, ridding them of every particle of dust, grime and impurity. Every day your complexion becomes lovelier and smoother, regaining the glorious, transparent glow of health which only pore-deep purity can give. The skin looks young — and stays young. To clear away and heal pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions, apply Cuticura Ointment direct to the affected parts.

FEEL FRESH AND FRAGRANT ALL DAY

Cuticura Talcum is like a soothing balm to hot, sensitive skin. Used after the bath, it imparts a delicate perfume, and keeps you fresh, fragrant and cool long afterwards.

Cuticura

PREPARATIONS

CUTICURA SOAP. CUTICURA OINTMENT. CUTICURA TALCUM



SLIM WOMEN
KNOW WHY THEY'RE
"Worth a
Guinea a Box"

There is no risk about reducing by taking Beecham's Pills. They "reduce" simply by rectifying unhealthy conditions. If you are over-fat suspect delayed elimination. It's an old complaint, and an old cause of stoutness. Avoid constipation. Keep regular. Take Beecham's Pills. Proved absolutely safe, they benefit your general health, keep you fit, active and in good spirits. They are the reliable family remedy for constipation and all its kindred ills.

BEECHAM'S
Pills
Purely Vegetable

THEY ARE the Week's BEST— So Try THEM!

Then send in Your Entry for
Our Recipe Competition

The recipes given here have been selected from the entries in our Best Recipe Competition as the winners for this week. They are all worth trying.

OUR Best Recipe competition is open to everyone. All you have to do is to write out your entry—the best recipe you know—attach name and address, and send it to us.

First prize every week is £1, and there are consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

THREE SAVORIES

1. Lobster Fingers.

Half-pound puff paste, ½ small lobster, 1 dessertspoon thick cream, 1 lb. butter, sprig parsley, salt and pepper, vegetable coloring.

Roll out pastry until 1-inch thick, then cut into pieces 1 inch wide and 2 inches long. Place on baking dish or tray and bake until a biscuit color. Put flesh of lobster and ounce of butter together and pound until smooth. Next add cream, then salt, pepper and lemon juice; rub all through a sieve.

Split open each piece of pastry, spread with lobster mixture, and press the two pieces together. Color 1 oz. butter with cochineal, and another with green vegetable coloring, pipe stripe of green butter down centre of fingers, and decorate sides with pink butter. Serve on d'oyles, garnished with parsley.

2. Croustons of Banana.

Two bananas, 2oz. butter, finger-shaped pieces bread, pepper (or sugar if preferred).

Peel and cut each banana in halves lengthways, and again across (make 8 pieces). Melt butter in frying pan, fry pieces of bread golden brown, drain well, fry banana quickly turning once or twice. Place each portion of banana on bread, dust with pepper, serve hot.

3. Sardine Bouchees.

Tin sardines, 4 teaspoons grated cheese, 4 oysters, 1 hard-boiled egg, tarragon vinegar, ½ stale tin loaf, 2oz. butter, pinch cayenne pepper.

Cut slices from loaf 1½ inches thick. Stamp out rounds the size of a glass top, then with smaller cutter remove centres to leave a case; fry these in butter, drain and keep hot. Skin and pound sardines with cheese, adding vinegar and cayenne to flavor, and moisten it. Beard oysters, add to mixture, season; stir over heat until very hot. Fill cases with mixture, and sprinkle tops with powdered yolk of egg. Serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. R. Stanger, Cook Road, Plumpton, N.S.W.

POTATO SAUSAGE ROLLS

Boil until cooked 6 large potatoes, mash and allow to cool, then add enough self-raising flour to bind—about ½ cup. Mix into a firm dough with milk or water, put on a floured board, and roll out to ¼ inch thickness. Cut into squares. Take 1 lb. sausages, cut each in half, put each half in a potato square, roll up like sausage rolls, put into a baking dish with a little fat and bake in moderate oven for about one hour or till a nice golden brown. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Charlton, Woodville Farm, via Tannin, W.A.

JAPANESE SALAD

One small lettuce, 2 bunches watercress, 1 sweet orange (pith removed), 3 slices tinned pineapple, 2 ripe tomatoes, or 3 bananas.

Wash lettuce and watercress, and arrange in wide border round salad bowl. The orange sections are cut in halves, tomatoes are sliced, and pineapple is cut in pieces of convenient size, all being carefully mixed with cream salad dressing and piled in centre of bowl.

Cream Salad Dressing: 2 table-

spoons cream, ½ teaspoon made mustard, castor sugar, salt and pepper to taste, and juice of half a small lemon. Put mustard, sugar, salt and pepper in a cup, and mix cream in gradually. The lemon is stirred in by degrees, until dressing is sufficiently flavored.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to J. Crowe, 106 Campbell St., Hobart.

PEACH RICE CAKE

Three-quarter breakfast cup rice, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 pint milk, peaches, cinnamon stick, pinch of salt.

Wash rice in three waters. Put into double boiler with 1 pint of milk and salt and cook gently until rice is soft and milk absorbed. Add butter, sugar, and lemon juice. Mix thoroughly. Form into flat cakes, dip in flour and fry in hot frying pan with a little butter. Place on each cake half a peach, which has been peeled and stewed gently with little lemon rind and piece of stick cinnamon in the syrup.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. N. Gosden, c/o School, 16 Fullarton Rd., Parkside, S.A.

TOMATO MEAT LOAF

One pound beef, 1 lb. fresh or salt pork, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, good dash of cayenne, 1 lb. veal, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 2-3 cup tomato juice, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 table-spoons minced onion, 2 or more table-spoons minced parsley.

Have beef, veal and pork minced thoroughly twice. Combine all ingredients except tomato juice, using more salt if you use fresh pork. Then work in tomato juice, using a little more if you need it to make a soft, but not a



wet, loaf. Butter a flat tin and spread mixture about 2 inches thick. Bake in a moderate oven for at least an hour or until the loaf shrinks from the sides of the tin and is cooked through. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss U. Pearce, 131 Nelson Bay Road, Bronte, N.S.W.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

Cut short or flaky pastry into 4-inch squares, moisten edges with cold water, and in the centre of each place a small apple, peeled and cored. Fill apple-centres with 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 2 table-spoons sugar, well mixed. Bring the corners of the paste together over the tops of the apples, press firmly and prick with a fork. Bake dumplings in hot oven till they begin to brown, then reduce heat and cook till apples are soft (about 1 hour). If to be eaten hot, serve with hot sauce; if cold, with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Stevens, 187 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

MASCOTTE CREAM

Line a plain mould with a little lemon jelly, decorate with strips of angelica and cherries. Dissolve 1oz. gelatine in 1 gill of water, stir into it a pint of good custard, sweeten all to taste, and flavor with essence vanilla. Take 1 gill of thick cream, whip till stiff, and add to custard gradually, after stirring in 1oz. citron chopped small. Crumble 2 sponge cakes very finely and add to the above. Pour into mould. When set un-mould and decorate with roses of whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Middleton, 58 Kerr St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

DATE RECIPES

Dates are most nourishing and children usually eat them with great relish. Here is an interesting assortment of recipes for using this useful fruit selected from recipes sent in by readers.

Try them on your family—they're bound to be popular.

EACH week in this section, our cooking expert selects a popular subject from recipes submitted by readers. Prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every recipe published. Send in your entries—they may be worth cash to you.

DATE AND NUT LOAF

One and a half table-spoons butter, 1 table-spoon sugar, 1 table-spoon finely-minced nut, 8 dates cut up, 1 beaten egg, 1 table-spoon golden syrup, 1 small cup milk, 3 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 table-spoons cream tartar.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, syrup and milk, dates and fruit. Lightly stir in flour to which cream of tartar and soda have been added, well butter nut loaf tin, and half fill with mixture, put lid on tin, and cook from 45 to 60 minutes in moderate oven; turn out when cold, cut in thin slices and spread with butter when eating. This mixture is enough for two nut roll tins.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Redd, Post Office, Taranaki, N.Z.

DATE CAKE

Half-pound self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1 lb. dates, 6oz. butter, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon essence, a few drops vanilla essence.

Soak dates overnight or for 5 hours in the cup of water in which you dissolve the soda first. Cream butter and sugar, add egg well beaten, then sift in flour and carbonate of soda, and lastly, add dates and vanilla essence. Bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes.

2/6 to Mrs. Gray, 8 Wooden Grove, East St. Kilda, Melbourne 82.

SPICED DATE CAKE

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-3 teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 level table-spoons baking powder, ¼ cup milk, 1½ teaspoons sherry, 1½ teaspoons clove, 1 cup lightly-flavored dates.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add well-beaten yolks of egg and stir in. Mix and stir flour, salt, baking powder, cinna-

mon, clove, and ginger, and add to the first mixture alternately with milk. Add vanilla and stiffly-beaten whites. Beat 1 to 3 minutes.

Bake in greased loaf pan 50-60 minutes, in moderate oven (350 deg. F.).

Frost with white icing, and decorate with dates.

2/6 to Miss E. Davidson, Wm. Lib. Edgds., Stanley Street, South Brisbane 81.

STEAMED DATE PUDDING

One small cup finely-chopped nut or 1 lb. butter, 1 small cup sugar, 3 cups dates, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 1 small teaspoon carb. soda, 1 large egg.

Mix nut or butter with 1 cup boiling water, until dissolved, then add dates, sugar, bread-crumbs, and set aside till cool (overnight). Then add beaten egg, flour and carb. soda. Mix well and steam 4 hours.

2/6 to Mrs. E. C. Halsey, Bacon Street, Grafton, N.S.W.

CREAM OF DATE PIE

Two cups milk, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 table-spoon butter, 1 small table-spoon flour, 2 eggs.

Boil milk, blend flour in a little cold milk and add to boiling milk, then add beaten yolks of eggs and sugar, then butter and dates. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Pour into a cooked pie crust, cover with whites of eggs, made into meringue with little sugar. Then put into oven to brown.

2/6 to Mrs. A. McClenaghan, Wilkes, Glen Innes Road, Armidale, N.S.W.

DATE SLICK

Seven ounces self-raising flour, 8oz. butter, pinch salt, and 3 table-spoons water.

Mix flour and salt, rub in butter till fine as crumbs. Mix with water and roll out thinly. Grease well a Swiss roll tin and line with pastry. Cover pastry with jam made with ½ lb. seeded dates, put in same tin with 1 table-spoon butter and a little water and juice of lemon. Roll till like jam. Then cover with about 3 inches of plain cake mixture, cook about 45 minutes in a steady oven. When cold, ice with warm icing and decorate with chopped dates.

2/6 to J. Wallis, Orchard St., Croydon, N.Z.

New Food Values . . .

Found in CHOKOS

Highly Nutritious
... they can be cooked in so
many ways . . . as Vegetable
Dishes, Sweets and Preserves

Chokos are in season again, so make the most of this valuable vegetable. Analysis by food specialists has found that chokos are practically free from starch, yet contain a very high caloric value, making them nutritious but not fattening.

CHOKOS are also very high in iron content, having four times as much as tomatoes, three times the content of potatoes, and one-third as much as spinach. In addition, they produce an alkaline reaction.

For cooking the choko is also invaluable, for it lends itself to so many different ways of preparing. As an ordinary vegetable served with meat, it is delicious. It can also be creamed, used in salads, stuffed,

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

CHOKOS BAKED with cheese, covered with white sauce and sprinkled with breadcrumbs and grated cheese make a delicious luncheon or supper dish.

BAKED WITH CHEESE

Cook chokos with a piece of salt pork till tender. Remove from water with egg slice. Place in fire-proof dish, cover with thin white sauce to which a little grated cheese has been added. Cover with crumbs and cheese, dot with butter, and bake till brown and well-heated.

CURRIED CHOKO

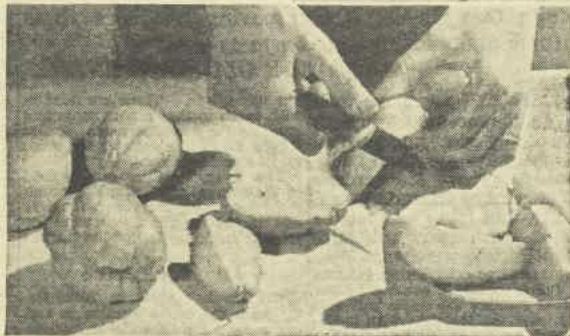
Peel and cut chokos into inch squares. Cook in water till tender with a clove of garlic if liked. Make a curry sauce, using the water in

which chokos were cooked as the liquid. Add chokos to sauce. Re-heat well without burning. Serve with border of boiled rice.

CHOKO SOUFFLE

One and a half cups cooked mashed chokos, level tablespoon flour, 1 egg, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Add flour, cheese, salt, cayenne to the choko, then yolk, lastly the well-whisked white. Bake or steam from 20 to 40 minutes. Serve with cheese sauce.



TO PREPARE CHOKOS for various dishes, cut into quarters and peel thinly. Boil in just enough water to cook for about twenty minutes.

fried, baked, added to soups or stews, place vinegar in an enamel sauce-pan, add blended flour, sugar, spices etc. Boil 15 minutes, add chokos and onions. Boil 20 minutes. Bottle and cork tightly. Store in a cool place.

CHOKO JAM

Six pounds chokos, 4½ lb. sugar, 1 pint water, ½ tablespoon cloves, ½ teaspoon citric acid, lemon rind if liked.

Peel chokos and cut into thin slices. Boil water and sugar. Add chokos and boil till when a small quantity is tested on a saucer it is thick. The cloves should be tied in muslin and boiled in the jam. The acid should be added about 15 minutes before jam is cooked. Bottle and cork down.

BUTTERED CHOKOS

Slice, boil, drain well. Place in hot serving dish, and pour over melted butter to which salt, cayenne, and finely-chopped parsley have been added. Serve at once.

FRIED CHOKOS

Sliced, cooked chokos may be fried plain, or dipped in egg-glazing and breadcrumbs. Drain well and serve with rolls of grilled bacon as a dressed vegetable.

The slices can be dipped in batter, then fried and served with bacon.

FRITTERS

Boil sliced chokos till tender, rub through colander. To 3 cups choko pulp use 1 egg, salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, sufficient flour to make fritter batter. Fry like griddle scones, or drop tablespoons in deep fat, fry till brown. Serve hot with syrup.

CHOKO SALAD

Cut cooked chokos finely, chill, mix with mayonnaise or French dressing, and serve in lettuce leaf, or the diced chokos may be served in mixed salad with tomatoes, celery, etc. They can also be used in place of potato in the regular potato salad.

BAKED WITH SAUSAGE

Cut chokos in half, parboil, spread with pork sausage, cover with rings of onions which have been partly boiled. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Bake in covered fireproof casserole. Serve with brown or tomato sauce.

STEWED CHOKOS (as a fruit)

Chokos, sugar, water, lemon peel.

Peel the chokos, quarter and cut into thin slices. Boil the water, sugar, and lemon rind, add chokos, and cook very slowly with lid on until soft and clear. Remove lemon rind, pour carefully into serving dish when cold, chill, serve with cream or custard.

STUFFED CHOKOS

Chokos, sausage meat, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley. Mix the meat, salt, cayenne and parsley well together. Peel the chokos, scoop out the centres, and

THE common Australian choko has been discovered by America. Known as the chayote vegetable pear, it is now grown in California and Mexico, and is attaining high prestige as a valuable new sub-tropical vegetable. Analysis by the United States Department of Agriculture and at the University of California has revealed the high food value of the choko.

fill the centre of each choko with the seasoned meat. Bake in hot fat till soft. Drain, and serve with brown gravy.

CHOKO PICKLES

Nine chokos, 3 lb. small onions, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon allspice, 1 dessertspoon turmeric, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 1½ pints vinegar.

Cut chokos and onions into small pieces. Boil 2 quarts water with ½ lb. salt, skim, and pour boiling liquid over chokos and onions and stand overnight. Next day drain,



"and so the poor dog had none"

The remains of yesterday's joint was made into "To-day's special," with "GRAVOX." It makes "left-overs" into tasty dishes and provides rich gravy for ALL DINNERS.

SALTS, SEASONS,
THICKENS and
BROWNS instantly.

Send 1d stamp for
FREE SAMPLE.

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GRAVY
MAKER
The Makers are KLEMMHOFF PTY. LTD.
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MAKES
ALUMINIUM
LOOK LIKE
NEW!
SteeLo

SteeLo restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 peds and special soap.



CAUTION!

Is he being starved of
'PROTECTIVE FOODS'?

His diet may
lack important
elements



What about YOUR husband? You give him plenty to eat, but if his diet is deficient in what doctors call 'Protective' Foods he is UNDER-NOURISHED. Many a husband, many a wife, many a child—in fact, millions of people—are under-nourished because they are not getting a sufficiency of 'protective' foods.

What is meant by 'Protective' Foods

'Protective' foods are those rich in minerals and vitamins. They increase strength, energy and resistance to disease. When they are missing a man tires easily. He has no vitality. He quickly catches colds and chills. And if children do not have an adequate supply of vitamins and minerals Nature cannot build strong bones and teeth and firm muscles.

Cadbury's delicious Bourn-vita makes up for the 'protective' foods lacking in the ordinary diet. Made from fresh, full-cream dairy milk, malt, eggs, and chocolate, it contains elements our bodies urgently demand: Vitamins A, B, and D, and three important minerals—calcium, phosphorus and iron.

Bourn-vita for Nourishment and Sleep

Bourn-vita, you see, supplies vitamins and minerals which a 'protective' food should contain. If every member of your family takes a cup every night, there will be greater safety from the ills that follow under-nourishment.

Bourn-vita builds up the body. It also brings deep, refreshing sleep. Start the Bourn-vita habit NOW, and note the improvement in your health and vitality!

GIVE HIM CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA
THE 'PROTECTIVE' FOOD



"What's that stuff?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightfully embarrassed, tried to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim, trying manfully to choke down his porridge. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when you pour on the milk!" "Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles tomorrow," said Auntie Martha, "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast" said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxtite packet—fresh and crisp and delicious." Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are sold at all grocers—order some today.



Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow

It is from just such small beginnings that a Savings Bank Account will grow into a substantial possession. The habit of Thrift is not hard to acquire, and once begun, leads to security. No matter how little you can afford to put by weekly, commence at once. You will be agreeably astonished to note how soon the "mickles" become a "muckie." It is a happy and safe condition, to have "money in the bank" and the opportunity is conveniently at hand. Not only by hundreds of Branches, but through practically all Post Offices and many private agencies, the Commonwealth Savings Bank service is made available in all Australian districts—in your district.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government.



AN ATTRACTIVE crazy path adds to the beauty of this garden. The flowers growing between the stones are old-fashioned daisies—pink, red, and white.

CRAZY PATHS Add CHARM

Garden paths must be attractive, yet firm and wide enough to walk on. Crazy paving combines these features and adds quaint charm as well.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

PATHWAYS can make such a difference to the appearance of any home and garden. Yet pathways are often badly planned. There are gardens full of gems of art and natural beauty, but they cannot be visited with any pleasure except in fine weather.

Even in summertime when gardens are full of beauty a passing shower of rain renders the walks soft and miry, covering footwear with mud.

Crazy paving is particularly fascinating for pathways, and at the same time it is practical.

Such paths can be very beautiful, lending much charm to the home and its surroundings. Further, you can let your fancy have full play since many different designs in crazy paths are possible.

These paths are not difficult to make as long as you follow a few general rules.

Natural Surface

THE stones for crazy paths should have a flat, natural surface. The more natural the stones, the better. They should be different in shape and size. The more irregular in shape and form, the more natural-looking the results.

If wide paths are desired, large stones must be used. Small ones would only look awkward.

To make a crazy paving path the ground should be thoroughly prepared first. Levels should be taken, dips and turns studied, and the width of the path taken into consideration. When all this has been completed, the stones are placed into position by loosening the ground with a fork and allowing the stones to sink in a few inches.

They must not be joined together.

but spaces left. These are filled in with earth so that plants, moss and grass can be grown between. Spaces should also be left along the sides for the same purpose.

The "crazy" pattern can be used in pathways that wind through rockeries, dells, or even a fernery; and very often it is used around the sides or back portion of the home.

In Rockeries

FOR "crazy" work in rockeries, have the paths winding in and out in such a manner as to intrigue your visitors with the promise of attractive views "just around the next corner."

Now, I must tell you what to plant between the crevices in your paths. Make a selection of small plants—the dwarf kind.

For example, in semi-shaded paths thrift or moss can be planted in the centre division. This, with plenty of water, grows rapidly and soon covers the stones.

To grow moss or thrift, simply break off a little piece from an old plant and press it in tightly between the stones, and in a very short time it will spread. Then other pieces can be taken off and used elsewhere.

If this is planted in the crevices, and the small letter daisy (monstrosa) grown in the moss, a very pleasing and attractive effect can be obtained.

The shamrock, with its green and brown spotted foliage, and balm—that lovely fragrant plant with green and white foliage—are good "crazy" paving plants. Then there are cerastium, a quick grower and rapid spreader; and sedum, a dwarf-growing plant, pale green in color.

A plant here and there of lobelia, with its pretty blue flowers, gives a touch of gaiety and natural charm.

Campanula—the soft blue variety, Cochlearifolia, which only grows three inches high—is another useful and showy path plant.

Foxgloves and violets of different colors make a nice setting along the sides.

Flagged terraces around the home are charming. These are made with large or small flagstones, according to the size of the terrace desired. Grass seed is usually sown in the divisions, and, if kept clipped, adds considerably to the beauty of the path.

Bricks also make nice paths around the home, especially if they are of the old, red type, for interesting patterns can be worked out.



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CLEVER IDEAS

RUBBER-PROOF APRONS:

These will last very much longer if you wash well with a warm soapy sponge once a week. Dry well and rub with a piece of flannel dipped in olive oil.

CLEANING CURTAINS:

To freshen up kitchen and household curtains rub over with a cloth dipped in soapuds. You will not have to wash them so frequently.

BOILING EGGS:

A simple tip—to prevent eggs from cracking, run cold water over them before putting them into the hot water.

CORKS FOR PRESERVES:

When making preserves that have to be corked, boil the corks before bottling. While hot they are soft and can be pressed into the bottles quite easily, and when cold they become rigid and seal the bottles tightly.

LEMON CHEESE:

Add orange juice to the lemon when making lemon cheese—one orange to every two lemons. This improves both flavor and color.

RADIATORS:

Always keep the metal on the radiator well polished, it will reflect more heat.

TIMELY HINT:

Did you know that eucalyptus extract will remove chewing-gum from clothing without damaging the fabric?

EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS:

Best way to stamp an embroidery design on a transfer. Place the transfer sheet in position, damp a cloth in methylated spirit, and apply to the back of the transfer until it is moistened all over. A clear design will result. You will be able to use the transfer sheet many more times if you follow this procedure than if you use an iron.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Advice for the UNDERWEIGHT

Excessive Thinness is Devastating to Beauty and Health

By EVELYN

IF you are too thin, if, where there should be slender curves, there are bony arms and ankles, scraggy necks and hollow cheeks, then you must start on a "fatten-up" campaign immediately, for the longer an underweight condition continues the more difficult it is to restore health and good looks.

ALTHOUGH we read and hear every other day that slimness is no longer fashionable, that curves are definitely "in," still most articles on weight control and on diet are designed for those who want to lose weight.

The woman who is too thin—who wants to put on a little or a good deal of weight—gets very little attention.

There is all the difference in the world between being slender and being painfully thin. Bony arms and ankles, scraggy necks and hollow cheeks, where there should be slim curves, can never be beautiful.

To-day no woman can depend upon beauty of face alone. The woman who has a beautiful figure, who has grace and poise, will pass as good-looking and even beautiful with carefully-applied make-up and hair-grooming, although her features may be by no means good.

Further, well-rounded physical development is the basis of health and efficiency.

Excessive thinness is detrimental to health and is often accompanied by poor vitality, poor nerves, neuritis and other annoying little ailments. The hair and complexion usually suffer, also, the former being scanty and dull, and the latter sallow, wrinkled, and dry.

If you are very much underweight you should first of all see a doctor, to make sure it is not caused by some organic trouble or serious ill-health. If you are certain there is nothing wrong with your general health, then you may turn your attention to putting on the desired weight by the aid of diet, rest, and exercise.

Walking Good

OUTDOOR exercise is splendid. If you are in business, make a point of walking part of the journey to and from your place of business. If you are a busy housewife, walk while shopping or marketing instead of doing it by car or telephone. Those who are free most of the day may spend many pleasant hours at golf, tennis, and, in summer, swimming.

If you do not care for strenuous games, take a two or three-mile walk every day in comfortable low-heeled shoes instead.

Exercises are recommended for those who want to reduce, for they not only take off superfluous weight, but also develop the muscles and help greatly in rounding out the figures of those who are too thin.

Try doing a simple set of exercises systematically every morning. Keep it up, and in a few months you will notice good results. The exercises should be done slowly, with special attention to breathing exercises to increase lung capacity, promote digestion, and stimulate the blood stream.

Then diet, too, is of great importance. Foods containing starch, such as wholemeal bread, potatoes, macaroni and all forms of sugars and fats—taboo for the overweight—help greatly to put on weight if you are in the too-thin class. Take at least one quart of fresh milk in some form or other every day. It is a good idea to sip the last half-pint hot before retiring. Such dishes as creamed soups, creamed vegetables, tapioca, rice, and Spanish creams, cornflour and custard puddings introduce milk into meals in a palatable form.

Nourishing drinks containing malted milk, egg, and cream are rich in nourishment, and should be taken in liberal quantities. Eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables,

and substitute brown or wholemeal bread for white bread.

An excellent fattening mixture can be made by adding three to six ounces of cream and one or two ounces of sugar or honey to one quart of milk. This is high in fuel value, and should be used as a beverage.

Those who are too thin usually do not like fattening foods, or they find that a rich diet is upsetting. If this is so, you must try to overcome your dislike by taking richer foods gradually, so that your system will get used to them and be able to assimilate oils and fats.

Sound sleep is a necessity to the woman who wants to put on weight.

She should get eight to ten hours' sleep every night, and if it is possible should rest or relax for an hour or more during the day. Plenty of rest and relaxation is just what the woman whose nerves are highly strung needs. Worry and excitement

A "STREAMLINED" dancing girl. Hollywood's idea of the happy medium in figure perfection—not too thin, no danger curves. This girl was chosen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as the ideal in figure beauty.

must be avoided; they are poison to the thin woman.

Try to cultivate an easy-going attitude with life. Laugh and enjoy yourself. Do not let petty trifles annoy you. Do not rush here and there as if your life depended on your getting there at a certain moment. Always allow yourself plenty of time to get anywhere, and see that you do not worry your way through your daily tasks. Worrying doesn't help you to get through your work any easier or quicker, anyway. Instead, you are burning up several times more energy than is required to do the work efficiently.

FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS

WHERE SHOULD BABY SLEEP?

By MARY TRUBY KING

Nine-tenths of the newly-born baby's time is spent in sleep. It is therefore necessary to consider what is the best spot in the house for his cot.

IT goes without saying that baby must not sleep in the same bed as his mother.

There are surely no homes where the mother cannot afford at least a clothes-basket or half of a deep dress-basket for her little one.

The best place for baby's basket or cot is on an open-air verandah or porch. Should the porch have a door leading directly to the mother's bedroom, so much the better, for baby can then sleep outside at night without causing the mother any anxiety.

This is the ideal; but not all homes have this convenience. The next best thing is a small nursery specially for baby, with a door leading into the parents' bedroom.

If the door is left open at night the mother will be able to hear if baby wakes, and attend to him if necessary, before he becomes too thoroughly awake from crying.

Baby's bedroom window should be kept wide open, top and bottom.

There should be some exit for air on the opposite side of the room from the window—either another window, or a fireplace or open door.

In Living-room

THOSE who have no room to turn into a nursery will have to either place baby's cot in the living-room or carry it into their own bedroom at night. Providing baby is a good sleeper, the living-room is the better idea of the two. The room should be well aired after the family have left it for the night, and baby's cot carried in carefully so as not to wake him.

Should there be a smoker in the family it would be better to leave the cot in an adult bedroom than in a smoke-impregnated living-room. In any case, the windows of the living-room should be opened wide, and left open, if baby is to sleep there.

The advantages of a separate room are, firstly, fresher air for baby, and, secondly, greater freedom from noises which might disturb his slumber. Not all babies will sleep through the various noises made by an adult going to bed in the same room.

Even though the baby goes on sleeping, his unconscious mind is probably quite aware of the noises around him, and his sleep may not be as sound as it should be. It is also more satisfactory for the adults not to feel they must walk about their bedroom on tiptoe, or speak in whispers.

When we speak of a separate room we mean one close by, with a communicating door if possible. It is very unwise to put baby in a room which is so far away that you will not hear him quite easily if he wakes and cries in the night.

One should never leave a crying baby without knowing why he is crying.

Reason For Tears

IF it is pure naughtiness, well and good. Just leave him to cry it out. But ninety times out of a hundred there is a reason for the tears, and the reason should be removed.

A quiet change of a diaper when baby first starts to whimper in the night, or even merely a soothing reassurance that you are near, is often quite enough to make him settle immediately and go to sleep again.

Do not make a bogey out of the separate room idea if it will interfere with your own sleep. There is no advantage lying awake worrying about baby if by bringing his cot into your room you will feel happier about him and thus get a good sleep yourself. Sleep is exceedingly important for the nursing mother, and a happy nursing mother makes for a happy, contented baby.

However, by the time the child is over a year old, he should, if possible, be weaned from sleeping in his parents' room. If the child's bedroom is a long way from your living-room, it is possible to have a microphone installed above his cot and connected to a loud-speaker in your living-room. This will relieve you of all worries as to whether the child is happily awake or needing attention.

The main thing to remember when considering where baby's cot is to be placed is that he should be provided with the maximum amount of fresh air, day and night, and a reasonable amount of quietness.



WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME—By A Doctor

PATIENT: What are the symptoms of pleurisy? Is there more than one kind?

PLEURISY is an inflammation of the pleura, the membrane which covers the lungs and the inner side of the ribs. The pleura, you see, has two layers and forms a kind of sac. It is natural enough that when these surfaces, which ordinarily slide smoothly on each other, are thickened, dried, or distended, a very painful affection may result.

That is exactly what pleurisy is, a very painful condition. Every time the lungs expand, the layers of the pleura produce a sharp pain which is felt in the side.

There are various types of pleurisy. It is perhaps easier to understand the various kinds if they be divided into the "dry" cases and those in which there is effusion of fluid of some kind into the pleural sac.

In an ordinary case of acute pleurisy, there is the sharp pain on breathing and sometimes a dry cough. Fever may or may not be present.

In the effusion cases, the disease may come on suddenly with a chill. Later there is fever, accompanied by pain in the chest. Sometimes the case develops very slowly and insidiously with only a little shortness of breath. This is partially true in old persons and in children.

Chronic pleurisy also exists, some conditions with effusion and some which are dry. Chronic dry pleurisy may follow an acute case in which there has been effusion. Pleurisy, no matter what its kind, should never be treated with home remedies.

In every case, an exact diagnosis is necessary because delay may make the condition worse, and lead to serious consequences.

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Harrison's Pills are definitely guaranteed to stop your pains and give you new comfort, health and vigour with the first bottle, or that bottle is free. No guarantee can do more than ensure satisfaction or money back. Do not be misled. Harrison's Pills, besides being the most effective remedy, are also safe—having no narcotics or other dangerous drugs. If you have any form of ache or pain: if you get Rheumatism, Backache, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headaches, Chills, Stiff, Stiffness, Swellings, Urinary Pain or Excess, Gravel, or even Drunkenness, Weakness, Stomach or Bowel Disorders, or any of Harrison's Pills from the Chemist. Follow easy directions (no complications or diets), and if you don't feel and look better and stronger in every way, return empty bottle, and you get your money back. It is not near a chemist, order from the Anonymous Laboratories, Sydney. Remember, Harrison's Pills remove the cause of Premature Ageing—Germs, Poisons, Acids and Crystal Deposits. Dr. Harrison's Signature and the famous Red Seal appear on every package.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

LOVELY LINENS...

Adorned With Camellias

A glorious set specially designed in exquisite cutwork for the trousseau chest.

The linens, cloths, d'oyleys, serviettes and tea-cosy covers are obtainable from our Needlework Department stamped with the lovely camellia design all ready for working.

THE pride of any bride is the exquisite linen stored in her trousseau-chest all ready for her new home. For beautiful handwork, especially the fascinating cutwork type, is always a source of admiration and a hallmark of good taste.

The linens shown here in the new camellia design which is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, and one of the loveliest yet created, are beautiful enough for any glory-box or trousseau-chest. They are also ideal for the woman who wants to add some specially lovely linens to her present stock.

The cloths are obtainable in various sizes, and together with sandwich d'oyleys and other items can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped all ready for working at the following prices:

IN LINEN, in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green, stamped for working: Cloths, size 36 by 36 inches, 7/6; size 45 by 45, 8/9; and size 54 by 54 inches, 10/6 each.

Sandwich d'oyley, 8 by 5 inches, and d'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/- each.

Tea-cosy cover, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.

Serviettes, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

IN CESARINE: Cloths, size 36 by 36 inches only, price 6/-.

Sandwich d'oyley and d'oyley, 9d. each.

Tea-cosy, 3/3; serviettes, 9d. each.

Instructions for working Camellia Design: Pad the edges of the design, flowers and stems, with lines of running stitches; then buttonhole overpadding.

Buttonhole around the centre of the camellia, afterwards, cutting out the circle of linen. Work the veins of the leaves in satin-stitch, and the stems in a row of double buttonholing.

The bars are buttonholed over two or three strands. The spots may be satin-stitched or worked as eyelets. Work the scallops in buttonholing.

When all the stitchery is completed, iron well on the wrong side with damp cloth and hot iron. Then cut away linen with sharp scissors. Push the stiletto through the eyelets from the wrong side.

Cutwork looks attractive worked in self colors, that is, white embroidery on white linen, cream on cream, and so on. You can also work in color contrasts if you desire, such as green on cream; blue on yellow; green on yellow; or any other combination you may prefer.

Send orders now to our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. (Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.)



ABOVE: Cloths and other linens in the camellia cutwork design make a perfect setting for luncheons or dinners, as well as for afternoon tea and supper parties.

LEFT: A close-up showing how the traced design appears on the various items. These linens can be obtained in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green and are all ready for working.

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For Mother—Dainty Tea Apron



EMBROIDER this pretty apron as a gift for mother on Mother's Day, May 9. Packed in a cellophane packet, you can obtain this apron from our Needlework Department, stamped ready for working, and complete with cottons for embroidery, for 2/6.



COSY AND SMART for the four to six-year-old girl—a dress knitted in navy wool with white trimmings on collar and cuffs.

DRESS Knitted In NAVY WOOL

Delightful Frock for the Small Girl of Four to Six Years

Trimmed with white on collar and cuffs, and finished with four white buttons, this little dress would be ideal for cosy winter wear.

MATERIALS: 12oz. of dark blue crochet wool, 2oz. of the same wool in white, 2 No. 10 needles.

Measurements: Skirt—width 26½ inches, length 12 inches. Bodice—shoulder to lower edge, front 10 inches, back 9½ inches. Width below arms, 29½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam, 4 inches.

Tension: 8 stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl.

SKIRT

It consists of a stripe 26½ inches long and 12 inches wide. It is knit to and fro and sewed together widthwise. The seam should be at the back.

Commence at the lower edge by

casting on 201 stitches which should measure 26½ inches, and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side): * p. 3, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3. Repeat from *. The row ends with k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3.

2nd Row (wrong side): Purl the sts. that were knit plain in the preceding row, and knit those that were pured.

Repeat these 2 rows until the skirt measures 12 inches.

BODICE

Back: Commence at the lower edge by casting on 100 sts., which should measure 13½ inches, and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side): * k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side): Purl the sts. that were knit plain in the preceding row, and knit those that were pured.

3rd Row: * p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. Repeat these 4 rows.

In the 48th row the work measures 4 inches. Shape armholes as follows:

49th, 50th, and 51st Rows: Cast off 3 sts. on each side.

Shape shoulders as follows:

52th, 53th, and 54th Rows: Cast off 6 stitches on each side.

In the 54th row, to shape the neck, divide the sts. into two equal parts and work each one separately. In this row cast off 7 sts. on the neck side.

55th Row: Cast off 6 sts. on the shoulder side.

56th Row: Same as 54th row.

57th Row: Cast off 3 sts. on the shoulder side.

Left Front: Commence at the lower edge by casting on 64 sts., which should measure 8½ inches, and work in pattern.

In the 48th row the work measures 4½ inches. Shape armhole as follows:

49th, 51st, and 53rd Rows: Cast off 4 sts. on the outer edge.

To shape the neck cast off as follows:

Decrease 1 st. every row at neck edge for 11 rows, decrease 1 st. at the beginning of every 3rd row at neck edge, until 22 sts. have been decreased at neck.

Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of every row at armhole edge 6 times.

Right Front: It is worked in the same manner as the left, except that the widening and narrowing are reversed, and a buttonhole is worked into the 16th and 44th row. Each one should be 8 sts. wide.

SLEEVES.—Commence at the lower edge. (The white band is knit separately.) Cast on 60 sts., which should measure 8 inches, and work in pattern.

6th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 24th, 27th, 30th, 33rd, 37th, and 40th Rows: Widen by 1 st. on each side.

In the 40th row the work measures 4 inches. Shape top as follows:

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, decrease 1 st. each end of the needle for the next 28 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

Arm-band: Cast on 60 sts., which should measure 8 inches, and work in skirt pattern for 1 inch.

COLLAR

The white border is knit separately. Cast on 118 sts., which should measure 15½ inches, and work in the pattern of the skirt. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of every row commencing with the 5th. In the 17th row cast off.

The white border is also knit in the skirt pattern. Cast on 126 sts., which should measure 16½ inches. Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th rows. In the 8th row cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements, and allow them to dry. Release them and sew up seams.



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STALE TOBACCO ODOR: Put a saucer of cold water in a room in which there is a smell of stale tobacco, and leave overnight. This will absorb the odor.

RESTORING LETTUCE: When soaking lettuce, dissolve a spoonful of sugar in the cold water. This will make it crisp and fresh-looking.



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"Now, then, Nancy, you're in charge and we're all in your hands," said the skipper to Miss Nancy Creagh, when about to compete in the ladies' race arranged by the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club.

RECOUNTING her reactions after the race she won, Nancy says: "I wasn't worrying about them being in my hands, or whether I drowned them or not, but I was worrying about making a fool of myself."

"I found that my cousin had dispensed with his crew, except for one man, to lighten the weight of the boat, and that meant that the unfortunate boat was manned by two men, skippered by a girl, and carrying two absolute novices and a child of about ten."

A Great Race

"It was a great race," Nancy says. "At one stage, the little boy got foul of the jib sheets and I thought he'd gone overboard, but he was completely tangled in the ropes."

"The two novices, cousins of mine, who had never been sailing before,

luck that gave us the race," added Miss Creagh modestly.

Nancy's father is a yachtsman of the old school, the family often being dubbed the aquatic Creaghs. Miss Creagh's brother won the nominated skippers' race the same day.

Nancy first went sailing as a small baby; later her father bought her a cadet dinghy, and she learnt to "man the boat" at an early age.

2GB listeners will hear more about Nancy Creagh when she broadcasts an interview with Dorothea Vautier during The Australian Women's Weekly Session at 11.45 a.m. on Thursday, April 29.



MISS NANCY CREAGH.

were involved in a frightfully unprofessional scramble every time we went about, yet by the end of the race they were taking down the sails like old hands.

"Meanwhile we were apparently winning the race. We knew we had the lead, but we expected at any moment to be caught. It was sheer

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AND HERE'S GREAT NEWS

Franz Skardarasy, the Continental ski-ing instructor, has been engaged to conduct a Ski-ing School at MT. BUFFALO NATIONAL PARK (VIC.).

He will also appear, as may be practicable, at Mt. Hotham and Mt. Featherston . . .

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For further details of tours and accommodation, consult the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau: Queen's Walk, Melbourne; 11 Martin Place, Sydney; 131 King William Street, Adelaide; 204 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; and 8th Street, Mildura.

LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 6

HER impersonation of the little director was cruelly to the life and sent her into fits of mirth. A knock at the door did not disturb her. She stood hand in hand with Madden while the waiter entered with the champagne cocktails.

"Put them over there," she commanded, with her eyes on the embarrassed servant. "On the table by the couch. Don't look so scared either. You're old enough to have done this yourself."

When he had gone she laughed and drew Madden over to the couch.

"We didn't have a real chance to see each other last night, Chris. But now we have. And you've got to drink to my success. Now don't look so disapproving. It's twelve o'clock and the bar's open."

She drank her cocktail quickly and nestled up close to him on the couch while, with greater restraint, he drank his. Outside, the day was grey and overcast. By contrast, the room had an inviting warmth. In the far corner one light cast a soft shaded glow.

"I'm all wound up, Chris," she whispered. "I seem calm enough outside. But inside I'm not. Please be nice to me."

He placed his glass upon the table and turned so that her head rested on his shoulder. His face remained invisible to her, but his voice was considerate and full of kindness.

"I want to be nice to you, Nancy. I want to talk to you."

"No, no, don't talk," she interrupted. "Just hold me tight, terribly tight."

"But we've got to fix things up. It's absolutely necessary. You see, Nancy! You've had your success. Now we're getting married on Saturday."

Her expression altered instantly and with a restive movement she slipped nearer to him.

"Don't be so serious, honey. It's comfy here and we don't have to go for lunch. I refuse to go out with Bertram. I'll have them tell him I'm in Africa. Oh, it's far too good a moment to waste."

At first he was completely at a loss. Then he glanced at her closely, aware of her flushed cheeks, her

slight attire, the current of excitement and champagne that filled her blood. His face set instantly.

"Surely it isn't a waste of time to talk about our marriage?"

"But I don't want to talk about it." And with a swift movement she pressed her lips against his.

Now Madden's face had turned grim. With an effort he freed himself from that warm, intoxicating pressure. Taking her by the shoulders he faced her squarely. He said in a low voice:

"Don't, Nancy! I'm far too fond of you for that."

She flushed, a sign of emotion almost unknown to her, and her eyes fell guiltily. All at once a deep and horrible humiliation rushed over her, to be succeeded instantly by a swift wave of anger.

She sat up, arranging her dressing gown and patting back her hair. Then with an almost vicious sweep she struck a match and lit a cigarette. And what a hard look was on her pretty face as she gazed at him through the haze of smoke!

"Well," she declared, "you're a highly moral citizen."

There was real pain in his expression and his dark eyes were bent upon her with a strained compunction.

"Don't talk that way, Nancy, it isn't like you."

"How do you know it isn't?" she retorted sharply. "I'm not going to sit down under all this gilded rectitude. This is 1937. Queen Victoria's dead. A.I. George Washington—and all the rest of the pious humbugs. But I'm pretty much alive, thanks. And I'm liking it quite a lot." She took a deep inhalation of her cigarette.

"Now look here, Chris, since it has come to a show-down, we may as well get things straight. I don't propose to get married for quite a bit."

He studied her with that same set, strained face, his body rigid, his lips pale.

"You promised to marry me on Saturday."

"Yes, I know. But everything's turned round since last night. My stock's jumped up to the top of the market. I'm going to be tied up with Bertram and Zucco—a big Hollywood contract—I haven't time to get married. Besides it would be fatal publicity for me at the moment."

She relented momentarily. "Oh, don't misunderstand me, Chris. I care for you a lot. But you must see that things are different. When I met you at Nice I was rather down on my luck. I had a flat spot when I thought I'd never make good. Besides, I fell for you terribly and I sort of felt I wanted taking care of. But now I can take care of myself. Oh, it isn't that I don't want you. You . . . you could see that. I don't want to break things off. Couldn't we . . . I mean . . . it would be so easy . . ."

"No," said Madden with sudden hardness. "The easy way doesn't suit me."

Her petulance returned. "Then wait," she declared shortly.

Madden's eyes were grim.

"W A I T," he repeated. "Wait about like a messenger boy. Hang about doing errands for you, carrying your gloves, fetching you flowers, taking you out to lunch when you can spare the time, following you to Hollywood—his voice rose, not without anger—"

"playing pet dog to you when you get out of the studios. By God! no, Nancy. I've done it for weeks now and I don't like it. I didn't ask to be your lap-dog. I asked you to marry me."

Her own temper flared. She saw clearly that it was the crisis she had expected. She did not care. Nothing, nothing, nothing was going to stop her now from going up top. She sneered:

"You wanted me to love, honor and obey you, darling one?"

"Why not? I wanted a wife, to be in my home, to—"

"Oh, shut up," shouted Nancy. "That's so old-fashioned now it gives me a pain. You wanted children, too, didn't you? Oh, it makes me want to tear my hair."

With an effort she cut herself off. She rose abruptly and stood with her back to him, crushing out the end of her cigarette.

He stared at her, his face grey, his spirit suffering and wholly disillusioned. Her intolerable hardness cut him to the heart. He had been, or at least imagined himself, in love with her. He still was fond of her. He was silent a long time. Then, remembering his promise to Katharine, he threw

aside his own inclination, and tried once more to bridge the gap between them.

"Listen, Nancy," he hazarded. "Can't we straighten this out?"

She did not stir.

"It's no use, Chris," she said in a final voice. "This has been coming to us for a long time. The road I'm going to travel isn't yours. We may be fond of each other, but that makes not the slightest odds. We've got to forget each other. I don't bear you any ill-feeling. But once and for all, we're through."

There was nothing more to be said. In five minutes he was out of the apartment, and heading in the direction of Great Central Station. He walked mechanically caught between two extremes of emotion. He had, strangely, no sense of release. But through the heavy burden of his disillusionment came the dismal consciousness that he had failed somehow in his promise. In his obligation to Katharine. In his present mood he could not contemplate the prospect of the future.

When Katharine returned to

the apartment at half-past five she sensed immediately that some crisis had occurred. Nancy, stretched out on the couch, made no effort to greet her, but seemed, indeed, to keep herself deliberately unconscious of Katharine's entry. She had apparently fulfilled her luncheon engagement with Bertram and she was still dressed for the street. Her lip drooped peevishly. Though her expression was meant to suggest concentration upon something tragic and abysmal and entirely remote from her surroundings, the plain effect was sulky silence.

Something rose up in Katharine, impatience and a spark of anger. She was a little tired of Nancy's posings. Her own outlook was not especially rosy and her heart, for the last few days, had ached sufficiently. She determined to take no notice whatsoever and, not without brusqueness, she rang down for tea, poured herself a cup when it arrived and began, with her back towards the couch, to sip the hot liquid in resolute silence.

Please turn to Page 46

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LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued
 from
 Page 45

THIS line of conduct, as she had half anticipated, was not at all agreeable to Nancy, who stirred irritably once or twice, sighed, and then declared per-
 versely:

"Katharine! How can you sit there swilling tea when I've just had the most frantic moment?"

"You've had several frantic moments in these last few days," returned Katharine, helping herself to buttered toast.

"But this was!" Nancy's voice dropped sulkily.

Disarmed, Katharine veered slowly round and studied her niece with an expression in which concern and affection struggled against an honest disapproval.

"What have you done now?" she demanded at last.

Nancy picked up a cigarette, her poise restored by Katharine's sympathy. Supported on her elbow, she lit up and let the cigarette come to rest in the corner of her lips with an airy hardihood. She smiled, that contained little smile.

"In the language of movie-land, darling, I've made the greatest sacrifice of my sweet young life."

"Sacrifice!" repeated Katharine in a slightly bewildered tone.

"For whom?"

"For my career."

Katharine put down her cup and bent her brows firmly upon Nancy.

"Would you mind telling me just exactly what you mean?"

Under her affection, Nancy's eyes hardened.

"I've chucked Chris," she answered briefly. "For good."

A silence of stupefaction. The quiver of startled anguish that rushed over her betrayed itself in Katharine's eyes. But following on that emotion came a rush of intolerable feeling, so complex and unsettling, so powerfully commingling with rage, pity and downright indignation that Kath-

arine was really shaken out of herself.

"You little fool!" she cried sharply. "Stop acting and tell me what you've done!"

Nancy's temper, not far beneath the surface, flared defensively.

"I'm not a fool. I didn't want to do it. But it was either Chris or my career. I had to choose, and of course I couldn't. I couldn't ever, ever, ever give up my career."

It needed no further explanation. The whole situation flashed upon Katharine as though thrown vividly upon a screen. She saw what Nancy had done. Immediately everything within her rose in violent protest. Leaning forward she said rapidly, and in quite a different voice:

"You can't do it, Nancy. You're unsettled, perhaps a little above yourself with all the success and flattery you've had. But you can't throw away your happiness like this."

"Who says I'm throwing it away?" replied Nancy sullenly.

"I do," Katharine answered earnestly. "And I ought to know."

Nancy sat up abruptly and faced Katharine, completely shorn of her affectation, her face curiously hard and set.

"You don't know. You can't know. I'm the one that's got to make the choice. Don't think it's easy or that I'm loving it. I'm fond of Chris. If it weren't for the theatre I'd marry him like a shot. But you can't combine matrimony and art. It's been tried a thousand times before and it never has worked yet. There's no use going over all that ground again. I've been over it with Chris. Yet I go a little bit farther with you, Katharine."

"If I hadn't had this big success I'd be married to Chris now. But I have had it and that makes all the difference. Everything has opened out for me, a wonderful career... success... fortune."

Her voice turned low and oddity

fascinated. "One day I'll be a great actress... a really great actress."

"Don't be too sure. Katharine said flatly. "Others have had the same thing after their first success."

"I'll be different," Nancy answered, dreamily. "I'll go on... and on..."

Remembering Izard's cruel words, a sense of fear and pity came to Katharine. But she could not follow this avenue of argu-

THE LONELY POPLAR

*A lonely poplar in a city street,
 Amid the rearing ugliness of
 stark cement,
 Glimpses silver in the street-
 light's pallid glow,
 Dreaming of moonlight when
 the day is spent;
 Of dawn's warm loveliness dis-
 peling night;
 And sun-kissed country days,
 serene and bright.*

*Oh, lonely Poplar, we are
 prisoners: I
 Amid these teeming thousands
 of my kind
 Am too an exile from those
 things I love.
 Like you, the morning star;
 white clouds above;
 Night's quietude; noon's peace
 I long to find.
 Beneath the blue dome of a
 country sky.
 —Denzel Gaillard, 72 Story
 Street, Parkville, Victoria.*

ment. Nancy's assurance was quite
 unimpeachable. She said quickly,
 pleadingly:

"And even if you do succeed. What is it all going to amount to in the end? Are you going to be happy? Success doesn't mean happiness. Often it means less than nothing. Oh, I know that sounds absurd to you, Nancy, but it's true, most terribly true. I'm older than you, my dear, and I know a little about life. I've had my own experience. You talk about your career. Well, I've had my career, made every sacrifice, given up everything that matters for it. And believe me, it isn't, oh it isn't worth it!"

"If I were starting all over again I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for success, and all this nonsense about career. I'd rather have a home of my own anywhere, even in the poorest suburbs, and children, and someone to be fond of me in my old age, than all the fame and popularity in the world."

Katharine concluded brokenly, swept away by the fervor of her own conviction. But Nancy's expression remained unmoved—a trifle arrogant, even disdainful.

"That's all very well for you, Katharine. But it's just a little superseded now. Things have changed in these last few years."

"Human nature hasn't changed! Oh, I tell you honestly, Nancy, if you do this, one day you'll bitterly regret it."

"I won't regret it," Nancy made a slow, assured negation with her head. "I've got it all thought out, all planned carefully ahead. If I watch myself, I just can't go wrong. I'm going to the top. And when I get there I'll be just cock-a-hoop!"

"That was my idea once," Katharine said breathlessly. "But it didn't work out that way. I'm only trying to warn you from my own experience."

"But, surely, darling," Nancy's eyes narrowed patronisingly, "there's just a little difference. After all, I'm going out for the really big things. And the theatre—well, isn't it rather more important than an ordinary business?"

The cool disparagement in Nancy's words took Katharine by the throat, yet she refused to let it silence her.

"What does it matter," she said, earnestly, "whether it's the theatre or a stupid little antique shop. One of these days you're going to remember that you're a woman."

"And if I do?" Nancy answered sharply. "Do I have to have a husband?"

"Nancy!"

To be Concluded

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THE MOVIE WORLD

May 1, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Seeks Naturalisation

MARLENE DIETRICH wants to become an American citizen, and has applied for her first papers. "I'm working and living in America," she explains, "and my interests are here."

The legal name of the \$6000 a week actress is Maria Magdalene Sieber. She was born in Berlin, December 27, 1904, and married Rudolph Sieber in Berlin in 1923.

Glamorous Gloria At Work

• Gorgeous Gloria Swanson, back at work at M-G-M. in "The Amazing Maisie Kenyon," is dazzling all the males with her beauty, diverting their gaze from the younger Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow.

Lunching with her the other day were Groucho Marx and the aesthetic Adrian, creator of fashions. They made a strange trio.

She has one child, her daughter, Maria, who was born in Berlin in 1924, and came to the United States in 1933.

Marlene is eligible to become a full-fledged citizen in two years.

When she reported at the Naturalisation Bureau, she wore a trim grey suit, with slouch hat to match, grey stockings, and orange-colored blouse.

Sarah Hunts Fame

SARAH, beautiful patrician daughter of famous Winston Churchill, is seeking screen fame with her American husband, comedian Vic Oliver.

A few months ago, Sarah startled London society by rushing across to America and marrying Vic. Now the couple are teamed together in their first film, an English production, titled "Secretary in Trouble," which has just taken the floor at Ealing.

"I think if husband and wife are in the same profession they should try and work along the same lines," she told me. "It gives one's work a double zest."



A Wanderer

MELBOURNE-BORN George Currie is making quite a name for himself as an actor and stunter at Teddington. George is tall, strong, and breezy. He has twice worked his way round the world, and has done almost everything a man can do—from farming to boxing and wrestling and "straight" parts on the legitimate stage.

I asked him whether he ever felt homesick. He grinned. "I sure do," he said simply. "And I'm certain that my wife—she's an English girl—would simply love Australia."

GALLERY OF STARS

Gracie Fields

Soon appearing in "The Show Goes On"

Flynn Expedition

ERROL FLYNN has decided to divert his much-discussed vacation into an expedition in search of Paul Redfern, the American aviator, who vanished in 1927 during a flight from Atlanta, Georgia, to Rio de Janeiro.

It Didn't Go Off

ON the set of "Madame Walewska," Greta Garbo was shocked out of her Swedish serenity. In rehearsal the other day, Alan Marshall pointed a pistol at her before she expected it—and Greta shrieked.

When she recovered her poise, she turned to Director Clarence Brown, and said:

"Please introduce me to this young man. I don't know him."

Alan may well be flattered by this request. He is the first young man in Hollywood whom Garbo has requested to meet.

BEAUTIFUL BUT NOT SO DUMB

Hollywood Beauties Have Good Business Heads

HOLLYWOOD'S cleverest, shrewdest business heads belong not to the great emperors of the movie business but repose on the slim, pretty shoulders of its fair and lovely women.

And by this statement I probably have once more blasted a popular illusion of those who visualise the film colony to be a man's world where women are merely decorative cogs in the machinery to supply the other side of a pretty romance or the third angle of a triangle, on or off the screen.

THOSE who have conceived actresses merely as ornaments with thoughts only of how to make themselves more attractive, and devoid of brains, almost without intelligent conversation, are doomed to disappointment. For the majority of Hollywood women, though beautiful, are certainly not dumb.

This well-known and often misused phrase was originated some twenty years or so ago to characterise the genus movie star, not one particular person, but the feminine group as a whole. There was some cause for this harsh castigation then, because most of the women stars of the day were as short in grey matter and common business acumen as they are long on them to-day.

There were exceptions, of course, and the most notable of these was Mary Pickford, the shrewdest bargainer with the best business head of any woman (or men, it is said) in the film business.

Rich Old-Timers

MISS PICKFORD, through her ability to pick vulnerable spots during the course of bargaining, jumped her salary in 1916 from \$500 a week to the tremendous sum of \$335,000 annually in a period of less than three months.

This is one of the largest salaries ever paid any person for creative talent. Mary, with the largest personal fortune of anyone connected with films, is, to-day, as great a business woman as she was twenty years ago. Her activities now include film production, broadcasting, publishing, writing, lecturing, and real estate.

Another old-time business woman was Lillian Gish. Miss Gish never made a tremendous salary, as movie salaries go, but her canny instinct for investments, and her natural ability to hang on to the pennies until they metamorphosed themselves into pounds is legend. She has vast holdings of real estate both in California and New York. She manages to continue her stage career with a success even greater than she enjoyed in pictures.

Smart Bargainer

THE current crop of actresses are as wise in financial matters as the Misses Pickford and Gish. Notably smart in money matters is Constance Bennett, who several years ago demanded and got £7000 per week for ten weeks. Constance is the most direct bargainer of all the screen women to-day. Of her a producer once said: "As a bargainer there is no man in Hollywood who can talk her down. If Constance Bennett says she wants £25,000 for a picture, it is better to settle right then and there for that price. As she gets madder her price goes up."

It took an innocent-looking Norwegian girl, Sonja Henie, to demonstrate to Hollywood the advantage of possessing a good business head. Miss Henie came to the film colony as the Olympic ice-skating champion. Now, champions there are as commonplace as the trees which line the boulevards, and just as unnoticed. But Sonja took care of all this. She rented the Polar Ice Palace in Los Angeles, announced through the Press that she was giving an exhibition, and sent invitations to all the leading movie producers to come along and take a look for themselves.

Another Unusual Story By Mary Olivier

•RIGHT
Constance Bennett, a notably smart business woman even in a community full of shrewd bargainers.

•BELOW
Claudette Colbert, another lovely lady with a keen sense of values. She gets her pound of flesh, and has no extravaganzas.



large part of this income on personal pleasure—elaborate houses, automobiles, and parties. She does no bargaining herself, but instructs her manager when to accept or reject offers. She is a good business woman only by virtue of her association with this manager, who also handles Greta Garbo.

Miss Garbo, with a salary reported to be £2250 a week, leads the simplest life of any motion picture star. She never goes out, except to remote neighborhood theatres, and has but two servants, a combination maid and cook and a man who drives her and helps about the house. She has a tremendous fortune in foreign banks.

Modest Living

KAY FRANCIS, recognised as one of the best-dressed women on the screen, lives simply in a house which rents for £25 a month. Janet Gaynor, with more than £250,000 in the bank and in securities, sets an example for modest living; Alice Faye, who always looks as though she is going to or coming from a night club, puts seventy-five per cent. of her salary in the bank.

Genevieve Tobin, now semi-retired, owns extensive properties at Santa Barbara which she purchased during the period of depression. Those properties have since trebled in value. One of the richest women in Hollywood is Ruth Roland, the old-time serial queen, who purchased a mile or more of Hollywood property when it was little more than a desert. This property has since become Wilshire Boulevard, the most expensive section of the city, and reputed to be worth close to £750,000.

It becomes obvious that we remember only those old-time and current stars who put their money away. But the majority of the players ended their short careers in poverty. Liberal spenders, they failed to realise that the average film life is but five years, and these once famed people now haunt the streets of Hollywood in search of extra jobs.

With only a capital of £100 (the cost of hiring the rink and sundry other expenses) she staged an exhibition of skating which not only earned her a net profit of £5000 for three nights, but a nice, fat contract as well.

Claudette Colbert's business sense is summed up in this phrase of hers: "I think I am worth this much per picture; if you want to pay it, all right; if you don't, I can find someone who will." As a result of this dictatorial and practical policy she rates as one of the highest-priced of the feminine stars. Her life is dictated by economic principles. Her only extravagance is a house which she built herself. She goes to practically no parties, and spends very little money. "I intend to spend it later," she says, "when I have time."

Mae West is another who can make exacting terms. This actress demands a "cut" of the profits of her pictures. Her net earnings are high, but she isn't so saving as are so many of her rivals. Her charities to down-and-outs mount rather high. Marlene Dietrich, though she is not nearly so popular now as she was two years ago, still receives one of the highest per-picture salaries in films. She won't stir a foot until £50,000 is paid her. She spends a

extra job.

No MORE DIETING



• MARGOT GRAHAME, R.K.O. player, is one of Sylvia's recent recruits. The tendency to put on a trifle of weight—and show it—sent her to the famous masseuse, Sylvia Ulbeck.



Don't Starve—Take a Hint from Hollywood

THE eighteen-day diet has about as much chance of popularity in present-day Hollywood as a filet mignon at a vegetarian celebration. The stars would as soon think of getting out the old abandoned mah jongg set as of eating lamb chops and pineapple.

Joan Crawford's crackers and mustard are lonely and apart, relegated to a dusty, silent corner. You aren't whisked away to some confidential alcove any more, to be shown the backs of envelopes upon which weird menus are written.

THE trick diets are gone from Hollywood! Sanity once more rules the film colony.

It is not because voluptuous, Turkish curves are coming in. The need for reduction is as great as ever it was. By a strange optical illusion the camera still adds ten to fifteen pounds to the human subject being photographed. The necessity for being slender is as vital now to the screen actresses as it was a year ago, or five years ago.

It is only the freak, trick, starvation diets that have made their welcome exits. The film stars have seen how these brutal methods of taking off weight have ravished beauty. They have watched their friends lying ill because of too strenuous a diet. They know that some have died in that quest for willow-slimness. The recent death

of Marie Prevost from too-rigid dieting did much to shock Hollywood into sensibility. And now the stars are willing to listen to words of wisdom from doctors who have pleaded with them to stop the murder of their bodies.

There is still much talk of diet and much dieting in Hollywood, but not one important star or player in the town is indulging in a mad, starvation diet!

During the period of the insane craze for trick diets, the restaurants along the boulevard and at the studios specialised in faddish menus. You could, for instance, go into any one of them and say "I want the luncheon for the fourth day" and have your lettuce leaf and pair of olives set before you. But those days are gone forever. The stars have realised that these freak methods are suicidal.

Health is the vital requisite now. Health is what the studios demand of their stars. Health is what the stars themselves want, and they have found that they may be healthy and slim at the same time.

What then has taken the place of the freak diets? What are the stars doing to gain and keep a lovely figure? They go to masseuses to be reduced "in spots."

Which brings us to one of the most important women in Hollywood to-day—Sylvia Ulbeck, the greatest pummelling and pounding expert of the film colony. Fat disappears under her magic fingers. Faces change shape when she works on them. Stars beg for appointments. They await her convenience. For the players know that Sylvia is responsible for more film successes than any other woman on the Gold Coast.

Although a Scandinavian, Sylvia is no ordinary Swedish masseuse. She has taken degrees abroad and has worked with world-famous doctors. She is young and attractive, although the mother of a thirty-year-old son. Her face is vivacious and her fingers are magic.

The greatest stars of the business have known her magic touch. Among the women (and she takes men, too), there are Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, Alice White, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Margot Grahame, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson, Ann Har-

ing, Grace Moore and Helen Twelvetrees. And every star sings her praises.

Even malformed bones can be camouflaged by this miracle worker of Hollywood. If you're bowlegged, Sylvia takes off the flesh on the outer part of the leg and builds it up on the inner, and an illusion is created. She did this for Norma Shearer. Ruth Chatterton's nose

was too fleshy. Sylvia changed its shape for her by massage. As everyone knows, Jean Harlow has a beautiful body. When she first visited Sylvia, Jean had just one flaw—her hips were too large. Now the Harlow contours are celebrated the world over.

B.S. (Before Sylvia), Alice White was a roly-poly little person. Exactly five feet tall, she weighed about 136 pounds. Now she has one of the cutest figures in pictures.

Barbara Stanwyck is one of Sylvia's more recent clients. Whether the advent of handsome Bob Taylor into her young life was respon-

sible for the increased interest Barbara began taking in her appearance, one can't do more than guess at, but the fact remains that she became, and is still, a regular visitor to Sylvia's salon.

With the old freak diets, Sylvia has no patience, but she does make those who want to reduce cut down on starches and refrain from all alcohol.

Celebrated stars, whose every move is a picture, whose every motion is a poem, who are handed from boudoir to bath by ubiquitous servants in perfectly appointed homes, go through the same pummelling and pounding as Judy O'Grady, the extra player, who is identical under the cuticle. For Sylvia plays no favorites. She gives her time and energy to extra girl and star alike.

She takes it off or puts it on. She treats the nerves and the glands, building energy and health as well as beauty. And for good measure, she throws in sound advice and brilliant wit.

New patients are sometimes surprised at the vigor and color of her language. But they have to stand for it. When they enter her salon, they are just women, not stars or beauties.

• WAS IT THE AFFAIR with Bob Taylor or just plain business acumen that made Barbara Stanwyck put herself under Sylvia's treatment? Maybe it was a combination of both, but the Scandinavian pummeller and slapper treats Barbara mercilessly, just as she does her other clients.

By
GRACE ARMOUR

KORDA—MAN Who Dreams Too MUCH

But What of His Major Accomplishments?

By JEAN SPAULDING

I HAVE just returned from a visit to Denham. I walked miles around the London Films Studios and saw much. But more of that some other time.

When I was leaving, I dropped into Alexander Korda's office to thank him for his hospitality and to congratulate him on the studios and the high quality of the pictures he is turning out. He replied smilingly: "Not bad for a dreamer." I smiled, too, because I knew of what he was thinking.

SOME months ago a prominent motion picture magazine published a tirade against Korda, entitled "He Dreams Too Much." The article attacked the producer viciously, and endeavored to belittle him because he has had dreams that have not come true.

He was to have made "Cyrano," but didn't; he actually shot a number of scenes for "Conquest of the Air," and then shelved it; he made costly preparations for "Revolt in

the Desert," and did nothing further.

So what? . . . It is far better to drop an idea or a partly-made picture if you don't believe in it, than to go on and finish something of

One of Korda's Finds

VIVIEN LEIGH, as she appears in "Fire Over England," soon to be released in Australia.



which you are not proud, and which is not worth screening.

A genuine artist, whether painter, poet, or film director, always endeavors to be creative. And to do this he must be a dreamer as well. For years it was universally believed in Hollywood that historical subjects simply wouldn't make good screen material, and that was that. But Alexander Korda thought otherwise, and it was his courageous dream of an "historical" that gave the industry "Henry VIII."

Strong criticism, too, was levelled at Korda's handling of players. The article reminded its readers that two years ago Korda had seen Vivien Leigh in a play in which dramatic critics had compared her with Bernier, and had mapped out a brilliant future for her. The producer signed Miss Leigh to a ten-year contract, and then let her kick her heels in the air until a few months ago.

Despite False Starts

FILMGOERS who had at first sat back and waited to see how she would look on the screen began to wonder if her contract had not been just a bright, though pretty costly, publicity stunt on the part of Mr. Korda.

And Korda was charged with doing the same thing to London's brilliant dramatic actress, Flora Robson.

These attacks were quite well founded, but the writer had conveniently overlooked the fact that Korda, after one or two false starts, had at least developed Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon and Robert Donat into stars of the first rank.

It would be childish to set out a list of Korda's successes as an answer to all the pinpricks contained in the article. If he had never made a picture, and had just been the inspiration behind the creation of the Denham Studios, that alone would entitle him to a memorable place in the British industry. For it is he who has made it possible to compete with Hollywood, and so bring about the realisation of another of his "dreams."

Korda must be happy indeed today, with all of his proteges working in his studios again, and with one of the biggest dreams of his life now a reality.

Current Triumphs

ROBERT DONAT has just finished "Knight Without Armor," with Marlene Dietrich, and is now working on "Action for Slander," and Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon are combining their talents for "I, Claudius."

But perhaps of more importance to the producer are the current triumphs of his most spectacular production, "Fire Over England," which is actually a combination of three "dreams."

A little over two years ago he envisioned this second historical pic-

ture—to follow the amazing success of his "Private Life of Henry VIII." It was to be an epic of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with Flora Robson in the title role. And it was to introduce to cinema audiences for the first time the refreshing beauty and marked ability of Vivien Leigh. Time passed, and to many filmgoers who had read the earlier announcements it must have seemed that "Fire Over England" was just another of Korda's "dreams." To-day it is a reality.

Miss Leigh has taken something more than £10,000 out of the Korda till while waiting for her first screen role, but is currently being acclaimed the greatest "find" in years, and starring roles are being prepared for her. She is a girl of spirit who can take the sharp edge of the Queen's tongue; and she loves the roving young hero who serves Elizabeth well on secret service in Spain.

Her emotional moments are genuine and convincing; her sophistication is pleasant and unforced. She reveals beauty, charm and a marked acting ability. Nothing but mismanagement, in fact, can prevent her from challenging the top-notchers of Hollywood in a year or two's time.

Miss Robson champed at the bit with impatience for many months, but is now planning to follow up with further films the success which her performance in "Fire Over England" has assured her.

Studied History

THE long months of waiting were not idle ones as far as Miss Robson was concerned. She had ample time to make herself an authority on the character and history of the real Elizabeth, and probably never before in the history of the screen has the portrayal of an historical character been backed by greater knowledge and research. Her characterisation has become something in the nature of a cameo portrait, rather than a biographical study, and shows Elizabeth in the autumn of her life as a woman, yet in full possession of her powers as a monarch.

And Miss Robson's Elizabeth is every inch a queen. Provocative, aggressive, possessive, temperamental if you like, endowed with a typical Tudor intelligence, she is portrayed as a born diplomat and leader, who inspired men to venture and achieve great things for their country.

And so, with the picture scoring opening triumphs at the Radio City Music Hall, New York, and the Leicester Square Theatre, London, to say nothing of having won the League of Nations Award for 1937, it might well be asked if it were not worth while waiting two years, or ten, for such a realisation.

Perhaps it is true that Korda dreams too much, but he has a habit of getting there just the same.

They're very 1937 . . . these new Bedggoods



5770
A neat court model fashioned on the popular Beryl last. This shoe in black or brown kid with Baby heel.



5652
The Helen Hicks Golf shoe, proved as correct by this famous American lady golfer. There is a new flexibility in the moulded rubber sole. Made in Black and White, Brown and White, and all Brown.



5784
A brown made the model with unusual lacing treatment of brown kid. Made on Maroon last with Baby heel.



4740
A neat court model with just sufficient punch and stitch, made on Helene last with medium high heel in black kid, brown kid or navy kid.



YOU'LL get off to a good start in the new season if you select your shoes from the Bedggood Autumn range. Any shoe store will show you the new Bedggood hand-tailored models. And whichever style you fancy you can wear home from the shop—without the slightest tweak of discomfort.

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HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY.
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

GRETA GARBO'S traditional abhorrence of publicity off the screen costs the exotic film star at least 250,000 dollars a year. Clarence Brown, the film director and close acquaintance of Miss Garbo, reveals that he alone receives over 3000 letters yearly containing "propositions" for the actress.

Most of these are "get-rich-quick" schemes requiring some financing by the glamorous Greta, but many are outright offerings running into thousands of pounds for the film star's endorsement of different products or persons. Incidentally, a substantial commission is invariably promised Mr. Brown if he will serve as intermediary with the unattainable Swedish player.

Trading on the wide publicity given to the size of Miss Garbo's feet (which actually is unjustified since she wears a normal-size shoe), one well-known shoe manufacturer offered to pay 25,000dol. for her endorsement of his product.

A leading American bakery said it would gladly send its cheque for 15,000dol. if Greta Garbo would say that she thrived on a new type of Swedish biscuit recently put on the market.

HOLLYWOOD is pretty sure now that the rumors of Merle Oberon's romance with Brian Aherne are well founded. Merle and Brian have been friends for years, but there was no romance in it until they worked together in "Beloved Enemy."

It was not until after this picture, in which David Niven also worked, that Merle called him to her affair with Niven, who, for two years, had been her most devoted swain, and who, Hollywood thought, would surely marry her. Merle is in London now, and 'tis said she will wed Aherne there within a few months. Marlene Dietrich, recently returned from that part of the world, confirms the rumors. And meanwhile David continues his attentions to Virginia Bruce.

GAIL PATRICK and Bob Cobb, manager of the famous Brown Derby restaurants here, are celebrating their second wedding anniversary. (They've been married two months!) She gave him a saddle boss, a five-gaited saddle titled "Pride," and he presented her with a sable coat that is really something.

It's quite the thing in Hollywood now to celebrate anniversaries each month (wedding, not birthday). The movielets just love to celebrate, and if they kept to the annual anniversary idea, who knows whether they'd ever reach it?

DOTS... and DASHES

twenty-one pounds at the finish of "Parnell."
● Barbara Stanwyck flashing the fancy diamond and sapphire ring Bob Taylor gave her. ● The Marx Brothers learning ballet dancing. ● Studios bemoaning the shortage of lovely girls in Hollywood. ● Bob Montgomery and his barkless dog.

● Joe E. Brown still recovering from the shock he received when his horse, Barnsley, won a big race at the Santa Anita track. ● Clark Gable thinner by

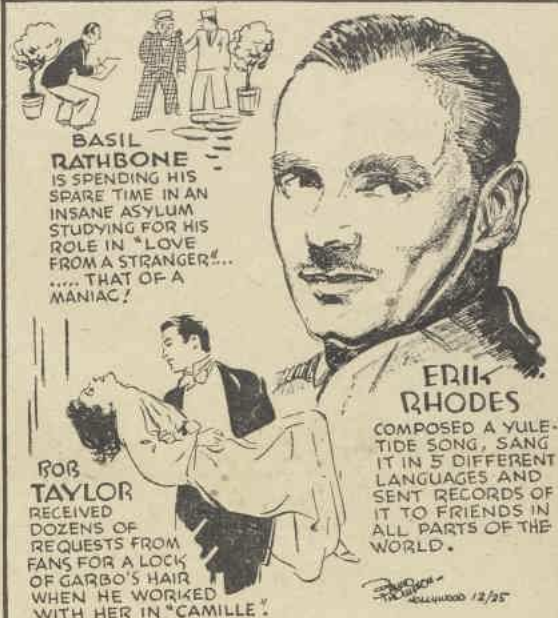
WITH everyone discussing Tyrone Power's heart interests, there is no reason why we give ear to what the young man has to say for himself.

"I have definitely decided," Tyrone declared, "not to be married for at least two years."

No one can predict what might happen in two years, particularly to such an attractive and popular young man, but the truth of the matter is that he wants to establish an endowment policy for his mother before he takes on the expense of a wife.

The Scottish comedian, Will Fyffe, has just completed a picture, "Spring Handicap," with the Irish actress, Maire O'Neill.

Her Irish impulsiveness must have influenced his cautious Scottish nature, for the other night at a boxing match he became so excited over the fight that he threw a pound note into the ring.



BASIL RATHBONE IS SPENDING HIS SPARE TIME IN AN INSANE ASYLUM STUDYING FOR HIS ROLE IN "LOVE FROM A STRANGER"... THAT OF A MANIAC!

ERIK RHODES COMPOSED A YULE-TIDE SONG, SANG IT IN 5 DIFFERENT LANGUAGES AND SENT RECORDS OF IT TO FRIENDS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

BOB TAYLOR RECEIVED DOZENS OF REQUESTS FROM FANS FOR A LOCK OF GARBO'S HAIR WHEN HE WORKED WITH HER IN "CAMILLE".

GRACIE FIELDS will receive her Coronation honors a week after the crowning of the King and Queen. Rochdale, her home town, will confer on her the Honorary Freedom of the Borough on May 19.

The ceremony will take place at the Town Hall before the assembled council, and after the resolution has been read and supported the Mayor will present Gracie with a casket containing the scroll on which her admission to the Freedom is recorded.

She then signs the Roll of Honorary Freemen and makes a speech which will be broadcast.

Anne Shirley's mother is keeping a watchful eye on her darling daughter these days, because there's been too much talk of elopement about Anne and Owen Davis, jun. Not that Anne's mother has any objections to young Davis. She thinks he is a fine boy, but Anne is such a very young girl her mother would like her to wait a year or so before she thinks about marriage with anyone.

(Continued on Page 54.)

DOUBLY UNPOPULAR UNTIL...

HELLO, FRIEDA. I JUST DASHED IN TO POWDER MY NOSE. THEN I'M GOING BACK TO DANCE. ISN'T THE MUSIC WONDERFUL?

YES, IF YOU HAVE PARTNERS TO DANCE WITH. BUT I HAVEN'T. OH, I KNOW THE REASON

IT'S MY COMPLEXION. IT'S SO ROUGH AND BLOTCHY. MEN SHY AWAY. I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A SMOOTH, CLEAR SKIN LIKE YOURS!

FRIEDA, WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBOUY? I KNOW IT WOULD HELP YOUR SKIN... AND SOMETHING ELSE, TOO!

SOMETHING ELSE! YOU MEAN THERE'S ANOTHER REASON WHY I'M NOT POPULAR?

IT'S FOOLISH FOR ANY GIRL TO TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." I ALWAYS PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBOUY. WHY DON'T YOU?

THREE MONTHS LATER

HOW DELIGHTFULLY FRESH AND CLEAN I FEEL AFTER MY LIFEBOUY BATHS! I WOULDN'T MISS THEM FOR ANYTHING

AND LIFEBOUY'S SIMPLY DOES WONDERS FOR MY SKIN. IT'S SO DEEP-CLEANSING AND YET, SO MILD

"B.O." GONE... a hit with the men!

WHO IS THAT PRETTY GIRL WITH ALL THE MEN AROUND HER?

MY BEST FRIEND, FRIEDA, COME ALONG AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU

IT'S EASY TO ATTRACT MEN WHEN A GIRL HAS A SKIN LIKE YOURS

AND IT'S EASY TO HAVE A NICE SKIN WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

Blonde, brunette or in-between, you'll find Lifebuoy agrees marvellously with your skin. Every complexion needs the thorough, pore-deep cleansing its rich lather gives. Every complexion appreciates that Lifebuoy's lather is so mild, too. No wonder it guards Millions say... "It agrees with my skin"

Protect your Charm. Don't risk even a hint of "B.O." (body odour). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich, mild, creamy lather—containing the famous health element—gets right into the pores; purifies and deodorises. Its own clean scent rinses away.

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MEN—LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM'S MILD LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE FOR CLOSER SMOOTHER SHAVES

120-150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

I never knew so many nice people read my column.

Every day letters are pouring in about my M-G-M competition.

If you want to enter before it closes on April 30th and thus be eligible for the prize (a complete set of 8 in. x 10 in. photos of M-G-M stars) all you must do is to enumerate in order of personal preference the 8 pictures listed below. Send entry to Leo, of M-G-M, 20 Chalmers St., Sydney, and mention this paper.

Entry which coincides with final voting tally wins the prize.

Here are the pictures...

"Born to Dance" (Eleanor Powell), "After the Thin Man" (Wm. Powell, Myrna Loy), "Camille" (Garbo, Robt. Taylor), "Love on the Run" (Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone), "Tarzan Escapes" (Johnny Weissmuller), "Last of Mrs. Cheney" (Joan Crawford, Wm. Powell, Bob Montgomery), "The Good Earth" (Paul Muni, Luise Rainer) and "Maytime" (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy).

A grand array of attractions, there. Not all of them are 1937 releases, but eventually all will be seen (and with what thrill!) at the St. James, Sydney, Metro, Melbourne, and Crenshaw (or New Metro), Brisbane.

Meantime there's plenty to get excited about.

"Rose Marie, I Love You" is what every theatregoer within 100 miles of Sydney St. James is singing. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are certainly being given a thrilling welcome.

When Norma Shearer's reign in "Romeo and Juliet" ends at Melbourne Metro "Rose Marie" will follow, with its songs and romance.

Brisbane Crenshaw is preparing for such attractions as "Romeo and Juliet", "Lilied Lady" (Jean Harlow, Wm. Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy), "The Gorgias Hairy" (Joan Crawford, Robt. Taylor), "Born to Dance" and "Rose Marie".

Yours for happy entertainments,
LEO, of M-G-M.

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★★★GIRL IN A MILLION

Sonja Henie, Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche. (Fox.)

NOBODY with even the faintest feeling for beauty can afford to miss this picture. Even those to whom the gracefulness of fine skating is nothing new will be deeply moved by Sonja Henie's perfect technique and artistry; those others who have not begun to realise what is possible to finished skaters will simply sit, gasp, and long for more when the picture reaches its end. Compared to the swift effortlessness and exquisite posing of Sonja Henie's ice dancing, the average ballerina is a dull and cloddish poseur. This young world's champion has achieved perfect poetry in motion.

With no unique a star as this, and, in her, so sure an appeal to all audiences, Fox might well have been content to let the rest of the film take care of itself. But they haven't. For good measure, they have thrown in a very fair story, smart comedy by Adolphe Menjou, Arline Judge and Ned Sparks, buffoonery (reaching a high spot in the ice-skating bullfight scene) from the Ritz Brothers, and more fun, plus inspired mouth-organ playing, from Borrah Minevitch and his gang. Add to all this pleasant work from young Don Ameche as juvenile, and you have a real picture.

But Sonja Henie on the ice—superb!—Regent: showing.

★★★COME AND GET IT

Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, Joel McCrea. (United Artists.)

ANOTHER good job of work by Sam Goldwyn, which only needed a little more "yeast" in it to make it an easy three-star offering. As it stands, however, it remains a picture to be recommended.

That fine actor, Edward Arnold, here portrays a man who sacrifices an early love to his ambition. Twenty years later, rich and the father of two children, a boy and a girl, he comes into contact with the daughter of the woman he loved, and whom, even though she is dead, he has never quite got over. The girl is the replica of her mother, and Arnold falls deeply in love with her, taking her and her family away from their small-town home and setting them up near the timber mill which he owns. Tragedy enters when his son meets the girl and the two, naturally enough, fall heavily for each other.

Arnold, leading the cast as Barney Glasgow, turns in a splendid piece of acting, human, convincing and deeply poignant at the end. Joel McCrea is very satisfactory, and young Frances Farmer, in the dual roles of Lotta Morgan and her daughter, Lotta Barstrom, shows that she has decided possibilities.

Highlights of the production are the logging scenes at the beginning and the best bar-room brawl I've seen for years.—Mayfair: showing.

★★★EARTHWORM TRACTORS

Joe E. Brown, Guy Kibbee, June Travis. (Warners.)

THERE are enough laughs in this little picture to earn it its two stars without putting a strain on the conscience of the most upright reviewer. It is miles ahead of Joe Brown's last opus, "Polo Joe," and is worth anybody's couple of shillings.

Simian-faced Mr. Brown is cast, in this offering, as a gentleman who, spurred on by the girl he thinks he loves, manages, by sheer cheek, to get himself a job as a tractor salesman, despite the fact that all he doesn't know about tractors would fill volumes.

The results can be anticipated, even if they can't be described. But the amount of humor that can be got out of an ordinary, prosaic tractor is certainly surprising.

To anybody who wants a very carefree hour, a picture without heart-throb or moral, but with an honest seasoning of guffaws, this is the entertainment to choose.—Capitol and King's Cross: showing.

★★★MAID OF SALEM

Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. (Paramount.)

A PERIOD picture which seems, in retrospect, to be made up of hysterical women, unpleasant children, and Claudette Colbert trying to get away with a dramatic court scene for which she is woefully inadequate. Oh, yes, and Fred MacMurray in seventeenth century cavalier clothes, which suit him

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

about as well as a Santa Claus rig-out would suit me; as the Roger Corman of this opus he's as well cast as Joe E. Brown would be as Hamlet.

Theme of the story is witchcraft and mob hysteria in the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. Bonita Granville appears once again as a thoroughly detestable child, who, by putting on a bewitched act, sets the whole colony of fanatics by the ears and brings about a wholesale hanging of innocent people. Claudette Colbert, as Barbara Clarke, is nearly a victim of her own stupidity and mob violence, but, in a very fine burst of anticlimax, Mr. MacMurray gallops up just as the noose is being put about her neck—and all ends happily.

The finest thing in the film is the scene in which colored Madame Sultane-Wan, cast as Tituba, a slave, is being examined and forced to admit herself a witch. She gives a demonstration of really fine acting; in fact, she is brilliant.

But the general feeling left by the offering is one of depression and unpleasantness. Afraid I can't call it entertainment.—Prince Edward: showing.

★FOLLOW YOUR HEART

Michael Bartlett, Marion Talley. (Associated Distributors.)

IF only this production were not a trifle top-heavy, it would make two stars with ease. As it stands, too much insistence on the "Magnolia sequence" at the end, a few mediocre Tin Pan Alley numbers at the end after a series of excellent operatic offerings in the first half, and a slight falling off in comedy towards the close rather

Week's Best Release

GIRL IN A MILLION.

Fox Feature. A new star, a new subject, a combination of grace and entertainment that everybody will like.

take the gift of the gingerbread. But the picture remains a bright and entertaining show, right at the top of the one star grading.

The singing, you can take it from me, is well above average. Bartlett may not be a Tibbett or Miss Talley a Lily Pons, but they're way ahead of the usual screen screech-ows.

Not a show to break your necks to see, but one you'll enjoy if it comes your way.—Lyceum: showing.

★FAIR WARNING

J. Edward Bromberg, Betty Furness. (Fox.)

IN this little picture, Fox seems to have set out to de-bunk the over-dramatised detectives who have been so well represented on the screen of late years.

J. Edward Bromberg is cast as a candy-chewing, local deputy sheriff assigned to investigate a murder at a mountain luxury hotel. No hawk-like sleuth is Mr. Bromberg; he just muddles along, assisted by a juvenile enthusiast and a lot of luck, takes another murder and a nearly-fatal poisoning in his stride (or amble, to be more exact), and eventually bluffs the killer into betraying himself.

The climax is more or less exciting, with the murderer staying off pursuit by hurling dynamite at his enemies, and finally blowing himself up. This last effort is quite involuntary; bloodthirsty little boys will be disappointed by the fact that this grand finale is not shown as a close-up.—Capitol and King's Cross: showing.

★WOMEN OF GLAMOR

Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. (Columbia.)

UP to average as a support, but no more.

Theme is the good, old-fashioned man and two women triangle, the screen version of which never leaves you in doubt as to who will win the man. It is developed through trite situations to a triumphant love conclusion.

Virginia Bruce plays a hard-boiled night-club dancer (living in the usual sumptuous apartment) who falls in love with an idealistic painter, Melvyn Douglas, affianced to Leona Maricle. Melvyn, always

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

COLLEGE HOLIDAY

Jack Benny, Burns and Allen. (Paramount.)

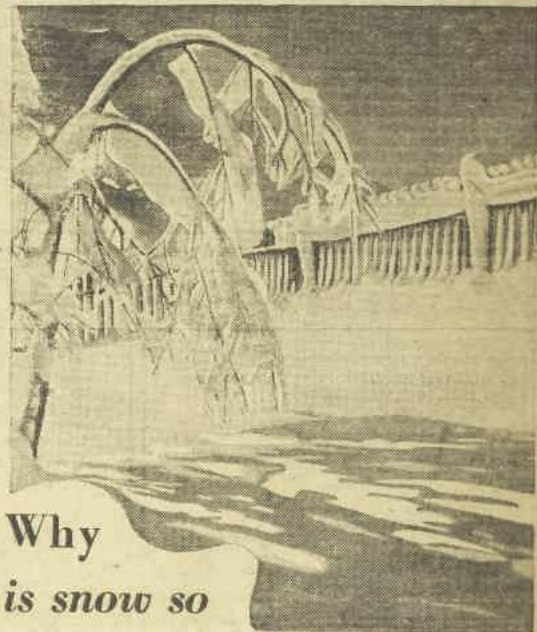
TERRIBLE. An hour and a fraction of horrible boredom. Opening up with a big, blond and very dumb-looking young man, Left Erikson by name, I think, falling in love with an unknown girl, Eleanor Whitney, the early sequences drag along until the offering's one and only laugh comes along as Gracie Allen and George Burns make their appearance in a chariot.

This high-spot, having been got over, the opus slumps back into the slough of despond. The cast, Mr. Benny included, just struggle along, doing their worst.

And speaking of them doing their worst, have you ever seen Martha Raye doing hers? It is not a thing to be faced lightly. Martha may be the essence of refinement in private life, but professionally she qualifies as one of the screen's foremost vulgarities.

The director of this masterpiece, Frank Tuttle, should be cashiered, likewise the scenarist.—Prince Edward: showing.

(Continued on Page 54.)



Why
is snow so
WHITE?

Snow is white because it reflects white light. Now, white is made up of seven colours, and one of those colours is blue. If snow did not reflect the blue rays it would appear not white but yellowish grey—like white things that have "lost their colour" in the wash. To bring back whiteness you must add blue. Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water for whiteness like snow.



Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

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- Proceeds of the Loan will be used for Public Works of the Commonwealth and States, and for other purposes.
- Subscriptions may be paid in full, or by instalments up to 3rd August, 1937.
- Interest will be paid on 15th April and 15th October of each year.
- Treasury Bonds are issuable in five denominations, commencing at £10; and Stock will be inscribed for £100 and multiples of £10 above £100.
- The Loan is secured, as to both principal and interest, upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the Commonwealth.
- Interest will not be subject to: (a) State Income or Special Tax; (b) Commonwealth Super-tax on property; or (c) Commonwealth Income Tax to a greater extent than that imposed by the Income Tax Act 1930, as amended by Section 2 of the Income Tax Act (No. 2) 1930.
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Commonwealth Treasury ROBERT G. MENZIES,
Canberra. Acting Treasurer.

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£7,500,000

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

IT would seem that "I, Claudius," biggest production ever to have been attempted with an All-British cast, is definitely off. Merle Oberon, who temporarily left the films the same way as she entered them—through a motor car smash—is unlikely to be well soon enough for Laughton to finish the picture and fulfil his contract with Erich Pommer. So London Films have practically made up their minds to wash it out.

Merle got her real start through Ann Todd being hurt in a car smash. Korda gave her Ann's part. Then she got a line in "Private Life of Henry VIII"—"Mine is such a little neck." The cutters nearly cut Ann Boleyn out of the film, head and all, but Korda kept it in and Hollywood liked her line, both vocal and facial.

Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor have a novel way of keeping up wedded bliss from a distance of two thousand miles. Ann is in Hollywood working at RKO, and Roger is in Chicago taking care of his business.

They used to telephone each other daily, but it proved a little costly. Now they converse by means of teletype. Every evening Ann sends a message via the studio teletype machine asking questions and telling all the news. Roger in Chicago receives the message at the studio's offices and taps out a reply!

THE big question at M.-G.-M. right now is, "Where is William Powell?" Yes, Bill seems to have disappeared, vamoosed. He was not at all pleased with the bit given him in "Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and made no attempt to hide his annoyance.

Then the studio assigned him to the lead opposite Luise Rainer in

Private Views

(Continued from Page 6, Movie Section.)

ARIZONA MAHONEY

Joe Cook, June Mantel. (Paramount.)

HERE is a Western that Paramount has tried to make into a comedy, with the result that the finished job is neither acceptable Western nor passable comedy. On the Western side, there are the usual ingredients: villain, trying to do young girl out of her rancho, hold-ups, gunfights, and so on. Comedy is in the hands of Joe Cook, assisted by Marjorie Gatenon and unfortunate Robert Cummings, the latter looking as if he doesn't know what it is all about, but is trying gamely nevertheless.

It is the alleged comedy that spoils the picture as an average horse drama. Mr. Cook is not very funny. His methods, and the way the opus has been directed, date back about ten years. His scenes would probably have been a yell in 1925, but for 1937... Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke. (Associated Distributors.)

INTERNATIONAL spies, handsome diplomats, vampirish dancers, a ruthless and murderous master-villain, a lovely girl—these are the ingredients of this screen drama of espionage.

They serve their purpose well enough. Even if the final result is not a masterpiece of entertainment, the picture has enough action in it to make it reasonably acceptable. And Mr. Phillips Holmes, in addition to looking prettily handsome, is enabled to get his message through to Geneva, thus saving the world from disaster, to foil the powers against him, and, last but not least, to win love. —Lyceum; showing.

(Continued from Page 5 Movie Section.)

"The Emperor's Candlesticks." Will felt the role was entirely unsuited to him, and asked for something else. The studio insisted, so Willie simply walked out—out of the studio, out of Hollywood. And no one, not even his servants, knows where the gentleman is, or at least, maybe Jean Harlow knows, but she wouldn't tell.

Bill is probably doing a pretty smart thing. He's been in show business long enough to know a good role when he sees it, and long enough, too, to know that it doesn't take many poor roles to write him to a career.

AFTER reading about the English idea of having one room in every home built so it may be hermetically sealed in case of a gas attack, Jimmy Dunn became very interested and consulted the architect who is building his new home about the idea. The result was that Jimmy will have three rooms in his place built in this fashion.

He seems to be the first movieite

to provide himself with this protection—though others have taken every imaginable step for protection from burglar alarms and tricky anti-kidnap devices to rooms filled with canned food in case of a revolution or general strike. But when the rest of them find how little a gasproof room costs they'll probably start building them too.

CHARLES LAUGHTON is once again absorbing "local color." Recently it was in Holland for Rembrandt. This time it is the Cornish fishing village of Mevagissey which will be the location for his new picture, "Jamaica Inn," adapted from Phyllis Bentley's novel.

With Erich Pommer, Charles spent Easter there, looking for the appropriate background for 18th century smugglers. They are still searching for a tavern resembling the inn in the novel.

You mightn't believe it of Governor Bligh and Mr. Barratt, of Wimpole Street, but Laughton is passionately fond of flowers, and spent part of the trip on a 3000-acre estate where spring blooms are just out. He was so carried away with their beauty that he tipped the gardener a pound.

Stop that HARSH SCOURING

I COULD WEEP WHEN I LOOK AT THESE SAUCEPANS. THEY'LL NEVER COME BRIGHT AGAIN...THEY'RE SIMPLY RUINED WITH SCRATCHES!



Harsh scouring may seem an easy way to clean at first. But every scouring becomes harder than the one before, until the saucepans are ruined—terrible to look at, and impossible to clean properly. That's because harsh scourers cover the surface with scratches that hold the dirt.

USE VIM-IT KEEPS SAUCEPANS POLISHED ... EASY TO CLEAN



You'll be proud of your aluminium ware if you clean always with Vim. The Vim particles are smoothly rounded and soap-coated. They ease off the dirt and wash it away—keeping the surfaces clean, smooth, and polished. Vim is convenient to use—just a sprinkle on the pan, a light rub and it's like new again. Vim saves you money too—makes your kitchenware last so much longer!

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VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Taurians Are Lovable But Tempestuous

Tell a competent astrologer that your birthday falls anywhere between April 21 and May 22, and you will learn so many nice things about yourself that you'll feel sure you must be a delightful person to know.

So you are! But if you listen long enough you will also hear some home truths that should make you blush.

The trouble is that, even when you are at fault, you have a way with you that the ordinary mortal finds hard to resist.

Firstly, you are powerfully magnetic. Secondly, you are so loving and (when you please) so lovable, that you attract people to you with very little effort. You can be so gentle, and complacent, and cheerful, and seem so much in need of help that when you "blow up," as you can do so effectively, you almost petrify the onlookers.

When a Taurian goes on a rampage a mad bull in a china shop has to take a secondary place.

The earth vibrates and the stars hide their faces and the individual who has aroused the Taurian wrath will, if he be wise, fly fast and far.

Almost anything is likely to happen before the storm is over. Words will be hurled at random, and missiles, such as chairs, teapots, or rolling-pins, distributed indiscriminately. Any person in the way has a good chance of carrying a memento of the battle for the rest of his life.

Hours later, preferably when it has grown dark (and especially if the Taurian has been without food meanwhile) you can sneak home and test the vibrations. If all is calm, then cast out grudges and take up life again where it was so abruptly interrupted.

A Taurian in a sorry mood is a lovable person. He (or she) will do almost anything to make up for the outburst.

Show your wounds (if any) and let the guilty one soothe and pet you. Accept apologies with all the sincerity with which they will be given, and indicate that for all his star-destined "bull" characteristics you love him still. You'll never regret your generosity.

A Taurian (of either sex) needs affection and understanding, and in return for these gifts will give a wealth of love, kindness, and good cheer.

Deprive a Taurian of these things and of nice clothes, cheerful company, and good things to eat, and you create a person who can be selfish, greedy, and indolent—a person who will look after himself first, last, and all the time.

In short, it can be said that Taurians are some of the most likeable, and at the same time the most exasperating people in the world.

Those who are not on their best behaviour can be lazy, selfish, greedy, thoughtless, and bad-tempered folk, but those who want to show the world how magnetic and attractive they can be are hard-working, considerate, generous, kindly, lovable and charming.

Lastly, it must be admitted that, although much has been made of it, the Taurian temper need not be as bad as it seems. The majority of those people are extremely placid and contented for nine hundred and ninety-nine days out of a thousand, but on the thousandth day!

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): April 28, 29, and 30 a.m. on April 30 quite fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Plan important affairs for April 30 (night), and May 1 and 2. Work hard on these days. Ask favors, seek advancement or make important changes and decisions.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): May 3 and 4 just fair. Routine best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Quite fair for you on April 27, but live quietly on April 30 (night) and May 1 and 2.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): The stars are likely to hinder rather than help you for a few weeks, so live quietly. Attempt no important ventures. Make no changes, especially on April 27 and May 3 and 4.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): This is a splendid time for you to build foundations for future success or happiness. Plan to begin new or important matters or to make changes on April 30 (late), and May 1 and 2.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): The rather unsatisfactory conditions of the

partings and disappointments or opposition. Be especially careful on May 3 and 4. Take no risks.
SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Not spectacular. Follow routine work. April 28 and 29 best.
CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Make the most of your opportunities. Your recent difficulties and worries can now change to successes and contentment. Try to make April 30 (after 4 p.m.) and May 1 and 2 work for you.
AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Live quietly in order to avoid delays, annoyances and general difficulties. Especially on April 27.
PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Complete routine tasks. April 27 fair.
(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)



FAIR CADDY guards the golf bags. Miss Betty Fry, American college student, has discovered a new way to help pay her way through school. While golfers relax between rounds on the course, she guards the clubs. Moreover, she remembers the names and individual bags of her customers.

HOPE Dies HARD

Continued from Page 22

At the end of the week Fay wrote to the firm saying she was not returning, and giving no address. At the end of a fortnight she knew she couldn't stand three small children for another moment, much as she loved them, and she went back to London to find a job and new rooms that would not be haunted by those old and useless dreams. But first she must go back to her old rooms to collect her possessions.

There were two or three letters there from friends, and one from the firm enclosing a cheque and asking her if she would not reconsider her decision. Fay glanced at them apathetically. There was a knock at the door. The landlady stood there.

"You're a nice one, Miss Keen, going off like that and leaving no address," she said in an injured voice.

"Oh! it didn't really matter. None of my letters was urgent, Mrs. Cole."

"None of your letters, maybe, but I've had a young man here pestering my life out; he comes every evening at six o'clock regular, like clockwork he is, interrupting me just as I'm starting cooking."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," Fay murmured, and sat down on the divan, looking as white as paper.

"A Mr. Townsend it is."

"Yes," Fay said faintly, and then added harshly, "But what can he want?"

"Better see him when he comes and find out."

"No, I shall be gone by six," Fay cried, and got off the divan and started flinging more things into her suitcase.

"Oh, no, you won't!" Mrs. Cole's round face took on an expression of exasperation. Young things were mad, she thought, getting themselves into such dreadful states of unhappiness and agitation. Why, the poor young man, Mr. Townsend, had positively got thinner and whiter in the last fortnight.

"Oh, no, you won't!" she reiterated, and with an agility that seemed surprising in so round a body, she was outside the room, and the next second Fay heard the key turn in the lock.

Fay flung herself at it, wrenching at the handle. "Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Cole, let me out!" but the only answer she heard was a chuckle and Mrs. Cole's footsteps retreating downstairs.

When the door opened again at three minutes past six to let in Alan Townsend, Fay sat very still

and very upright on the window seat. She felt as if her heart were encased in a block of ice. She thought she was no longer capable of emotion.

"Fay, oh! Fay, darling!" In two strides he was across the room and had her in his arms, oblivious of Mrs. Cole, who watched contentedly from the doorway.

"Alan—" The ice about Fay's heart started to melt. She pushed him away, trying to avoid his kisses.

"But, Mrs. Townsend—" she sobbed. He held her from him at arm's length.

"Oh! my poor little sweet; if only I'd been able to explain before."

"But can there be any explanation?" Fay faltered.

"The simplest one in the world. Mrs. Townsend is my mother."

"Your mother?" Fay looked at him as if he were mad.

"My stepmother."

"O H, darling," Fay whispered, and relaxed suddenly.

"You see," he explained, his mouth against her hair, "my father made the family very angry when he married a woman young enough to be his daughter, especially my own mother's brother, old Baldhead; so angry, in fact, that they nearly wouldn't take me into the firm. And then my father died. I think Helen broke his heart. He left a letter asking me to look after her, at any rate for a few years, to give her a chance to practise her dancing again and get back on the stage."

He left no money, because she had lived so much beyond his means. That meant if I was to do as he asked—and I wanted to for his sake—it had to be from my own pocket, and that meant I could not afford to marry. I was awfully worried, because I was terribly in love with you, and yet I didn't feel I could tie you to what might have been an interminable engagement."

"But as if I shall mind, darling," Fay whispered.

"It needn't be long after all. Helen has married again. She let it out when I saw her that afternoon in the office. So we can be married at once, darling, there's nothing in the world to stop us."

"Nothing in the world," Fay told him softly, and both failed to notice Mrs. Cole withdraw quietly shutting the door.

"The great young looneys," she muttered to herself as she shuffled downstairs, a smile of intense satisfaction spreading over her fat red face.

(Copyright).

"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you, Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"



"I THINK this is right, but I'm not sure. Anyway, dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"



"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—'cause I'm uncomfortable! Please take care of me, Mummy!"



Johnson's Baby Powder soothes away skin irritations on tender baby skins in no time. It keeps baby comfortable and happy, too. It's soft as silk—made of finest quality talc.

Your own skin deserves the very best, also, and for that reason, you should adopt Johnson's for your own toilet use.

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A32-36

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WW1585.—With lovely shirred shoulders and gored skirt. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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WW1589.—Bolero frocks are all the latest rage. Bust sizes for this style: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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WW1586.—New three-quarter-length suit with swing coat. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide and 1 yard astrachan. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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WW1587.—Very chic with plain skirt and pleated back. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



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Patterns Cost 3d.

SWING skirts are the most popular feature this season, and now you may obtain patterns of three chic frocks, showing swing skirts, for 3d. Styles are illustrated at left.

Patterns are cut in three sizes—32, 34, 36-inch bust. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

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FEMININE!

WW1590.—A remnant of lace and you have this lovely blouse. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**



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COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

WORLD WELL LOST

By MONICA EWER



FOUR in the morning. Dark these days in late September. Carmen Temple heard her brother Ben run downstairs to the shop to take in the newspapers and get them ready for the boys who came at five for their delivery rounds.

Already you could hear the rumble of the vegetable carts over the cobbles of Covent Garden. London was stretching itself, half awake. Carmen turned luxuriously and went to sleep again.

Six-thirty. Friendly noises in the street had swelled in volume. Carmen heard her sister Lil's step running to the kitchen. She had the dim, comfortable feeling that there was movement in the house, that it was waking up, preparing for the day. Annie, the help, was in the kitchen, doing all the things that oiled the machinery of comfort. Carmen opened half an eye, smiled serenely at the world and went to sleep again.

Seven o'clock. Carmen opened both eyes for Lil was sitting on the side of her bed with a cup of hot, strong tea. Carmen turned her small, dark head on the pillow. Then she sat up and shivered. The mornings were becoming raw. There was very little protection in the flowered nightgown which, like everything else that Carmen wore, looked as if it had cost twice as much as she had paid for it.

"Good morning," said Lil, in her slow, soft voice, which held a suspicion of their mother's Italianate English. Lil took after Mama Temple and looked as if she might have been born in Capri instead of Covent Garden. Lil was curvy and rounded. Later she would look in her element with half a dozen children. Meanwhile she was content to mother her brothers and sister.

If Lil looked like a Madonna, Carmen looked like one of the great ladies of the Renaissance. But there was nothing it seemed in her ancestry to account for it. Her grandmother had been a peasant girl who worked in the vines above Porto Pino. Her grandfather had been a waiter in one of the little cafes down at the tiny port. And when her grandmother had died he had brought his small daughter Maria to England. He had got a job as waiter in a restaurant in Soho. When he died he owned the place. That was all.

Carmen drank her tea gratefully. "It's chilly," she said.

"It will be winter soon." Lil sighed, for the sun was her natural element.

"I don't mind," said Carmen. "Short days but long nights." She thought of the lights hung along the Embankment, of the mysterious shadows at early dusk, of St. Paul's in a hazy four o'clock sunset.

Lil got up. "I must go and call young Sandro," she said.

"Good hunting. The little devil."

Lil smiled tolerantly. "Yet he looks so beautiful."

Carmen nodded. At fifteen Sandro was like a Murillo, with great dark eyes, and tumbled curls, and a deceptively angelic expression.

"He is so clever," said Lil. "I wonder what will become of him."

"He'll be a business man. He likes figures. And us, Lil. Don't you ever wonder what will become of us?"

"Oh us," said Lil easily. "We will marry and have babies."

Carmen scrambled out of bed to make sure that she should have the bathroom before Sandro. He could make havoc in a bathroom. The water came steaming hot out of the taps. The big, shabby bath towels had been hung inelegantly but effectively over the radiator. They were warm and dry.

Somehow or other by half-past seven everybody managed to be down. Papa Temple took up his position behind the great dish of eggs and bacon while Mama Temple dealt out the coffee. On the sideboard there was cold sausage and a ham. Mama Temple loved to see people eat heartily. Her table always overflowed with food and generally with guests.

A fire had been lit, though it was yet early September. Mama Temple loved warmth. Annie, the help, had extravagant orders to keep it always well made up. Most of Mama Temple's orders inside the house were extravagant. But there it ended. She did not stray outside save for her shopping.

"Cream," she would say laughing, on the rare occasions when her husband protested. "A shilling's worth of cream! And if I went to the pictures what would it cost?"

And Papa Temple would laugh and agree. He rather liked her extravagance. It confirmed him in his position as a solid citizen, gave him something to work for, and Papa Temple loved work.

At the beginning of breakfast it was Carmen's job to relieve her brother Ben in the shop.

It was always a lively half-hour. The people who stopped on their way to work to buy a paper or a packet of cigarettes were mostly regular customers.

"Morning, miss."

"Morning, Miss."

"Morning, Carmen."

There were degrees of intimacy and there were also variations in the mode of address, variations that gave all sorts of indications of class and character.

Carmen knew how to deal with them all and she enjoyed it. Ever since she could remember she had been in casual daily contact with strangers. She handled them as a London policeman handles those who are troublesome, but not dangerous, with a mixture of tact and good humor.

"Just you jolly 'em along," her father had instructed her when as a small child she had come weeping to him because a customer had frightened her.

"You show 'em they can go so far and no further—but always do it pleasant and funny like."

It had formed for her a whole philo-

sophy of life. She had never wept over a customer again. She had "jollied 'em along," though it had grown a more difficult art as Carmen grew into a very desirable young woman and worked from ten to eight among strangers.

That was Papa Temple's idea. A shrewd, energetic, money-loving little man.

"We can't put all our eggs in this business," he said. "Carmen better get her money off strangers."

She might have had a different sort of a career because things had always come easily to Carmen.

As a child she had enjoyed her lessons. Her mind was quick, her memory excellent. She was the delight of her teachers, the show pupil to be trotted out before examiners and school managers. She won prizes and scholarships. She could have gone from secondary school to the University if Papa Temple had thought fit.

But the scheme did not seem to him practical. Carmen enjoyed being a star pupil, but she was not temperamentally academic. She had no desire to be a scholar. She was eager to live.

Besides, reflected Papa Temple, she was too pretty. He didn't know much about those universities himself, but he did know there were a lot of young fellows about with too much money and not enough to do. He wasn't going to trust Carmen so young away from home. At least, not unless her heart were set upon it.

"DO you want to go, Carmen?" he had asked her anxiously.

She had looked down the crowded street where the porters were busy unloading. She was so long answering, so long looking at the familiar scene, that Papa Temple was obliged to ask his question again.

"Do you want to go, Carmen?"

She had stretched her hands in a strange little gesture. "No," she said. "I'm tired of books. It's warmer here."

He knew what she meant. He nodded. "Anyway, universities unfit you for the bread and butter battle. I'm going to find you a job."

Through one of his wide circle of acquaintances he got Carmen a job as cashier in "Tommy's Snack Bar." For two years now Carmen had taken money and given change and "jollied 'em along" in the City.

For her part, at nineteen, after two years of adding up Reuben's profits, Carmen was still enamored of her job. Somehow it was more exciting to go and work for strangers than for one's own family, no matter how amusing one's family might be.

Still, she liked, too, to serve in Papa's shop, among the crisp, clean papers and the tidy little packets of cigarettes.

"Morning, Miss. Packet of Woodbines." He was a stranger. He ran an appraising eye over her face and figure. "You look as fresh as a daisy," he said.

She nodded and smiled. "I know. I look the way you act."
He laughed and picked up his cigarettes and went his way. He bore her no resentment. And Carmen's glance followed him and her smile was tolerant. Even so early in the morning she had to be "jolly" along. Well, it was as much part of her job as knowing where to find "Peg's Paper."

Carmen laid a hand lightly on the bundle of morning papers. She liked to feel that she was selling living history—here for a penny you could have hot love, cold killings, and high politics. The old man from the grocer's at the corner threw down a copper. He had to have his joke—always the same joke.

"Must find out if the world's still turning."
Carmen was always half sorry when Ben came to release her for breakfast.

"GO on. Mama thinks you're starving. She's having a mountain of fresh food cooked for you. Has my 'Daily Mirror' blonde been along yet?"

Ben's girls—their names were legion—and they were always first known by the papers they bought. That was only at the beginning. Three times at the shop and Ben knew not only their names but their whole family history.

"Not yet. You don't know her name to-day and I bet by next week she's suing you for breach of promise."

Ben laughed. "A man must have a hobby," he said.

"Yours isn't a hobby—it's a life work."
When Carmen went back to her breakfast her father was already getting ready to go out. He had three other shops besides the one where they lived, small shops in which he had invested his savings and installed managers, but every day he went to see that they were doing their job.

"You off, Papa? What do those blessed managers of yours do, anyway?"

"Always trust the man who works for you, but watch him all the time just the same," said Papa Temple, his small bright eyes twinkling. "I'll be back to lunch, Maria."

Mama Temple's smile expressed her satisfaction. "I will make a pie for you," she said.

Carmen laughed. "Darling, one day I shall come to you and say my heart is broken, or that I have appendicitis, or that Reuben has given me the sack, and you'll surely offer to make me a pie."

"Why not?" said Mama Temple blandly. "A good pie is always a good pie no matter what is happening."

"That's a profound truth," said her husband. "Mama is right as usual. She has you and me licked when it comes to philosophy, Carmen. A good pie is always a good pie and comforting at all times."

By nine-thirty young Sandro had been packed off to school, Lil was helping Mama in the house, and Carmen swung cheerfully out of Covent Garden.

She had the city dwellers' trick of walking securely on little high-heeled shoes. As she passed up her own street there were greetings to be answered.

They looked after her as she went her way. She held her little head very high. For all her sophisticated clothes, and her absurd little hat, and her impractical little shoes, she walked as her mother's people had walked, gracefully, easily.

She loved the pageant of the streets.

She liked to watch the living procession. Past the Law Courts where here and there you could see a lawyer in his wig and gown hurrying about his business; along Fleet Street the evening paper men were already busy; under the grey and white of St. Paul's the trees in the churchyard were already touched by the hand of autumn; at the Mansion House the traffic was rapidly thickening; at Mincing Lane Carmen jumped off and turning down a side street towards the river, arrived at her destination.

"Morning, Billy."

"Morning, miss."

Billy was "opening up." He lowered a shutter and cast an admiring glance at Carmen. Billy was sixteen. Among his pals he held the theory that "girls were the bunk," but every time he saw Carmen he was confirmed in his second theory that she was "not like other girls."

Inside, Reuben and his assistant Max were already busy sorting the day's provisions and brewing the coffee for which there would be a demand in another half hour.

The two men nodded cheerfully to Carmen, looking up for only a second and then absorbed again in what they were doing. She crossed quickly to her desk at the end of the counter, arranged her cigarettes, unlocked the drawer, and counted herself out a pound's worth of change.

She had just finished as the first customer arrived. He was driving a van. He wanted a cup of coffee and a packet of fags in a hurry.

"My horses like to get the bit between their teeth—just like a woman," he said, leaning confidentially across the counter to talk to Carmen.

"Not much fun driving horses down here," she said, trying to divert him from his reflections about women. That was how they nearly all started.

All the morning there were variations of the van driver's methods. Carmen sometimes thought that there was no opening gambit to a casual flirtation with which she was not familiar.

It was one of Reuben's favorite jokes that his customers "got no change out of Carmen—all the change they got came out of the till."

Nearly all Reuben's customers were men. Clerks from the shipping houses, the big banks, the insurance firms, the wholesalers, and the Port of London authorities. Clerks and sometimes their principals, and plenty of men who sat alone in offices and were their own masters and worried proportionately.

At twelve, their first slack hour, Carmen always had her lunch. At two-thirty, their second slack hour, Max and Reuben had theirs, and Carmen was left in charge. They liked to go out and, sick of the sight of sandwiches, they generally went off to one of the city's chop houses and had a grill. There was no need for them to hurry. Things did not wake up again till four o'clock, when they did teas, and great slabs of rich plum cake.

"Men like a bit of serious cake," was one of Reuben's dictums.

Carmen rather enjoyed having the place to herself in the lull after the rush of the lunch hour. It gave her time to get straight with her accounts, and she was vaguely annoyed when a shadow fell across the page. She looked up to see a big man, in ill-fitting clothes, who looked doubtfully across at her, and fidgeted uneasily with the chromium-

plated bar at the back of one of the swivel chairs by the counter. His blue eyes were anxious and under his open air tan he looked tired and drawn.

Carmen smiled at him with instinctive friendliness. "Coffee? Tea? Sandwich?"

The man smiled back apologetically. "I—I'm afraid I'm a bit between times." His voice was not of London. It was an "accent" which Carmen could not allocate.

"Oh that doesn't matter," she said. "You eat at any time with us."

"Then I'd like a coffee, please, and a sandwich."

She placed the cup carefully, invitingly before him. Max had taught her two years ago that there are a dozen ways in which you can place a cup before a customer, and only one of them is right.

"Ham? Beef? Cheese? Sausage? Egg?"

"Oh, whichever is easiest."

Max had cut her a selection last thing before going off duty. She raised the napkin so that the stranger should take his choice. He took the sandwich absently and looked at her with a question in his blue eyes. He's noble, she thought, and wondered, in a detached way, whether it wouldn't be very tiring to live with someone who was noble.

"I wonder could you tell me how to get to Stangate?" he said.

Carmen prided herself on her knowledge of London. She took up the pepper pot to illustrate her theme. "You go along here by the Embankment. There—," she said, placing the sugar bowl in position, "that's the new County Hall." Her voice had a note of pride as if she somehow had been responsible. "It's lovely. Be sure you look at it. And here—," she picked up the salt cellar—"That's the Houses of Parliament, and you must set your watch by Big Ben and if the flag is flying that means they're sitting, and then you go left across the bridge and your street is on the right."

"You know it well," he said.

"I was born here." It was like a boast of ennoblement.

HE shook his head. "I'm a stranger here."

"I guessed you might be."

He smiled back at her. "Now you're laughing at me. Everyone here does. At home, I thought I was somebody. Here every little urchin knows more than I do."

"Here," she said thoughtfully, "nobody is anybody. You can't be if you're one of seven millions."

"Ain't," he said scornfully. "Everyone is a real person where I come from and I don't like being made to feel I'm an ant."

"You mustn't mind," she said gently. The dancing dark eyes were soft and kind. "It's good for us."

"Happen we're too proud in my part of the world."

"Where do you live?"

He took up the pepper pot in his turn. "That's Raiston village," he said. "It's a little village," his voice, too, had a note of pride, "little but lovely—with thatch and cobbles and sea breezes. Then you go along the cliff road, five miles." He picked up the salt cellar. "To Heyston." He reached for the sugar bowl and set it between the other two. "And there, that's Oldfields—my uncle's farm." He drew a line along the spotless counter. "And there—that's the sea."

But it did not bring any picture to

her mind. Carmen had seen the sea at Brighton, cold and windy and too many people. She had seen the country round Surrey, for sometimes Reuben had taken her in the car. The country seemed to be a lot of rich houses with extra large gardens, interspersed with patches of emptiness that struck a chill to her heart. The stranger waited eagerly for her response.

"It sounds very lonely," she said at last.

"Lonely!" he retorted explosively. "You can't be lonely on a farm. There's too much life—too much doing—every day something new. Oh no. It's London that's lonely. I didn't think there could be so many people and so little friendliness."

"London doesn't mean to be unfriendly. It's just very busy."

"Maybe," he said as one reserving judgment.

"You must like London," she said earnestly and it suddenly seemed enormously important. "It's so wonderful."

"I'll try," he said simply. "I'll walk along as you told me and look at the things, not the people."

"What's the matter with the people?"

"They all look alike," he said firmly.

"But I'll grant you they've got some fine buildings."

"How long will you be here?" she asked. "You must see the Tower and the Zoo and Kew and Hampton Court and Chelsea and Bloomsbury and Hampstead and—Oh it's too long to catalogue, but there's such a lot to see."

He looked at her diffidently. "Happen," he said doubtfully, "you'd tell me the way around some time and advise me."

"Why, of course, I'd like to. I'm gilly about London—as if I'd made it myself."

"I know that feeling," he said eagerly. "Sometimes I look at a row of cabbages that the sun and the rain have hearted up properly and I want to crow like a cockerel."

Before she could answer a noisy errand boy strolled in and peremptorily demanded: "Tea and slab of cake, please, miss, and make it snappy."

The stranger got to his feet and laid a note on the counter. Carmen gave the nasty little boy his tea and counted out the change.

"Thank you so much," said the stranger gently. "You've improved my opinion of Londoners. They're not all so unfriendly."

The nasty little boy wanted the sugar. Carmen had to turn her attention to him and when she raised her eyes again the stranger had gone.

THE last customer had gone. Billie was putting up the shutters. Max was washing up in the tiny kitchen. Reuben was counting over what food he had left and listing what he would need to order for the morrow. Carmen bent her head to finish her accounts. A lot of money passed through her hands.

Ten minutes later she closed the book. "I'm finished, Reuben." The money was neatly stacked. Reuben would take it home with him, and his wife would bank it in the morning. "I've got a date. I've got to rush," she called.

He called back from the kitchen. "I never knew you when you hadn't got a date and didn't have to rush. Well, don't break his heart."

"I won't. Night, Reuben."

"Night."

She swung herself lightly on to a passing bus. The sun was low now and the whole city seemed to glow. She sat idly, not thinking of anything in particular. She felt a sense of satisfaction in the look of the streets and the houses and the people. There was always something happening—a great lorry with rolls of printing paper was struggling to turn down Bouverie Street; a smart car stopped for a moment at the Middle Temple gateway and a woman got out and disappeared; the river shimmered as they passed the foot of Waterloo Bridge; there was a queue outside the Gaiety Theatre and a man was fiddling for their benefit—and it was all hers, London, the greatest free show in the world.

She got off her bus and hurried up Southampton Street and across the Garden cobbles to her home.

Ben was closing the shop. Inside the house was a rich smell of cooking. Lil was putting the finishing touches to the table. Sandro was doing his homework on the hearth-rug. Term was only three days old.

"Hello, Carmen," he called. "I've been moved up again."

"The child's clever, he takes after me," laughed Carmen.

"If he would get up in the morning," said Lil, "he might grow up to be a Prime Minister."

"Who wants to be a Prime Minister? There's no money in it."

"What do you want to be?" asked Carmen.

"I want to be a tired business man or a high powered executive," said Sandro.

Ben coming in at the moment drew a sigh of relief. "That's an improvement," he said. "Last time he wanted to be a great lover, like Camanov."

"Poaching on your preserves," said Carmen. "Supper nearly ready?"

"Any time now," said Lil.

"I must change."

"I've pressed your blue," said Lil.

"Bless you, darling."

"And Mama has mended the chiffon velvet."

"What a nice family I have got."

She ran upstairs and peered into her wardrobe. She thought her frocks hung a little forlorn. She imagined that each one was asking to be taken out for a night of pleasure.

In the end she chose the red ninon, which made her skin look whiter than ever and which matched her lipstick so perfectly. She was not dressing for Leon Verdi, the son of the restaurant proprietor, with whom she was going to the pictures, she was dressing from habit, as part of the ritual of any festive occasion. She liked dressing. It gave an added lilt to the evening.

There were always men ready to take her out, and to Carmen's mind they were as like one another as a row of beans. They made the same jokes, paid the same compliments, and you had to be careful if you didn't want to be kissed. They all meant less than nothing to her, but she liked to go out, to be gay, to see London hung in lights and be part of the big show.

"Where you going?" asked Papa Temple casually.

He liked to know. He was too clever ever to object, but he had his own ideas for Carmen. She was the most beautiful and the most talented of his handsome children. At the right time he would find her a man who was worthy. The right time was yet a long way off, and a man who was worthy would be hard to find.

"I'm going to the pictures, with Leon," said Carmen.

Papa Temple nodded. He had known Leon's father for twenty years. Leon mattered not at all.

"Why you are not tired," said Mama Temple admiringly. "You never sit at home. Always rushing and you so thin." Mama sighed. "Anyone would think I starve you to look at you. And why didn't you ask poor Leon to supper?" Mama Temple always thought the more the merrier at table.

"Now then, Mama," said Ben, "if Carmen has to have all her young men to supper then I'll have to have all my young ladies and your husband will be ruined."

"Ah you and all your ladies," she said indulgently. She smiled at him lovingly and helped him lavishly. Her first-born. He was so handsome and so affectionate and if perhaps there were too many young ladies that was, after all, only natural. She would not have had him cold like the young Englishmen.

"ALWAYS you know I like you bring your friends."

But friends were never missing. Halfway through the meal one of Papa Temple's cronies dropped in to give him a game of chess; and then one of young Sandro's schoolmates called to borrow a book; and the girl with whom Lil was going to an embroidery class came early, and somehow they were all swept into the progress of the meal. Anything else would be an insult to Mama's cooking and Papa's wine and to the merry company assembled. There were half a dozen telephone calls to add to the confusion, and finally Leon arrived and carried Carmen off into the big world which seemed but an intensification and amplification of her home.

Leon had never known his father's Italy, he had been born in Soho and he spoke the idiom of the district.

"Come on, Carmen, you look all peaches and cream."

The evening sparring match had started, thought Carmen. Sometimes it seemed as if there were no conversation possible with a man except that in which he made advances and she beat a retreat. It was tiresome, but that, she supposed, was how the world was constituted. It was one of those things you just had to accept.

It was queer—Leon had known her ever since she was a kid. You'd think by now he'd be tired of telling her she was beautiful and trying to hold her hand and steal kisses in corners—but he wasn't. She didn't bear him any ill-will. Men were like that.

They strolled down into the Strand. Carmen looked about her with pleasure. There were crowds everywhere and lights and the great buses moved importantly along and the little taxis fused and pushed just like the tugs on the river. Carmen hummed a little tune and allowed Leon to slip a hand under her elbow. She was hardly conscious of his movement. He didn't know that she wasn't out with him, she was out with London.

At the Tivoli they saw a super production in which the star agonised for eight reels because she could have any man except the particular man she wanted. Carmen watched her with interest and a certain sense of superiority. The poor creature hadn't yet discovered that all men were exactly alike and that none of them amounted to much, anyway.

"Let's go and have a cup of coffee," said Leon huskily as they came out. She looked at him in mild surprise. Evidently he had been moved by the lady's troubles. She nodded her assent to the suggestion of coffee and asked him eagerly about the picture.

"Leon, do you honestly think love can be worth all that fuss?"

He looked at her meltingly. "I know," he said.

She supposed it was too much to hope that he could look at it objectively. Here was something she really wanted to find out, but they'd never get any further if Leon began making eyes at her.

"Now, Leon, leave you and me right out of this. Do you really think it matters much which man—or which woman—one gets?"

"Matter?" he breathed, appalled.

He was being no help at all. She went on talking rather to herself than to him. "Yet I suppose it must. People write books about it, make plays and poems and pictures. They can't all be wrong and yet—"

"Someday you'll know," he said meaningly.

He was hopeless. Carmen changed the subject.

But it was still in her mind when she got home that evening and she found her father alone in the sitting-room. Well, he certainly wouldn't want to divert the conversation to the personal.

"Papa," she said, without preparation. "What do you think of all this love business?"

He jumped hastily to his feet. "Don't tell me that young Leon has been asking you to marry him, because—"

Carmen laughed. It seemed that her father wasn't any more impersonal than the others. "Good gracious, no—I mean yes—he always does—but not to-night more than usual. It wasn't that. I wasn't thinking of anyone in particular. I was just wondering in general. There's such a lot of fuss about it and really all men are as alike as a row of beans."

"Some day you'll know better," said her father.

She stared at him for a moment in amazement. That was just what Leon had said, and it wasn't any help. She sighed. It wasn't often Papa Temple failed her and if he had no answer there was no one else worth asking. Not that it mattered much, anyway. It was just that she was curious.

She kissed him good-night and went upstairs to bed.

CARMEN was wrong in thinking that she would never see the stranger again. Next day, just after Max and Reuben had gone off duty, the man from Oldfields stood smiling at the other side of the counter. He was no longer quite so shy. Their previous meeting seemed to constitute an old acquaintance-ship.

"May I have a cup of coffee and a sandwich?" He swung himself into the high seat with more assurance and he settled as one expecting a chat.

"I took your advice," he told her as she served him. "I walked all the way."

"Oh, I'm glad. The river looked lovely last night."

"But a river," he protested softly. "A river for a man that's been used to the sea."

"I like the river best. It's so much more friendly and human and intimate."

"All walled in with houses," he said scornfully.

"Not further up. At Kew there are gardens."

"I wish you could show me," he said wistfully.

"I will." Carmen was surprised at herself, she who was so particular as to what offers she accepted, she who rarely went out with anybody till she had studied them for weeks behind the counter.

"Will you be here on Saturday?"

"Yes. Looks like I'll be here another week or two. I came to see about a mortgage on a part of Uncle's farm. All this business takes longer than I expected. I've got to see it through but they'll be very short-handed without me."

"What do you do?"

He smiled at her idea that you could commiserate his work on the farm into a simple statement. "Well, there are the animals and there are the fields—I serve them according to the season."

She nodded, no wiser than she was before. "Then Saturday afternoon we'll go to Kew."

He smiled at her shyly. "I don't even know your name."

"My name is Carmen Temple."

"Richard Drayton." He gave her his slow smile that lit first his eyes and then drew up the corners of his mouth. "I've been so very lucky to meet you."

From force of habit she turned the compliment aside. "Yes, I do know my London."

"That wasn't what I meant."

A moment later she had a more serious test of her skill. A patty young man breezed in. "I'll take a coffee, darling, and you put the sugar in, sweetness, and then I'll only need one lump."

She pushed the sugar bowl in his direction. "It's all right. Have two. There's no extra charge."

The breezy young man returned to the attack. "I'll lose my waistline and then you won't love me any longer."

Carmen heard the stranger get off his seat. She scented danger. He wasn't used to these ways and a "sock" from Richard Drayton might entitle one to legal damages. Quickly she pushed a plate of cut cake towards her customer.

"Now, come on, eat your bun like a good boy and don't make me have to speak to you again." Then very quickly she turned back to Richard Drayton and said in the most matter-of-fact tones that she could muster, "That'll be one-and-four, please."

Automatically he felt in his pocket for the money, but his troubled eyes were on her face. "One-and-four," he repeated and laid half a crown on the counter.

"One-and-four, one-and-six, two-and-six." Quickly Carmen counted his change. She wanted him gone before the irrepressible young man restarted his pleasantries. She was much more afraid of Richard Drayton's making a row than of the young man's advances.

The situation was saved by the arrival of one of her regulars.

"Yes, Carmen, for a man who has got you two beautiful tickets for the ice hockey match to-night," he said.

"That's grand," she answered, but half her mind was on Richard Drayton. He had got up and was moving towards the door. She noticed that his feet trod heavily, slowly, evenly, in long strides, whereas the city men walked lightly, carelessly, unevenly.

The next day was Friday and about two-thirty Carmen found herself debating as to whether Richard Drayton would put

in an appearance and five minutes later she was looking into his grave blue eyes. Unasked she brought him his coffee and sandwich.

"Queer that you like being here," he said, as he helped himself to sugar, and as he looked at the bowl she knew that he was thinking of the fresh young man who had called her "sweetness."

She nodded. "It's a lot of fun. You mustn't take my customers too seriously. I don't."

"You like them?"

"Some of them." She laughed. "I weed them out. Sounds cold-blooded, doesn't it?" She was surprised to find herself apologising for what she had hitherto taken to be a perfectly natural precaution.

"I see."

"You learn to handle them."

"You're very clever," he said simply. It was not a compliment. It seemed a simple statement of fact. She did not feel any need of changing the subject.

IT'S just a knack. Papa calls it 'jollyin' 'em along,' she said. "One gets used to looking after oneself."

"You shouldn't have to do that." She laughed. "Why I might have to do lots worse things. On the whole people are just cheerful and friendly."

He made a hopeless little gesture. "I'm all wrong here—all wrong about everything. Yesterday I wanted to smash that fellow's face, but I knew that all you wanted was that I should get out. So I got! But I went raging all the way for miles." He smiled apologetically. "I walked and walked trying to recover my temper. It's not easy walking in your streets. People bump into one and there are roads to cross. I had to go a long way to cool off. That's how we feel about things down my way."

"That young man didn't mean a thing. It's just a habit. They expect what they'd call 'a bit of fun,' just as they expect the use of the cruet."

"I suppose I'll learn it all in time."

She looked at him critically. "I don't know. I rather doubt it." Somehow she liked him to be different.

He smiled back and said softly, "Happen it isn't necessary."

"Happen it isn't," she echoed, adopting his idiom. "You don't want them to think you too changed when you get home."

"I shall be changed all the same," he said seriously, his eyes on her face.

"I told you London would get you."

"Oh, yes—London and other things."

He stopped abruptly. "What time shall I fetch you to-morrow? You haven't forgotten we're going to Kew?"

"We shut at half-past two. The city is all empty then. You pick me up here. It's the one place I'm quite certain you can find."

When Papa Temple heard that Carmen was going out on Saturday afternoon with one of her customers he was mildly surprised. Saturday afternoon was generally devoted to some member of the family.

"All right, Carmen, bring the young man back to supper."

He said it carelessly as if he attached no importance to the outcome, but he waited anxiously for her answer. For Papa Temple liked to keep an eye on Carmen's young men. If his second daughter had a fault it was that she was a great deal too pretty.

"I'll bring him back about seven," she said.

She was glad that Richard Drayton had been asked home. She was curious to see how he looked against her family background, and she wanted her father's opinion on his merits, because she always considered her father's opinions worth having.

Richard Drayton arrived at the shop punctually at half-past two, just as Billy was hurriedly putting up the shutters so that he could get away to the first football match of the season.

Billy paused long enough to give the stranger a scornful once-over. This was the chap that came every day and now Miss Temple was going out with him, when she might have had the pick of the city, and he knew for a fact that a real bank manager had offered to take her to the theatre. Carmen went down a peg in his estimation. After all, women were the bunk and there were no exceptions.

The recipient of this unusual honor was himself properly impressed. With undisguised admiration Richard looked at Carmen in her smart little coat and skirt and her high-heeled shoes and the fine straw hat that framed the oval of her face.

"You're too grand for me," he complained. He looked down at his own ill-cut coat. "I'm all wrong. I'm sorry you're so terribly grand."

She laughed. "It doesn't mean a thing. It's just a trick knowing how to dress. And then because I live at home I can spend nearly all I earn on clothes. Lots of girls earning my salary have to pay for everything themselves. I'm not grand really."

She was sorry now that she had put on her best to meet him. It suddenly seemed pretentious. "It doesn't mean anything," she reiterated.

"There's our bus," she said and neatly piloted him on top. There are more ways than one of changing a conversation and Carmen knew them all.

Eagerly like a child displaying its toys, she showed him the wonders of the town. He gave a half-hearted assent to all her raptures, but he looked more often at her glowing face than at the city's sights, and half the time he just listened to the music of her voice without troubling as to what places it named.

Her little high-heeled shoes led him up and down the paths of Kew Gardens and they had tea within sight of the Pagoda and they saw the river where it was no longer hemmed in by houses.

They lay on the grass and the afternoon was warm and scented and silent.

"It's only an imitation, Carmen," he said, his eyes on the river.

"Of what?"

"Of the real thing."

"The country? But what can one do in the country?"

"You can't be idle. There isn't time."

"No. I suppose you have to work. But the work can't get you anywhere, can't provide you with any fun."

"I hadn't thought about it that way," he said slowly. "The work's a thing in itself. It's not a job, not something you can take or leave. You haven't any choice."

"If you live on the land, if one day you'll own the land, it's as natural to work as to eat or sleep or breathe."

"Then he bent his head and softly pommed the grass with his clenched fist."

"I wish I had never come to London," he said.

"Why?"

He looked up at her now and smiled.

"A touch of fever in the blood?" Then he jumped to his feet. "You'll get chilly if you sit too long."

As she let him lead her away she

thought how strange it was that it was he who corrected himself before the words were half out of his mouth. It was really very restful. She could relax and let things take their own course.

At dusk they came back and in the quiet of a Saturday evening they crossed the empty market of Covent Garden. The smell of decaying vegetables hung in the air. Stray sheets of colored tissue paper lay in the gutters; the place looked forlorn and purposeless.

"Here we are," she said, "here's The Garden."

"Where?" he asked, looking round for some evidence of beds and lawns.

She laughed. "That's what it's called by the Covent Garden porters. The Garden. I suppose it was a real garden once."

"I see. 'The Garden.' It seemed to him a terrible misnomer."

"You should see it on a week-day," she said, and then was angry with herself and him. Never before to anyone had she apologised for any aspect of London.

The house engulfed them, warm, noisy, overcrowded.

"You're very welcome," said Papa Temple and Carmen saw his bright shrewd eyes studying Richard's face. He little knew, thought Carmen, that here was the only young man she had ever brought home who hadn't even told her that she was beautiful. He little knew that Richard was already wedded to some obscure patch of fields in the faraway country.

IT was amusing to see Richard against the background of her turbulent family. He spoke so slowly and so deliberately, he moved his hands so rarely, he was silent unless he had something worth-while to say.

"Golly," whispered Sandro, when he caught her alone for a moment in the hall before supper. "Where did you find him? He's like the Rock of Ages."

"He comes from the country," said Carmen as if that somehow explained everything.

"No wonder the place has got a bad name," and he made off before Carmen could cuff him.

Yet on the whole, after a rather unpropitious start, the evening was a success. Somehow you couldn't dislike Richard. He was so simple, so sincere and withal so intelligent. Besides, he stood six foot and looked like one of the more manly of the Greeks—an outside in Greeks, Carmen decided, for after all they were puny fellows.

Richard was answering intelligently some question put by her father; and now he was listening politely while Mama Temple told him some story of Carmen's childhood; and now he was defending himself against Sandro's attack on the country; and now he was diverting attention by asking Ben about the shop.

That was enough. Ben was set off and presently the Temples were entertaining one another, capping anecdotes, talking, laughing, gesticulating, holding the stage. Richard Drayton fell gracefully into the background and was voted a success.

When he was ready to leave Carmen stepped into the hall with him to point him out his way back to his rooms.

"It was very kind of you to have me," he said.

"I wanted you to see my family. They're nice, aren't they?"

He smiled down at her. "Proud of them, too?"

She laughed. "I'm all eaten up with

pride one way and another. But you do think they're nice?"

"Of course they're nice," he said quietly.

She looked at him puzzled. "What are you keeping back?"

"Nothing."

"Oh yes, you are."

"It's only—" he hesitated.

"Only what?"

"Seems rather impertinent on my part."

"Oh, bless you, I'm used to more impertinence than you could even imagine."

"Well, they make you seem so remote. You're so much part of them and they're so—so—" He stopped at a loss for a word that would be sufficiently polite.

"They're terribly nice, Carmen, and I'm terribly grateful. It's just that I feel a bit of a country cousin."

For a moment he held her hands in his, then as if afraid of what else he might say or do, he turned away quickly and strode off down the empty street.

Carmen went thoughtfully back and found her father alone in the sitting-room.

"You liked him?" she asked carelessly.

Her father answered in a voice as casual as her own. "Seemed a nice lad."

He paused a moment to light his pipe. His voice had altered. "But he's no use to you, my girl."

He patted her lightly on the arm. "No use to you. Good night, my dear," he said and walked briskly out of the room before she could answer.

"No use to her," Carmen stood where he had left her in her astonishment and turned the matter over in her mind. "No use to her."

Whoever had suggested that he might be? It was just that she liked him, thought that he was lonely, and that it would be a kindness to give him a bit of family life.

Nevertheless, Carmen would have been surprised and disappointed if Richard had not been at her counter every day at two-thirty during the ensuing week.

She would have missed the warm friendliness, the frank admiration, the laughter and the gossip, the record of his adventures in the city, news of the progress of the mortgage, word of a letter from the farm where Uncle Dan grumbled at the length of time that Richard was away.

"He shouldn't grudge you a holiday," said Carmen.

Richard considered the matter dispassionately. "He's an angry man, surly as a butcher's dog, but he's just," he said.

She looked at him curiously. "You don't ask much for yourself, do you?"

"I don't understand."

"Well, most of us want a lot of fun out of life."

"We're greedy, I suppose. Seems to me no one is giving you anything."

"I thought," he said slowly, "that the land would give me all I wanted—always. Lately I'm not so sure."

He had been looking at her. Now he lowered his eyes. Thin ice—deep waters—dangers ahead. He shifted his ground. "We have fun, too, you know. Not your kind of fun, but market days and fairs and talking things over and having a grand field of clover or a valuable litter of pigs. It's as exciting to us as if we were given a box at the opera."

He made a grimace. "Much more exciting to me."

"I shall never understand it," she said.

"Don't say that—it sounds so final." His words came quickly, urgently. Then he retreated again. "It's what you've been used to, I suppose," he said vaguely.

But even "the law's delays" couldn't be extended beyond that week, and Richard found that his business was finished at last and that he would have to go back on Sunday morning.

On the Saturday afternoon he and Carmen decided to visit Hampstead Heath. "I want you to see all the town lying at your feet."

"Submissive?" he suggested, looking at her sideways. He shook his head. "That's something I'll never expect of this town."

They walked for a long time, talking of this and that, oppressed with the sense of parting, afraid, taking refuge in argument.

He wasn't responsive to her enthusiasms. He found Hampstead Heath small and unimportant. The view from Constitution Hill left him unimpressed. He was positively patronising.

"WELL enough for a town I daresay, but up by the beacon behind Redlock—say twenty miles from Oldfields—you can see across to France."

"Yes, but what's in between—nothing but sea. Look, here you can see the dome of St. Paul's, and you've been able to see it ever since Wren sent it poking up nearly three hundred years ago—and there's the Tower—think of all the things that happened inside—all those streets at our feet have known days that shook the world."

But his eyes did not follow her pointing finger, his eyes were on the curve of her cheek. "It's wonderful all you know, Carmen. Wonderful how a slip of a girl can be so clever."

"You talk as if I'd made London."

"You have made it for me."

"Then I'm afraid I haven't made it very well. You didn't take it to your heart."

He looked at her sideways. "Perhaps there isn't room in my heart," he said softly.

She ought, she knew, to make a quick clever answer. He shouldn't be allowed to get away with that. But somehow she didn't want to be clever with Richard Drayton. It was rather sweet, she thought, that she should have some corner in the heart that he was taking back to that absurd seaside farm. She didn't reprove him. She let it pass.

He slipped an arm under hers and led her away from other people to a deserted stretch of common. She didn't speak.

Gently he pulled her down on the seat beside him. "I can't believe that I'm going away to-morrow—leaving it all."

"You'll come back," she said lightly. "You must come back. Think how little you've seen."

"It's a long way and expensive. I haven't anything to come back for—except you." His voice had dropped almost to a whisper.

She had a sense of danger, a sudden desire to escape. She supposed after all he was like all the other men. Slower to move, that was all. Men—all alike as a row of beans. She laughed a little uncertainly. Her voice was light. "You'll have to come back for me, then," she said.

"Shall I?"

He seemed to be waiting for an answer to his question. "Why—I—I hope so," she stammered.

"Carmen."

"Yes, Richard?"

He laid a hand over hers—a big hand, hard and tanned and very strong. "You really want me to come back?"

"Why, of course. Aren't we friends?"

"No."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not your friend," he said. "I love you, Carmen."

He said it simply, quietly, sincerely. She caught her breath. She was too late

now. If she had been as clever as she thought she was, this need never have happened.

"But Richard," she said softly, her heart beating very fast, "you don't know anything about me."

That was a silly get-away and she knew it. As if that mattered, as if argument mattered once a man thought he loved you. Why had she let it come to this?

"Stupid fellow up from the country."

said Richard gently, watching her face. There was fear in her dark eyes. Like a bird, he thought, like the birds he sometimes caught in the strawberry netting fluttering aimlessly here and there. If she would he still he could make her safe.

"You don't know—don't understand," she faltered. Really for a smart girl she was managing the whole affair very badly. She wished he would take away his hand, take his eyes off her face. He confused her.

"I don't know much about anything, Carmen, but I do know this." He paused a second and went on slowly as one making an act of faith. "I know that I love you and shall love you till I die. I don't understand all these ways of the town, but when I know a thing I'm pretty certain. I love you, Carmen, my world begins and ends with you."

"No, no, Richard," she pleaded in dismay. "Please stop—"

He didn't heed her. He was determined to put his case. He had spent a sleepless night fighting for courage to say what he had to say. He mustn't stop now. He'd never have this much courage a second time. "I knew it from the first moment I saw you. I didn't mean to speak. I hadn't anything to offer—anything but love—but that's a big thing, Carmen. When I knew how much I loved you I didn't think any of the other things mattered. I know I'm asking a lot—but love does ask a lot—and it gives a lot."

She drew her hand away. She got to her feet. Her knees were trembling, but her little head was high. "No—no—Richard—please—"

He must stop before he smashed their friendship, their happy carefree friendship that was going to be something different from anything she had with any other man. He mustn't bring himself into line with the others.

He was beside her in an instant. His arms were around her. It seemed as if she no longer had any will of her own. His lips sought hers. "My sweet, my sweet," she heard him say. Then somehow everything was blotted out, save the fact that he was so near and so dear. This kiss had no relation to all the furtive kisses she had known snatched from her in the dark. She lay relaxed in his arms, a moment delicious, ecstatic, the world forgotten.

"Carmen," he whispered, "when will you marry me?"

He had broken the spell. She awoke and remembered. She wrenched herself free. This was insanity. "No use to her." Of course he was "no use to her." She stood alone. Her words came quiet and clear though the blood sang in her ears and the green heath shimmered before her eyes.

"Never, Richard, never," she said.

Richard shook his head as if convinced that he had not heard aright. "What did you say?"

"Never," she repeated softly.

It was as if all the heart had gone out of him.

"You don't love me," he said. "I'm sorry. I've been stupid."

"It's not just that."

Richard smiled wryly. "Something else I don't understand."

She didn't move. She was afraid. She'd be a "smart girl" to the end. She knew all about men. This one was "no use to her." She mustn't make any mistake. She'd got to cling to Papa Temple's words.

"I can't marry you, Richard," she repeated.

He nodded. "It's like everything else, Carmen. You let me care, but with you it didn't mean anything. Like your clothes and your forward young men. Nothing in this hateful town means anything."

"It's just this hateful town itself, Richard. I can't leave it for you—or anyone else."

"You don't love me."

"I suppose not," she said slowly. "If I loved you I'd find the world well lost. Love should be enough." She looked at him earnestly. "It's odd. A town shouldn't mean more to you than a man—if it does it's the wrong man, isn't it?"

He didn't look at her again. "The wrong man," he echoed dully.

"Please, Richard," she came and sat beside him and put her hand on his arm.

"Yet when I held you—" he burst out. "That moment you were mine—you know it as well as I do—your surrendered."

She nodded. "But one can't marry on kisses, Richard. You're a farmer, and that's important. It isn't just a job, it's a lifework—and a lifework in which I have no part."

"You could take your part," he said, but he said it without conviction. The fight had gone out of him. He knew his cause was already lost. One didn't argue a girl into marriage.

"ON a farm?" she said incredulously. It seemed to stand like an impassable gulf between them.

"What's wrong with a farm?"

"Nothing. What's wrong with deep sea fishing? Nothing. It's just that it's another world."

"But together we could make it one world—our world," he said.

She shook her head. "It can't be done," she said in a hopeless little whisper.

His lips set. "It was a silly idea of mine. How could I expect you to give up all this? It—it doesn't matter."

He was silent then, his hands clasped tightly in front of him, his eyes on the gravel. Just an occasional twitch of the lips betrayed him. It felt like a long time—perhaps it was a minute—just sixty seconds during which Carmen felt her heart beating curiously fast.

"You mustn't mind," he said at last. "It was just my mistake. I want you to pretend it never happened. It never should have happened. I was a fool."

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"It's all right," he repeated. Then he straightened his shoulders and got to his feet. His face had changed. "Come, Carmen, we'd better move along. It's getting late." He pointed to the sky all gold and grey and opalescent green. "Sunset for London, sunset for Richard." He turned and moved away briskly and she had no alternative but to fall into step.

"I think after all I'll catch that evening train to-night. Then I'll be back in time for work to-morrow." He had put the past behind him. They were nominally "just friends" again, they were actually

nothing. "Uncle Dan is getting pretty sore, anyway, and there's no denying that he's a crotchety."

"But to-morrow's Sunday," she objected. "She didn't want him to go. It was so dreadfully final."

"Cattle don't respect the sabbath," he said. "He knew, more clear-sighted than she did, that their friendship was over and that he had better go. He had killed their friendship with love, and now he had nothing. 'Cattle expect to be fed and watered seven days a week. You can't ever let up on the livestock. You do well to stick to the dead things—money will stay put at your will—cows won't.'"

Carmen shivered. The summer seemed to have faded from the day.

It was Richard who made conversation. Richard who went on talking about irrelevant things till they reached the bus stop.

"Mind if I leave you here? I'll take the Tube. I've got to get my things together."

"No, of course—" she faltered, completely baffled by this new Richard.

He was holding out his hand. "Good-bye, Carmen."

She couldn't believe it. They were saying good-bye as calmly and politely as if nothing had happened, saying good-bye forever. He was going back to his strange world and she had refused to follow.

"Good-bye, Richard."

He let go of her hand. "Here's your bus," he said.

Somehow before she knew it he had hustled her on to a bus. Well, he had been "different" right to the very end. For a moment she saw him standing there, his hat in his hand, his grave blue eyes watching her, and then a moment later the traffic hid him from her sight.

"NO use to her . . . no use . . ." she told herself over and over again as she sat wide-eyed in the bus, surprised at all sorts of sensations foreign to her previous experience.

Yet she was able to join the family at supper with a smile that was almost indistinguishable from the real thing.

"Where's the young man from the country? Why didn't you bring him home?" asked her father.

"He had a train to catch."

"Gosh," said young Sandro, "he hasn't left you for the barn and the byre, the pigs and the cows?"

"Yes, strangely enough he prefers them."

"One of your failures?"

"Exactly."

"Eat up your food while it is hot," said Mama. "He was a good young man."

No one took the trouble to question this statement. They had other things on their minds. Already Richard Drayton was half-forgotten. He had been just another of the many strangers that passed through their lives. But Carmen did not forget.

Lil had come in from the shop to ask where Papa had put Mr. Smith's back numbers of the "Radio Times." These were the things that mattered.

Besides Ben wanted a family concubine. He had a story to tell of how a lad had tried to grab a pile of magazines, and how he had caught him in the nick of time.

"These boys are becoming a positive menace," he said.

"He got off?" asked Papa Temple.

"Yes, they're like lightning. I reckon we lose a pound a week on them. Something has got to be done."

Papa Temple nodded. "Otherwise it's going to get worse."

Instinctively both men turned to Carmen. "Any suggestions?"

She nodded. It had long been a vexed question. She was used to their asking her advice and listening to what she had to say. She brought her mind back from Hampstead Heath to the supper table. "I've been wondering if we need have that display of magazines out in the front."

"What do you mean?" asked Ben mildly. "We've got to show our stock."

"Have we? It's those magazines that are so handy to snatch. They never get any off the counter. Do we need to show those? Everyone knows we've got everything that anyone could reasonably want. Do you think people buy papers because they see them displayed?"

"Yes," said Ben. "They see their favorite author's name on the cover, or a new knitting pattern or they realise that the new issue is out."

The argument went on for a long time. Everyone joined in. In the end it was decided to try Carmen's original suggestion.

Later that night Lil sat on the edge of Carmen's bed and watched her sister brush her shining hair.

"I am sorry the young farmer has gone," she said.

"Why?"

"I liked him."

"He asked me to marry him to-day."

Carmen's voice expressed absolutely nothing. She might have been recording the purchase of a penny stamp.

Lil gasped. For a moment she was speechless. Then she smiled as one might at the forgivable enormities committed by some child. "He has plenty of courage," she said.

"Why do you say that?"

Lil spread her hands in a little gesture such as Mama Temple used when her English failed her. For a moment Lil's English had failed her, too. It was hard to find words for what she thought of Richard Drayton's proposal.

"It is difficult to say it without sounding unkind," her soft slow voice was always gentle. "But what has he to offer? I don't mean in money, but in life?"

"He is a fine man." Still Carmen's voice expressed nothing.

"But he lives in the country."

Carmen nodded thoughtfully. "I suppose we're right about the country."

"Right?" for a moment Lil was puzzled. "I don't know anything about it," she said honestly, "except that I don't want to live there. Why, it's another world."

"That's what I thought," said Carmen dryly. She had been right then. Her own reaction was not abnormal. Here was Lil, most kindly of people, she, too, thought the country was an impossible proposition.

"What did you say to him?"

"Oh, just what you've said." Carmen laid down her brush and bent her head over her nails. It was as if only half her attention was on what she was saying. "I told him it was impossible."

Lil got off the bed and stood for a moment looking unseeing into the distance.

"Queer that he should have thought he had any hope of a smart girl like you." She moved to the door still pondering the problem. "Good night," she said. "To-morrow's Sunday, I'll let you sleep."

"Good night."

Carmen sat motionless at the dressing-table, no longer making any pretence that she was busy with her nails. "A smart girl." Was she so smart after all? She hadn't been very clever with Richard Drayton. She had let him get to the point of proposing and after she had refused him it was he who had taken command, and been the one to be cheerful and tactful and behave as if nothing had happened. She felt strangely tired and blank. Had she been such "a smart girl" after all?

Annie did not come in on Sunday and when Carmen came down late the following morning it was her mother who jumped up and went into the kitchen to cook her eggs and bacon.

Carmen followed her and perched herself on the edge of the kitchen table.

"MAMA, darling, if I were any good I'd be doing that, not you."

Mama Temple laughed. "Not you, my clever one. You do lots of other things. You do sums!" That to Mama Temple's mind was almost the highest achievement of the human brain. "It is not necessary for one like you to know how to cook."

"But supposing I marry a poor man."

Mama Temple scouted such a ridiculous idea. "That you will not do—that you need never do—Why, you could marry anybody."

"But supposing I loved a poor man?"

Mama Temple turned quickly away from the great old-fashioned range. Her kindly face was momentarily wrinkled in anxiety. She laid a hand on Carmen's knee. "It is not so? Say it is not so? Who is he?"

Carmen laughed reassuringly and patted her mother's hand. "He isn't anybody. I was only supposing."

"But you never said things like that before." Mama Temple was only half reassured.

"Chance, darling. Why should I marry a poor man, I know plenty of rich ones?"

"Leon's father's restaurant makes money," said Mama Temple, turning back to the range, "and that friend of Papa's—the one from Leeds—he is rich, and—"

Mama Temple's voice trailed on while she expertly shifted the eggs and bacon from the pan to the plate, running as it were through a list of possible starters. Carmen was no longer listening. She was wondering what had made her say such a silly thing about "a poor man's wife."

Carmen promised herself that by Monday morning it would be as if Richard Drayton had never existed.

Monday itself wasn't any help. It was a grey day with a cold wind that caught one as one hurried round the corners.

A spiteful little wind that tugged at Carmen's straw hat and suddenly demonstrated that her summer suit was no longer warm enough.

A hateful wind that seemed to cut through her thin clothes and play havoc. There could be no other explanation of the ache that wasn't exactly physical.

Carmen told herself not to be a fool. All day she "jollied 'em along," but the zest seemed to have gone out of the game.

Just about two-thirty the suspense became unbearable. She listened breathlessly for that slow, heavy, even tread. She would know it in a million city-bred footsteps. She waited for the shadow that would fall on her ledger. She waited for the moment when she would raise her eyes and see his grave blue eyes look-

ing down into her own. Two thirty-five. Any minute now. He was seldom later. Two-forty—fifty—three o'clock. The early teas were coming in. She "jollied 'em along." Richard Drayton had gone forever, but she still had London town.

She hugged it to her heart—day after day—and London did everything it could to prove itself unworthy. It drizzled. The cobbles in the Garden were covered in grease dangerous for little high-heeled shoes. A biting wind slapped at her face till she looked nipped. The river was foggy, the trees were growing bare. The leaves had fallen first from the planes, which stretched complaining arms to heaven. There was death and decay in the air. The little heaps of fallen leaves grew soggy and lay neglected in corners. It was dark early. It never seemed really light. And day after day Carmen wore that she would forget and day after day she remembered.

"Going out to-night, Carmen?"

"Yes, Mama."

THEY were still waiting. The young men. She could pick and choose. She was fastidious. And still she really went out with London town.

But now the faces of the friendly crowd were a white blur, the music of the streets was only noise, the lights that had been jewels were only lamp standards.

Only the young men had not altered. They did not know one could be any different.

"Carmen, I'm crazy about you."

"Just leave it at crazy," came the answer from force of habit.

For the rest of the world, the bright smile, the quick answer, even the smart new winter outfit, gave the impression that Carmen was untouched by anything.

"The hall is always littered with your young men," complained Ben. "Why don't you have one of them and put the rest out of their misery?"

"Why should I?"

"What's the matter with 'em?"

"Nothing. They're all as like as a row of beans, that's all. I couldn't choose one. I'd have to marry the lot."

"Well, why not say 'eeny, meeny.' I don't care which of them you have, but last night one of them borrowed my mackintosh and the night before one of them finished my cigarettes. Just take 'em out of my life and I don't care what you do with them."

Carmen looked at him searchingly. "Honestly, Ben, would you marry any of them, if you had a job and a good home? Do you think it matters much if one stays single?"

Ben let out an enormous guffaw. "Look at who's staying single. It can't be done, my pretty. Not with people like you and me. Someone more determined than the others always comes and sweeps us away in the end."

"Is that what you honestly think, Ben?"

He nodded sagely. "You know, Carmen, I don't think people really mean to get married. At least not people like us who have all we want already. It just sort of happens. And it's the other person's fault."

"I see." And then she was suddenly conscious that Ben wasn't thinking about her problem at all but about his own. Some girl had perhaps marked him down. "Who in she, Ben?"

"Legion is her name. Monstrous regiment of women." She'll get me in the

end, and I'll probably go thinking I'm a lucky fellow."

"Sure. Unless the courts make you go first." She looked up admiringly at his dark magnificence. "I can't think how you've escaped so long."

"That's what I often think about you. Nineteen, Carmen, and among the lot of them not one that's man enough to clout you into submission."

Saturday, two weeks later, as Carmen came unthinkingly out of the snack bar, someone caught her by the wrist. She looked up in surprise and there was Richard Drayton looking down at her. "I'm sorry," he stammered. "I shouldn't have—forgive me—I meant to keep away—I couldn't."

"Richard—oh, Richard." She put out a hand to touch his coat to make quite sure that he was real.

"Why you're lovelier than ever," he said, standing quite still on the pavement, looking at her with his searching blue eyes.

She smiled and the red lips parted and there was a faint flush under the creamy skin. "I've aged," she laughed, shakily, happily. "Aged terribly since you left."

"Could we go somewhere—where we could talk?"

It was a raw grey day. London did not seem to offer much refuge.

Carmen could think of nowhere but the big tea-shop at the top of the street. It was almost deserted at this between-meals hour. They found a corner, gave an absent-minded order for tea and sat side by side, looking at one another, incoherent at the first astonishment of being together again.

"I thought I could do it, Carmen." The words came very slowly. "I thought I could stay away."

"And then—"

"Somehow you'd got all mixed up in everything."

Carmen laughed softly. "Not, I hope, with the cows."

"Everything," he repeated. "I had to come back, I've thought it all out."

He stopped while the waitress slapped the tea on the table and laid the bill by the plate. The waitress was used to young couples who ordered tea and then sat for hours forgetting even to pour it out. The waitress went away to the far end of the shop and snatched a few moments well-earned rest.

Carmen watched till the girl was out of sight. "You thought it all out?" she asked.

"Like this, Carmen. You said you couldn't love me because you loved London more. That cuts both ways—"

"I don't understand."

"Down there I saw it all." His voice was low. "Down there you have time and space to think. Things get clear. If that went for you, what about me? I didn't love Oldfields more than I loved you, Carmen."

"Oh, Richard—"

"Oldfields is in my blood, but you are in my heart. I was born at Oldfields. My family have farmed those lands for generations and generations. Some day," he said eagerly, "I'll show you the title deeds. They go back to Dutch William." He stopped and started again. This was not what he had meant to say. "But when I got there, Carmen, I knew it all meant nothing if I couldn't see you. Uncle Dan," he smiled, "he thinks I'm bewitched. Perhaps I am. He didn't want me to come back. Not my cousin Judith who keeps house for him. They've had to take on an extra hand." He paused surprised at himself. "Once that would have seemed to me a terrible

calamity. Now I don't care about anything but you, Carmen. Nothing else seems quite serious."

"You—you've come back for good?" she whispered.

He nodded. "Even if you won't marry me, Carmen," he said. "I must be here where I can see you—be near you. I'll get work, I can't live all that way away."

"You'd do this for me?"

"My sweet, I've told you. I love you." She slipped her hand inside his arm, her shoulder pressed against his.

"Richard, when can we get married?"

He looked down at her upturned face. "Carmen, my sweet—"

Then he looked away, swiftly along the empty room. The waitress was sitting with her head against the service lift and her eyes closed. Richard bent and kissed Carmen on the soft red mouth. "My sweet, at once, it must be at once, before you change your mind."

"I shan't change."

He laid his fingers across her lips. "Don't boast. It's unlucky."

She laughed happily. "What will they say now—the cows and Uncle Dan and the pigs and Cousin Judith?"

"That's nothing. What will they say, the United Temples?"

For a moment her eyes were thoughtful. "They're clever. They'll know I've found a real man."

"I wonder am I any more. Now I haven't any will but yours. And your people shall be my people." You should be saying that to me. We're the wrong way round according to Holy Writ."

"Do you mind?"

"I'm absurdly happy."

"I'm afraid you're getting a bad bargain. I'm pretty spoilt."

He nodded. "I know."

"You know?" She was mildly indignant.

"Your people think you're wonderful. And they're quite right. I agree with them. I hope to keep on spoiling you, Carmen, till the end of the chapter."

WHEN they walked out into the raw grey day they were not conscious of the cold, or the untidy autumnal look of the streets, or the forbidding shutters of the deserted city shops. They walked along, her hand in his, and she chattered eagerly, planning their future. Once more she had taken command. She knew how life could and should be lived in her own territory.

"Papa will find you a job, Richard. He knows all sorts of people and they're always anxious to oblige Papa Temple. And we could live at home."

"No," he protested mildly. "I have some money. We mustn't burden your father."

"He wouldn't mind, but just as you like," she agreed easily. "It didn't seem very important. We can take rooms quite near. Mrs. Dunne up the street lets rooms. And, of course, I'll keep my job."

A shadow crossed his face. "You want to do that?"

"But of course. Otherwise what could I do with myself all day while you were out at work?"

"Won't you have your house?" he faltered.

"Two rooms. Why, Mrs. Dunne will look after those and cook for us. Anyway, I'm no use about a house. Calculus, not cooking, is my strong point. It's Lil who has always helped Mama,

Besides, we need the money and I like to feel independent."

For a moment Richard did not speak. He seemed to be turning the matter over in his mind. "The ways of people here are not my ways, Carmen, but if I'm going to live here I suppose I'd best try to adapt myself. I see it's no good behaving in Covent Garden as one does on the farm. I don't understand things here, Carmen. I leave it all to you."

"That's right, darling," Carmen was completely self-confident about the outcome. "You'll see, Richard. It will all be wonderful."

"I shall have you," he said simply. "We shall have each other."

They walked all the way to Covent Garden like people in a trance. Richard could still hardly believe that it was all true, that he had come up from the country and captured London's prize exhibit. At the back of his mind was a faint unease. Carmen might suddenly wake up to what she had done, might tell him that it was all a mistake—his mistake.

And Carmen, too, suffered a faint unease. She could hardly recognise herself. It was disconcerting to find that one was not at all the smart girl one had imagined. It was all very puzzling.

They found Papa Temple in his shop. He looked up in surprise when he saw them.

"Why, it's the young farmer come back. We thought you'd gone for good, young man."

"I had to come back, sir, because of Carmen."

Papa Temple didn't like the sound of what he heard but he put a good face on the matter. "And what does Carmen say to that?" he asked.

"She has said 'yes,' Mr. Temple."

"You mean?"

"We're going to be married, Papa."

For a moment there was silence in the shop. Suddenly Carmen saw her father from a new angle. He seemed to have aged. She had a vision of what he would be like ten years hence. It faded at once. Papa Temple pulled himself together.

"I MUST hear more of this," he said non-committally. "But not here." He got up and called "Lil!" and when she appeared he said: "Mind the shop for a while. I'm going into the parlour." Then he preceded the lovers into the comparative privacy of the living-room.

Very quickly Richard told his story. "I hope you don't mind, sir. I know Carmen is very young, but—"

Papa Temple nodded. "I can't pretend I like it, Drayton. She's too young. And some day you'll want to go back to your cows and your pigs and what happens then?"

"He won't want to go back ever," said Carmen. "Not once he knows London."

Her father looked at her doubtfully. "Let's hope not."

She laughed. "Why should he? Here he has all the world—and me." She stretched her arms in a gesture of mock surrender.

Her father grinned. "I suppose it's no good my opposing you," he said.

"Not a bit."

"She's very much my daughter, Drayton. Extremely pig-headed. If it's no good my fighting, if it's inevitable, I'll just have to do the best I can for both

of you. Carmen seems to have it pretty well all mapped out."

"You'll find Richard a job, Papa."

"Of course I will. I expect Marsh could use you, Drayton. He was asking me about someone the other day. I'll speak to him."

"Please, Mr. Temple," Richard protested. "I have some money saved. I don't want to trespass on your kindness. I can look round for something."

"Nonsense, my boy. Carmen's husband must have a job. You don't know how hard it is to find anything in London. I can find it for you. People ask me—"

"I see," said Richard absently, and added hastily, "Thank you very much." The words "Carmen's husband must have a job," stuck in his mind.

"So that's all right," said Papa Temple. Richard made a last effort to assert himself. "I shall inherit Oldfields," he said. "When Uncle Dan dies the farm will be mine."

"That's all right, my boy. I love money, but I love Carmen more. I would have liked her to marry a rich man, but still more I like her to marry the man she fancies."

"Thank you, sir," Richard had to remind himself that this was a very kind and honorable sentiment.

"Well, we must tell the others. And we must celebrate. This is a big event."

They found Mama Temple in the parlour. Somehow she guessed. Her eyes filled with tears. "You are going away, Carmen," she said blankly.

"No darling. Of course not. I'll be in the next street and in to visit you every day. You'll see my being married won't make a bit of difference."

Mama Temple held out a hand in Richard's direction. "You must forgive me. You are a good boy, I am sure. But it is always hard on a mother. I expect your mother feels just the same."

"My mother is dead," he said softly.

"Ah, poor boy." And then she smiled at the happy solution. "But here you will find a new family with us."

Ben came in whistling with a pile of penny notebooks in one hand and a pile of loose change in the other. He had been collecting their weekly accounts.

"Good Lord, the farmer's back. How goes it, Drayton?" He nodded with friendly ease and went on quickly. "I simply can't get the money out of number eight."

But for once no one was interested in news of the shop. Papa Temple waved a hand at the young couple.

"What do you think? They are going to be married!"

For a moment Ben's face expressed nothing but blank amazement. "No!" he ejaculated incredulously. Then he remembered his manners. "Well, that's fine," he said. "Fine." He looked doubtfully at his sister. "Going to till the soil?"

"Of course not. Richard's going to get a job in town."

"That's sensible. There's no money to be made in the country, old man. You're doing a wise thing. This town is full of opportunities." Ben laughed.

"Why, farming isn't even picturesque any more. I see someone has invented a machine for drying hay!"

"I never thought about its being picturesque," said Richard surprised.

"Does Lil know about all this? She must be told. I'll go and let her loose," said Ben, glad to escape.

Lil had time to suppress her astonish-

ment and compose her face before she appeared on the scene, but Sandro bouncing in out of the street was not so skilled in polite evasions.

"It isn't true, is it?" he asked rushing up to Carmen. "You're never going to marry good old Richard, the wide open spaces merchant."

"Yes, I am," said Carmen crossly. "Where are your manners? And what's so surprising about it?"

Sandro wrung Richard heartily by the hand. "Condolences," he said.

Mama Temple tactfully remembered the meal that Annie was preparing. In a remarkably short space of time they were all at table, laughing, gesticulating, talking, making Richard one of the family. He had sacrificed Oldfields, but they offered him Covent Garden in exchange.

"How soon can we be married?" asked Richard, turning instinctively to his future father-in-law. "I'm so afraid that Carmen may change her mind."

"No, no," said Mama Temple, with good intentions but not very happy results. "Once Carmen says she'll do a thing, she do it, no matter how much she hate it."

"Let's get married at once," said Carmen. "In St. Paul's—right in the Garden."

Papa Temple looked thoughtful. He took a broad-minded view about the church. It was probably a very excellent institution. He regarded it rather as a store at which he did not shop. It might be a very good store, it happened to have nothing he wanted.

"You know one of the clergy," said Ben helpfully. "Telegraph and Spectator. Weekly account."

"Anyway I'll fix it," said Papa.

"How soon?" asked Richard eagerly. "Three weeks?"

Papa Temple looked across at Carmen for a denial of this absurd suggestion. But what he saw there made him realise that all delay would be useless. Her eyes were fever bright, her lips were parted eagerly. Everything else in life that he had given her would be useless if she could not have this one thing.

When it was time for Richard to go Carmen walked with him to the Tube. He looked about him distrustfully. He could not reconcile himself to London's lack of privacy, to all the windows that looked down like staring eyes, to the steady stream of passers-by.

When they reached the entrance to the Tube, Carmen paused and raised her face to him. She was not conscious of the streets or the crowds. She knew their indifference, she knew that it was easy to be invisible where there was a throng of people.

He caught her to him and held her very close.

"World well lost, Richard," she whispered.

"What do you mean, Carmen?"

"We can't keep our love and both our worlds. Someone has to lose out. Do you mind, Richard?"

"You are all my worlds," he said.

It was what she wanted to hear him say, but it didn't really answer her question.

When she got home, her father was standing in the doorway.

"Gone?"

"For to-night."

"You know what you're doing, don't

you?" he said slowly. "You're caging something which ought to be free."
"London isn't a cage," she said indignantly.
"It isn't to us. It will be to him."
"I didn't ask him to come back—"
"I know. You only waited—like the load star." He sighed. "Well, at least we can make the cage warm and dry and comfortable."

"You're all wrong," she said.
Papa Temple was as good as his word. Over the week-end he had secured Richard a job in the packing department of Messrs Marsh, trade paper publishers. Joe Marsh wanted a man strong enough to handle heavy parcels when necessary; a man of sufficient intelligence to see that such parcels were correctly packed and addressed, and that such as were for export had their custom forms properly filled; and a man of sufficient personality to be able to keep half a dozen subordinates in order.

Richard started right away to work. He was not very communicative when Carmen asked him how he was getting on. His answers were always vague and unsatisfactory. He didn't seem to want to think about it out of office hours. After all, why bother? There were so many other and more pleasant matters that needed immediate attention.

Carmen was in a whirl of activity. Every hour that could be spared from Tommy's Snack Bar was filled.

Reuben had been told of the impending marriage.

"That's all right with me," he said, "but it's to go no further."

"No further?"

"I'm a married man myself." He winked. "I lead a double life."

"Oh, yes, it's this way. My wife and I we've got a very smart house and a very fine car in a very elegant part of Hampstead. All very nice. And then people say—what do I do?—I tell 'em I'm in the city. See?"

Carmen laughed. "I don't see what that's got to do with my marriage."

"You've got to lead a double life, too. In this shop you are Carmen Temple, and you wear no wedding ring and that young husband of yours doesn't have to show his face around the place."

Carmen considered. After all, Richard would be working. He'd have no opportunity of showing his face. Obviously she had no alternative but to agree to Reuben's proposal. She saw his point of view. But she didn't think there was any need to tell Richard. He'd never find out, and it was just another of those city things he wouldn't understand.

She had practically agreed to take Mrs. Dunne's rooms and that evening she was going to show them to Richard. They were good rooms, she thought, big, homely, unpretentious—the sort of rooms to which she had always been accustomed. The furniture was ugly late Victorian, but the beds were comfortable. She had tested the springs. And the sitting-room had two capacious armchairs and a sofa. But the great attraction was that the rooms were only half a street away from her father's shop.

She displayed them proudly to Richard. "Only thirty shillings a week as it's for us."

Richard looked around him in astonishment. He looked at the great mahogany sideboard, at the red Turkey carpet worn a little bare in patches, at the crowd of ornaments, at the heavy rep curtains.

It was such a very indoor room. In his mind's eye he saw a farmhouse

through which the sea breezes blew untrammelled.

He looked at Carmen. "You find this all right?" It was just another of those things he couldn't understand.

"Don't you like it?"

He caught her to him. "I am happy wherever I have you." And they kissed and Mrs. Dunne's ugly apartments became the Garden of Eden.

Indeed, Richard was glad even to go to see rooms for he had hardly had Carmen to himself for a moment since the wedding had been arranged. The Temple house was always full of strangers whom Carmen must stay at home to receive. The news of the wedding brought people round every evening, and there were distant cousins and aunts, and girls with whom Carmen had been at school, and old men who had known Carmen since she was a baby. They came nominally to meet the prospective bridegroom, but somehow after the first hearty salutations and congratulations he was a little obscured by the Temples themselves.

Part of Carmen's time was given to the question of a trousseau.

"Darling, I cannot understand why to move from one street to another you need so many new clothes," protested Richard when his desire for a little of Carmen's company was refused on the ground of fittings.

CARMEN shook her head. "I know you can't, Richard. It's quite absurd. But Mama wouldn't feel I was legally married unless I had two of everything and after all Papa is paying for it all, and I think he enjoys it."

They were to be married on the Saturday. On the Friday evening Carmen received a letter with a country postmark. It was on cheap white notepaper and the handwriting was round and careful.

"Dear Miss Temple,

"I am Richard's cousin and he has asked me to write to offer you my best wishes. Some day we hope to see you here. My uncle has not been very well lately, but the turn of the year will set him up, and when he knows Richard is really married he'll stop hoping and settle down again. Richard will make you a grand husband."

"Judith."

Carmen looked at the letter with vague unease. It was part of Richard's past, part of Richard's real life—the life about which she knew so little.

She shook off the mood. There was too much to do to worry about trifles. Then she stopped for a moment. She had thought that several times lately. She hoped a lot of trifles didn't mount up and make something important. And then there was Lil with the gold tissue frock for the morrow and the matter went out of Carmen's mind.

Nothing dimmed Carmen's radiance as a bride. She looked lovely—everyone in the Garden said they had never seen a more beautiful bride.

As she came down the aisle it seemed to Richard that they were alone in the old church. The strangers who crowded the pews were blotted out. He did not see Mama Temple's tear-stained face, nor Papa Temple vaguely uncomfortable in his new blue suit. He did not see Lil in her Madonna beauty, nor his best man Benito, adding his graceful gesture to the occasion.

He saw only Carmen as she walked

up the aisle. She was no longer the worldly wise, the clever, she was a very young girl, trustingly putting her life into his hands, coming to him with all her gifts, because she loved him.

Their eyes met and for her, too, there was for the moment no one else in the church. She felt assured, rapturous. She was doing the right thing. She was adding a new joy to life.

Half an hour later they were all standing in the autumn sunshine on the porch of the church. It was all over. The world had intruded noisily. People were throwing confetti. Ben was anxiously whispering something about change to tip somebody. Neighbors were shaking hands. Lil was holding her mother's arm. Everything was ordinary and everyday again. Papa Temple remembered that he had a duty as a host.

He had arranged a party—a party he hoped the Garden would remember. It proved a grand party, full of honest good feeling, overflowing with genuine affection for Papa Temple's brood. Bolsterous but kind and there was sincerity in the toasts and the congratulations. It was the Garden at its best.

But Richard felt very much the stranger.

Richard thought that Carmen had never looked lovelier. That night when he took her home to their rooms he was glad to get her away from all these people who knew her so much better than he did, but who could not love her half so well.

Even now he could hardly believe that she was his, even now when he held her in his arms, and her lips yielded readily, and her soft hair brushed his cheek, and she murmured absurd little endearments. Even now it seemed too great a miracle to be true.

"My sweet, I feel I've stolen you when they weren't looking, and when you were only half awake. You're so much too good for me."

"I'm not." She made a little grimace. "That's the trouble. I shine because I've had a lot of polishing, but I'm electroplated and you're real silver."

He took her face gently between his hands.

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'll break you."

She looked so beautiful, so white, so fragile, as if the flame of her spirit kept her body alive.

"I'm a bit of a lightweight every way," she said. "But I do love you, Richard. It's funny, I never knew before that it could matter so much. It's a most interesting feeling."

He laughed and picked her up and set her in one of the big armchairs. "There," he stepped back. "I want to see how you look by your own fireside."

"Well?" she asked with feigned anxiety.

"Wonderful. Oh, Carmen," he crossed quickly and threw himself on his knees and buried his face in her lap. "Carmen, my sweet, I feel you're a kind of trust."

"What a funny idea, Richard."

"I know that look in your father's eye, Carmen. If I don't come up to scratch he's quite capable of taking you away from me."

"But I'm your wife."

"He won't mind. He's only concerned that you should be happy. And he's quite right. It's my only concern also."

She laid her hand on his thick curly hair. "Don't worry, my Richard," she whispered. "We're going to be absurdly happy."

There was a sharp ring on the down-

stairs bell, followed by a double knock. For a moment it arrested their attention.

"Something for Mrs. Dunne, I expect," said Carmen.

Richard laughed. "Seems funny living in a house with other people."

They heard Mrs. Dunne's footsteps in the passage, heard her open the door, and then mount the stairs. She held out a telegram. It was addressed to Richard.

"More congratulations?" asked Carmen.

He opened the envelope and read the message. "I'm afraid it's bad news," he said, very quietly.

"Is there any answer?" asked Mrs. Dunne, who was enjoying herself.

"No, thanks."

For a moment a silence, ominous and tense, hung in the room.

Richard turned to Carmen. "It's from Judith."

"Yes?" A vague feeling of resentment stirred in her heart. What right had Judith to send Richard bad news on his wedding day?

"Uncle Dan has taken a turn for the worse," Richard stood uncertain what to do, holding the flimsy piece of paper in his big hand.

"I'm sorry, darling." This mythical "Uncle Dan" meant nothing to her. "Is there anything we can do?"

"I'm afraid not." He was plainly worried. Already he seemed to have forgotten that Carmen was the beginning and end of his world. Oldfields had claimed him again. "Uncle Dan was a tough proposition, but he reared me from a kid. It's a handful for Judith to manage by herself. She's wonderfully capable, but he's a difficult man to nurse." His mind was away on his own lands.

"I expect the neighbors will help," said Carmen and laid a hand on the lapel of his coat.

The gesture brought him back to the present. "I'm sorry," he said, crumpling the wire into a ball and tossing it aside. "We'll have a letter Monday. Let's forget it till then. Oldfields will have to wait for once." He put his arms around her. "This is my wedding night."

BUT as she gave him her lips a faint doubt stirred in her mind. Would Oldfields be content to wait? Would Judith?

Carmen's suspicions of Judith were confirmed when Richard got a letter on the Monday saying that Uncle Dan had now taken a turn for the better and that the doctor was most hopeful.

So Oldfields sank into the background and the Garden became once more their centre of interest.

For Carmen's life had not greatly changed. It had merely become enriched. As of old, every day she went to work, and every day she saw her own people, and over and above it all she had Richard.

Sometimes it seemed as if she had hardly left her own family. Mama Temple loved to cook. Her big, handsome son-in-law must come in on Monday and taste her fritto misto, and on Tuesday because they were having ravioli, and on Wednesday Papa Temple was opening some Laetrine Christi which had been sent over specially from Naples. One way or another there was nearly always a good excuse for dining with Carmen's family.

Even had he wished to do so it would have been hard for Richard to refuse. They were so kind and generous and affectionate. He was considered so completely one of themselves.

"It is so good you come, Richard," said Mama Temple. "I love you like a

son and always I need you both. My Carmen she is clever with the figures, but for the housekeeping!" She held up her expressive hands in horror. "Dio, for the housekeeping! Never mind. Always I love to cook for you both."

"You're very good to us, Mrs. Temple." Richard was carefully feeling his way towards something he had long wanted to say. "But I suppose some day Carmen will want a little house of her own."

"But what for? Are you not comfortable with that Mrs. Dunne? I tell you how we manage. Easily we make room for you here. I put Sandro into Ben's room and—"

"No, no," said Richard quickly. "It isn't that. Thank you all the same." Then he added more boldly, "I thought perhaps Carmen could learn some housekeeping from you. Happen some day she'd like to live on my uncle's farm."

Mama Temple looked puzzled. "On your farm," she repeated slowly. Then enlightenment came. "Oh—on your farm—I remember—in the country." She brought out these last three words as if they exactly located the property.

Richard smiled. "Yes. In the country."

Mama Temple laughed, a warm, round, comfortable sound. "Ah, my Carmen on a farm. Why she does not know the pig from the cow."

She gave Richard a friendly pat as if he had just made a very good joke. "You make the fun." She laughed again and nodded towards the kitchen. "For you to-night I make the sabatone." She swam away still chuckling at Richard's joke.

Sometimes it seemed to Richard that under cover of the noise and laughter round the table Papa Temple would look searchingly at Carmen. He would know if she were unhappy. His small bright eyes missed nothing. But they always came away satisfied from their search. Carmen was happy.

Papa Temple did not look at Richard in the same way. Just a general scrutiny to make sure that his daughter's husband was looking sober and healthy and well enough to satisfy his daughter.

Everyone had memories to share with Carmen except her new husband.

"Darling," she said, one evening after Richard had been more than usually silent. "Is everything all right? You seemed very quiet at dinner."

"I haven't any part to play in the 'Remember' chorus," he said with unwonted bitterness.

"The Remember chorus?"

"Carmen, sometimes it seems to me that they all know you so much better than I do. I'm jealous of all the years that you weren't mine, of all the things we haven't shared."

She slipped her arm inside his. She knew so well how to woo him from a mood, how to manage him. "But all the time, darling, you and I are building up new memories. Someday I'll say—'Remember that evening when you were so glum at dinner?'"

"And I'll say—I couldn't ever forget because you were wearing an absurd impractical frock of the kind of pink that you see in the young apple buds when they're still half-closed—and it matches exactly the pink in your cheeks. I couldn't ever forget how lovely you look."

She squeezed his arm contentedly. "And then there are all your memories of the farm. I'm not jealous of those."

The smile faded from his lips. He looked down at her gravely. "Sometimes

I almost wish you were, Carmen."

"But why?"

"It seems to have got so unreal—so far away. Sometimes I can hardly believe I ever was a farmer. I feel so empty handed. The things I could give you aren't the things you want. You haven't any good use for a view of wide skies and rough seas, have you? You don't need a stretch of arable land, or half a dozen fields of pasture?"

Once or twice Richard had persuaded Carmen to stay home in the evenings, but it had not been a great success. Mrs. Dunne had supplied the meal, and though in many ways an excellent woman she was a poor cook.

"Darling," said Carmen, sadly contemplating a burnt chop, "do you really prefer to stay at home and eat this?"

"HOME," said Richard doubtfully. "I can never think of this as home."

Carmen nodded in unthinking agreement. "Neither can I. Mama would much rather we lived with her. That's really home, isn't it?"

Richard pushed back his chair impatiently and walked to the window. "I have a home to offer you, Carmen."

"A home? Oh, on the farm. What's it like, Richard?"

For a moment he did not see the ugly row of houses opposite. He was a hundred miles away. "It has a kitchen very long and wide and there are windows every side to catch the sun and you can see the ships making for Paynton Harbor. The tiles on the floor are red, and Judith keeps them bright with a strange paste—and there's a long oak table, polished till you can see your own reflection, and a great oak chest where Judith keeps the knives and forks and on top there's a row of pewter mugs that have been there since man drank mead, and under the windows Judith grows wallflowers and roses and all the things that smell sweet and beyond there are fields and an orchard—"

He stopped suddenly embarrassed. "Oh and a lot of country things."

Carmen sighed luxuriously. "It sounds delicious. What a pity we can't move it to Charing Cross."

"You'd like to see it?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course. We'll get a week off in the summer. We might go down then."

"A week off in the summer," he said blankly.

"It should be at its best then. We could swim."

"Yes," he said grimly. "If you don't mind climbing down the rock face."

She had said the wrong thing. She went back patiently. "Don't people swim there?"

"No. They're much too busy."

"Don't summer boarders swim there?"

"We don't have any."

For a moment she looked thoughtful. "But wouldn't it be paying to have summer boarders. Why cousin—you know—cousin Judith could take a few at Oldfields."

"Uncle Dan is a farmer, not a hotel-keeper."

"And the mortgage. Summer boarders would pay off the mortgage perhaps."

He looked at her for a moment puzzled. Somehow he never thought much about whether the farm paid or not. Farming wasn't like any other business. If the land were hungry or dirty you had to feed it and clean it as if it were a child.

You didn't think about whether it would pay or not.

Richard chuckled before he spoke. "I fancy Uncle Dan would prefer the mortgage to the summer boarders," he said.

"In that case—" She made a little gesture of resignation and held out her hand to him. "Come on, darling, we promised to go round to see Papa."

RICHARD never complained, but the blue eyes that had been accustomed to long distances looked wistfully at the houses opposite, the man who had been his own master in a life that was hard but rich and varied and meaningful, was now imprisoned eight hours a day, doing a mechanical job for someone else's profit.

"Richard, are you sure you're happy?" Carmen would sometimes ask doubtfully. "You never talk about your work."

He laughed and drew her to him, and caught a strand of her silky perfumed hair in his fingers. "There isn't much to say about it, my sweet. We do the same thing every day."

Carmen wrinkled her brows. After all, nearly everybody she knew did do the same thing every day. It was in the nature of work to be repetitive. "But the other men, Richard? Don't you find any interest in them?"

"Oh, they're good fellows," he laughed. "But half the time I don't know what they're talking about, between the accent and the language, and when I do know what they're saying I still often don't know what they mean."

Carmen slipped an arm around his neck. "Darling, if you don't like it perhaps Papa could find you something else."

He shook his head gravely. "Your father has been too kind already. I didn't say I didn't like it, my sweet."

"But I'm worried, Richard." She ran a hand down his cheek. "You're losing your tan."

But it was more than that. In the well-cut clothes that Ben had chosen for him Richard had begun to look almost like a native of the town.

For a moment panic seized her. She had chosen him because he was different and now she was busy making him like all the others—a candidate for the row of bears.

"I don't want you to grow pale, Richard, and look like everybody else."

"Cheer up, I've tan in my soul!" He pulled her to him. "I thought you wanted me to become a Londoner?"

"So I did," she faltered.

"And then?"

"And then I loved you because you were different. That doesn't seem logical. And now I'm worrying about what London may do to you."

Because it wasn't only that he had lost his tan. She had a queer sensation that somehow in the city Richard had shrunk in stature. He had so often effaced himself in the Temple household that he had lost something in personality. He had so often been puzzled and proved wrong that he had acquired a deference that did not match his manhood.

"Don't worry, Carmen. Wherever you are I'm happy to be." He smiled at her. "You know with me, it's people, not places."

It was Mondays—always Mondays that brought a shadow into their days. For every Monday evening when they came home from work, there would be a letter

from Judith. She was very faithful about writing, long, laborious letters in her round, careful hand, giving an exact account of her stewardship.

They were depressing letters. Uncle Dan didn't seem to pick up. He was better, but he didn't get his strength back. The hired man wasn't doing so well.

Carmen always found this a depressing saga, and it convinced her more than ever that there was not much to be said for the country.

"Doesn't anything nice ever happen to Judith?"

Richard looked up from the letter in surprise. "Yes, I suppose so. But she wouldn't think to tell me. What would be the use?"

"It would vary the monotony of her style."

Richard laughed. "She might tell us how the sunsets are doing this season, and whether the woods are yet golden."

The laughter died from his voice. He had forgotten Carmen and the Garden. "I'd like to know whether those dahlias old Mrs. Warren gave me ever did any good," he said wistfully. "Hers were great purple ones. Farmers don't take much stock of gardens, but I'd like to know how they turned out. The frost will have them soon," he said. He gave a tiny sigh. The frost would have them soon, and he was tied to London and would never see their regal purple heads nodding in the sea breeze.

"Let's go and see Papa," Carmen urged. "Just to cheer us up."

"Yes, my sweet, you run ahead. I must just answer Judith first."

"Do to-morrow."

"No," he said with a little wrinkle of preoccupation. "They've got to know about that field. Should have been sown last week."

Carmen slipped an arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his curly hair. She had a queer feeling that he was suddenly lonely in her great city. "The sort of things Judith writes are as incomprehensible to me as the language of the packers is to you."

"I'd teach you," he said softly.

She wrinkled her nose. "I don't want to learn, darling. A place where pigs eat their babies!"

"Yes," he said absently. "She always does that unless you watch her. Not after the seventh day though. I always sit up with her."

Carmen gasped. "You sit up with a pig?"

"Oh Judith and I—we take it in turns."

For a moment Carmen was silent considering this peculiar proposition. She had never really thought concretely about the farm before. It was just "a place in the country," probably very pretty, but also very dull. Now it suddenly seemed extraordinarily menacing.

"What's Judith like?"

"Oh, she's a good girl," he said quietly.

"Darling, that's not very explicit. If someone asked you to describe me and you said I was a good girl, they wouldn't be much the wiser."

He laughed. "But then I'd never dream of saying you were a good girl."

"Oh, but I am!"

"Yes, but you're so many other things beside—clever and beautiful and amusing—"

"Well, isn't Judith any of those?"

"Oh, Judith is different," he said vaguely.

Carmen laughed. "Of course now I know exactly what she's like."

"Good. Then you run along to your

people and I'll write this letter and follow you in half an hour."

But for the first time since they were married Carmen walked slowly down the streets that lay between her old home and her new. She was thinking about Judith—the girl who was different.

By the end of the month Judith's letters had assumed a more cheerful tone. Uncle Dan was about again at work, things on the farm were getting into order.

Carmen was surprised one evening to find a letter from Oldfields in a spidery hand arriving on an unorthodox day of the week.

"It's Uncle Dan himself," explained Richard.

"Oh dear," said Carmen. "I hope the sow hasn't eaten Judith this time!"

It was a short note but to the point. Uncle Dan said that he had been mighty poorly, but that he was well now and things were quiet and he didn't think Judith looked too good with all the nursing and worrying. He'd give her her fare to London if Richard and his wife would have her to stay a week or two.

For a moment Carmen was taken aback, but she recovered quickly. "Why, of course, Richard. Let's wire. We'll easily get another bedroom from Mrs. Dunne and when we're both at work one of my family can take her around."

"You don't mind?" said Richard.

"Why should I mind?" She laughed. "You didn't mind my family. Besides, I want to meet her."

Richard smiled. "It will seem very strange," he said slowly, "Judith here."

"It will convince you that the farm really does exist. You go and send the wire. Looks more friendly than writing. I'll go and see about a room."

"A wire!" Richard chuckled and reached for his hat. "There's London ways! We only send a wire in case of death. They'll be terribly excited and flattered." He looked at Carmen admiringly. "I'd never have thought of it, though she's something to me and nothing to you."

CARMEN smiled grimly as she heard Richard race down the stairs. She had heard things more happily expressed. She wished Judith would stay with the pigs.

Mrs. Dunne, it appeared, would be delighted to let them have a second bedroom. She had the very thing on the next floor.

Carmen looked doubtfully at the cold little room that gave on to a side street with a permanent smell of oranges. She sat on the side of the bed and tested the springs. Excellent Mrs. Dunne was famous for her good beds. And it was all quite clean and it held everything you could possibly want.

"That's lovely, Mrs. Dunne," said Carmen, to stop herself thinking any more. The kitchen on the farm probably had draughts and cockroaches and leaky windows.

"It's a good room," said Mrs. Dunne with pardonable pride. "I know how to make people comfortable."

"We'll take it, Mrs. Dunne. I'm sure she'll love it."

Mrs. Dunne nodded confidentially. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Coming from the country she'll be dazzled," she said.

Carmen hoped she was right. Her own views about people from the country were in a state of chaos.

Uncle Dan did not wire back, but he

sent them an economical post card, telling them to expect Judith on Wednesday evening.

Carmen sent Richard alone to meet the train. She thought that a tactful gesture. She waited at home, oddly nervous, for their return. It was absurd to be nervous, she who all her life had been coping with strangers, till-handling them; "jolly 'em along," had become a fine art. What on earth had she to be nervous about?

Then she found her heart pounding in her ears when she heard Richard's step in the hall, heard Richard's voice on the stairs, saw Richard smiling, excited, fling open the door to say:

"Here's Judith."

For a moment the two girls measured each other, and Carmen, because her mind moved the quicker, saw the most.

Judith was tall and broad, built on generous lines, with wide hips and shoulders and strong rounded arms. Her hair, the color of the corn, was knotted on the nape of her neck, and even in October, her skin was tanned to a soft honey flush as if it remembered the sun. Her lips were full and red and her eyes like Richard's were blue, and there was something classical in the lines of her face. For a moment Carmen was awed. She looks like a goddess, she thought, one of the plentiful earth goddesses—Juno, Demeter—her mythology failed her. She ought to be on a medal—or as a statue—I'm frightened—she's—she's so much bigger than I am.

And then Carmen remembered her manners and stretched out a welcoming hand. "I'm so glad to meet you. Richard has told me so much—"

The goddess moved forward. She walks like Richard, thought Carmen, watching the slow, even progress across the room, noting for the first time the heavy, home-made clothes.

"How do you do?" said Judith, very seriously. Her voice had a soft country burr, and after this speech she was apparently struck dumb.

Richard came to the rescue. He put a protective arm around Judith's shoulders. "She's completely bewildered. She's never been in your London before. All the way back she couldn't take her eyes off your streets."

Carmen nodded, her self-confidence returning. "You'll love London. We'll have great fun. I expect you're tired. You'll like to see your room and have a wash. Richard will carry up the suitcase."

But the suitcase proved to be a Japanese basket held together by a strap and a piece of string. Judith followed her hostess upstairs and looked in bewilderment at Mrs. Dunne's bedroom. She ran a hand over the mahogany chest.

"Your mother's?" she asked inquiringly of Carmen.

"Oh no. It's not ours at all. We just take the rooms furnished you know."

"No home of your own?" Judith looked doleful and a little stupid.

"No," said Carmen smartly. "I don't get much time for housekeeping. I go to work you know."

"Of course," said Judith complacently. "A man can't manage if the wife doesn't work." Judith had hung up her hat and coat and was looking out of the window. "It's queer," she said. "Must fair drive Richard daft."

"What do you mean?" Richard likes it here."

"Likes it?" Judith's voice was incredulous. Then she smiled, slowly, grudgingly, looking Carmen over. "Likes you, that's different."

Carmen swallowed before she spoke. She had, what was with her a most unusual desire, a desire to say something extraordinarily rude, and Carmen was famous for her equable good temper. It went with the ability to "jolly 'em along." She had kept her temper in face of much greater provocation than this.

"Oh but he does like it here," she repeated mildly, rather as one might talk to a child. "He's grown very fond of London."

Judith shook her head. "That's nonsense," she said simply.

Carmen gasped a little. "Did he tell you he didn't like it?" she asked.

"Some things don't need telling. I just know. How could he like it? His heart's always been set on Oldfields."

Carmen battled against a sense of defeat. "Until lately, you see, he didn't know anything but Oldfields."

JUDITH once more cast a critical eye over the grey street. "Oldfields is beautiful and farming is a man's job."

Carmen had a sudden desire to bring this dreadful conversation to an end. "I hope you'll discover that London is beautiful, too," she said, with an unashamedly artificial politeness. "We'll try and show you what it has to offer. Now we mustn't be too long. There's hot water there. My people are expecting us to dinner."

"Your people?"

"Yes," said Carmen quickly. "Have you any objection?"

"No," said Judith literally. "Not if they know I'm coming and don't mind."

"They're delighted," said Carmen, remembering her manners.

The rest of the Temple family were obviously as puzzled as Carmen to know what to make of Richard's cousin Judith. She ate her dinner in dignified silence, polite, slow, unsmiling, till gradually the normal laughter round the Temple table was hushed and a gloom descended on the party.

Carmen, sensing the atmosphere, announced that they must get back as soon as dinner was over and for once no one tried to stop her.

In the hall Ben whispered in her ear. "Take home the Bride of Frankenstein! She gives me the creeps!"

Carmen giggled. "But she's lovely."

"So, I expect, was Medusa, but she turned men to stone."

Young Sandro swung into the hall and commented in a noisy whisper. "Gosh, Carmen, they must have some gay nights on the old farm with her about!"

"She's all right," said Carmen loyally.

"Just shy."

"Well then don't bring her again till she's warmed up," said Ben.

"Don't mind what Carmen says. She's got to defend all the children of nature since she married one of them," said Sandro.

"You're very rude boys," said Carmen. But she was glad of these whispered words with her brothers, glad to giggle, glad to feel normal again before she faced the rest of the evening. Glad to be assured that Judith was a joke and not a calamity.

Papa Temple called her back just as they were leaving.

"Here, Carmen. I forgot to give you that magazine with the paper pattern you wanted."

She followed him back into the parlor. He handed her the paper. "That Judith's a fine girl," he said, his bright eyes on her daughter's face.

Carmen nodded with a quick smile. "She's lovely, Papa."

"And clever," he said.

"Clever?"

He patted her cheek. "Not so clever as you, my Carmen. But clever all the same. Country cleverness."

And because they knew one another so closely, so instinctively, she understood his warnings, his fear lest she should under-estimate Judith's power and personality.

She nodded and said. "I'm glad you like her."

And he knew she understood and he said: "Good-night, my dear," and felt a little relieved.

In their own rooms for the rest of the evening Richard took charge and all Carmen had to do was to sit back and listen. Richard was plying Judith with inquiries about the farm, and Judith sat, the firelight on her honey skin, solemn but eager, answering his questions with careful precision.

Carmen sat in the shadow and watched them—and they were two strangers. It was her turn to hear. "Do you remember?" and a thousand and one details of gossip about things and people of whom she knew nothing.

It was late when they went to bed. For almost the first time that evening it seemed that Richard noticed his wife.

"How do you like her—our Judith?"

Carmen's heart beat unaccountably fast. She chose her words carefully. She hoped her native wit would stand by her now, she hoped that Papa Temple's lessons would be profitable. "Our Judith" indeed. But she turned to him with her prettiest smile.

"She's lovely," she said, "and she knows so much. All about the pigs and cows."

"Yes," he said simply, "she knows the farm as well as I do. And to-morrow's Saturday. To-morrow we must show her something of London."

"Oh, yes," agreed Carmen a shade too enthusiastically, a grim little smile on her lips. "To-morrow we'll show her London."

As Richard worked nearer home he fetched his cousin and they met Carmen at Piccadilly Circus. Judith in her strange home-made frock contrasted oddly with Carmen in her smart new winter outfit, and Judith's wide flat brogues trod heavily beside Carmen's little high-heeled shoes.

Carmen hurried her on and off buses, up and down tubes with their alarming escalators, in and out of giant teashops and super cinemas, to the accompaniment of an indigestible mass of information.

Judith was surprised by the rush and bustle of the traffic and the crowds, but she held her own with dogged determination. Though slow she was not stupid. Her comments were always shrewd, and she refused to be overawed by city ways.

Richard had to hold the balance between the two girls.

"Now, Judith," he protested, after she had passed some scathing remark on what she chose to call "a bunch of young flighties." "Just because a girl can't milk a cow it doesn't follow she's useless."

When they were alone together Carmen twined her arms around Richard's neck and pulled him down till his blue

eyes were on a level with her own. "You are on my side, really, though, aren't you, darling? You were just being polite to Judith."

He was honestly bewildered. "Your side about what, my sweet?"

"About London girls."

He looked at her tenderly. "They're lovely," he whispered.

"I know that. What I mean is who wants a girl to be able to milk a cow?"

"A farmer would if she were his wife."

She sighed and kissed him on the lips. "I'm so glad you're not a farmer any longer, darling. I hate cows."

The finality of her words struck a chill to his heart. He could never think of his stay in London as anything but temporary.

SUNDAY proved intolerably wet and most of the day was spent with the Temple family who had by now overcome their first oppression at the sight of Judith. They still found her odd, but they accepted her, managed to forget her, and were their noisy friendly selves.

Sandro spent a large part of the afternoon teaching her Rummy, at which she proved a slow but painstaking pupil.

"When you get into the higher class you learn to cheat," he told her.

She looked at him in round-eyed horror. "Why should I want to cheat?" she said.

"To win, of course."

For a moment she looked frightened round the room. "Do you—do you all cheat?"

"Sure thing. Big city ways," said Sandro lightly.

"Don't mind him, Judith," called Carmen from the other side of the room. She looked at Judith's unsmiling face. "He thinks he's being funny."

Once more Carmen collected her party. Really Judith wasn't safe in Papa Temple's house. She'd believe anything, especially the worst.

So once more they went back early to their rooms and Carmen sat patiently and played second fiddle as an accompaniment to an endless discussion as to whether somebody called Hilary Foster should or should not be sold certain fields.

Monday presented a problem. Richard and Carmen would both be at work, and Judith would certainly get lost in the streets of London.

So Carmen deposited her with the Temple family on the way to work.

"Lil, I'm leaving Judith with you. Give her a good time. Get Papa to let you off duty for to-day."

But there was a shade of anxiety on Lil's normally placid brow. "I'll try, but we're busy to-day. Don't you worry, Carmen." She turned and gave Judith her slow sweet smile. "We'll manage."

Only somehow or other Lil was not able to manage as well as she had expected. That could be the only possible explanation of the fact that at three o'clock while Carmen had her head bent over her ledger, she heard Judith's voice saying in the doorway:

"I want to speak to Mrs. Drayton, please."

"Mrs. Drayton," said Reuben firmly. "No one of that name here."

Carmen hastily shut the ledger and hurried down the long narrow room. "Judith what brings you here? Is there anything wrong?" Richard?

"Oh, it's you," said Reuben surprised

and not too pleased. "Mrs. Drayton indeed. I'd forgotten."

Carmen nodded. "Judith didn't know," she said quickly, half apologetically. "She's from the country."

"That's all right, Carmen," Reuben said, recovering his amiability. "Just you tell her. Maybe she'd take a cup of coffee on the house." He nodded and discreetly disappeared into the back room.

"I don't understand," Judith looked up and down the counter and at the high swivel chairs and the glass cases and finally back at Carmen. "Why didn't he know you were Mrs. Drayton?"

"Because during business hours I'm Carmen Temple."

Judith's eyes fell instinctively on Carmen's hands. "And you don't wear a ring," she said.

"No," Carmen was angry at the note of apology in her own voice. What had it to do with Judith anyway? "Reuben prefers it like that."

"Does Richard know?"

Carmen drew a cup of coffee and put it on the counter. "There's nothing to know. It's just a business custom. This girl seemed to be putting her in the wrong."

"Was that what Sandro meant—the joke about cheating?"

"But of course not," Carmen pushed the cup nearer. "Drink your coffee and tell me why you're here."

"Your sister Lil was very busy. She thought it a good idea. She told me which bus and I found my way."

"Well, I'm afraid it isn't much fun for you here and I'll soon be busy with the tea rush."

"Happen I'd better go."

"Do you think you could find your way to the Bank? Then you'd have seen the heart of the city."

Judith drank her coffee slowly and listened carefully to Carmen's explanations as to how one got to the Bank.

At last she got off her stool and looked gravely at Carmen. "It's all right," she said, pointing to Carmen's hand. "I won't tell Richard."

Carmen started. "But I don't mind if you do."

Before she could finish Judith interrupted, shaking her head. "No, Richard must not be made unhappy." Then as if she had said the last word, she nodded and smiled and set off on her way to the Bank.

It was infuriating that Judith should imagine that she was keeping Carmen's "guilty secret." Carmen had never told Richard because she didn't attach any importance to the matter.

But when she got home she forgot all about it because more important things had taken place. She got home to find Judith packing her funny Japanese basket and Richard standing over her and giving her enough advice, as it seemed to Carmen, to run not merely a farm but the whole country.

"We've had a letter from a neighbor Uncle Dan is not so well. Judith had better get back."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Carmen politely. "What about trains?"

There was a train. Judith had found it. Carmen watched the girl's strong capable fingers tightening the knot of the cord on the basket. Judith knew just which bus to take to the station and no one was to disturb themselves for her.

"Don't be daft," said Richard with that unconscious intensification of ac-

cent which he always had when he spoke to Judith. "Of course I'm coming."

Carmen listened to the girl's answer, to the soft burr of her speech. "You'd do better to bide."

Yet he went. They went away together, still talking. It was a marvel how much they could find to say to each other. Carmen didn't care. Judith was gone. It was somehow a load off her heart.

She waited idly till Richard came back, sitting in the great plush armchair before the fire, too lazy to switch on the lights, dreaming of Richard who would now be all her own again.

When he came back, an hour later, he did not turn on the lights either, but slipped down on the hearth and let his head rest against her knees.

"My sweet, it's good to be alone. And poor Uncle Dan. I reckon he missed Judith."

"Richard," she hesitated, her hand on his thick wavy hair. "If he should die—what would happen to the farm?"

"It will be mine, Carmen, mine." He repeated the words with a soft fierce pride. "I'd be a landed man."

"Yours?" She teased him gently, afraid of the enthusiasm she could not share. "Save for the mortgage. He's got a bit of a claim, I suppose."

He sat up. "It's only a bit of a mortgage," he said eagerly. "We needed some ready money. But harvest time we can pay it off."

"People change their minds and their wills."

"Not Uncle Dan," he said with assurance. "He's crabbed but he's just."

She did not answer. She was frightened. Why? After all there was no likelihood of Uncle Dan dying. Better not question further. Papa Temple held strong views on those who troubled trouble. She ran her hand down Richard's cheek.

"DARLING, this is a morbid conversation."

He shook his head. "Those are city ideas. Life and birth and death they're natural things. He won't die any the quicker because I tell you he's leaving me the farm."

She got up suddenly. "We've had a lot of the farm since Judith has been here. I'm a bit tired of it. Let's go out and get some dinner and go to the pictures."

He jumped repentant to his feet. "I'm sorry, my sweet. I got to day dreaming—but you are in all my dreams."

She held up her face for him to kiss. "I love you, Richard," she whispered. "It ought to be enough."

"Enough for what?" he asked puzzled. "For whatever is to come," she said, but he did not understand what she meant.

Two days later came the telegram to say that Uncle Dan was dead. The telegram came while they were both at work. Richard was the first home. Carmen found him packing. Before she read the message she knew instinctively what had happened.

Richard was apologetic. "I'm so sorry, Carmen. I must go at once to help Judith make arrangements for the funeral. Poor old man. He was a trial, but now I'm kind of sorry he's gone. I shan't be long. A few days and I'll be back to let you know how everything is fixed."

There was something suspiciously vague in the way he expressed himself. Neither of them said the thing that was uppermost in their minds. Now, perhaps Old-

fields belonged to Richard and if so—what next? It seemed as if the longer they could stave off the question the better. Carmen banished herself about the details of his packing. They talked of trivialities, a little self-consciously as if they were strangers.

"I'll tell Joe Marsh that you had to go. I expect he can get someone for the time being." And then realising that here the ice was thin, she stopped suddenly. "The time being"—but would Richard, owner of Oldfields, ever work for Joe Marsh again?

"Thanks, Carmen. Have I everything?"

"Yes. What time is your train?"

"Eight-forty."

She saw him off. It was almost with a sense of relief that they parted. They were oppressed by the barrier of things unsaid that stood between them. It had all been so sudden. Neither of them was impetuous. Richard had slow country ways. Carmen had been carefully taught to think before she spoke. They were both afraid. Something so very precious was at stake.

Carmen went from the station to her father's house.

"Richard has had to go home," she said.

"His uncle is dead."

"I always said the country was unhealthy," piped Sandro.

"The poor man," Mama Temple was vaguely sympathetic. "Carmen, have you had your dinner?"

"No, Mama, I'm not hungry."

"I'll get it," said Lil. "I'll make you an omelette." And she bustled off to the kitchen to tell Annie, while Mama called after her something about a cake in the tin under the dresser.

"Seem funny for Richard to get back to the land," said Ben. "I bet he'll look at it with a new eye."

"I don't," said Carmen suddenly.

Papa Temple, who had not said anything so far, but had merely watched with characteristic quiet attention, said, "Why not?"

Carmen turned to him, speaking more slowly, trying to clear their minds and her own. "I think it's something we can't understand. It's in your blood. Like a taste for music or an eye for color."

Papa Temple nodded. "And Uncle Dan's death means?"

"Richard inherits Oldfields."

"And Carmen becomes landed gentry," suggested Sandro.

"What'll the place fetch?" asked Ben.

"I haven't an idea."

Papa Temple looked thoughtful. "With the money Richard could set up in business. I'd help him if he needed it. I'd like to see him his own master."

The telephone went. Ben hurried into the hall to answer it.

"It's that Alice," said Sandro. "The one who always has 'Home Chat' one week and 'Home Notes' the next."

Lil came in with a tray. "Bless you, darling," said Carmen.

Papa Temple challenged Sandro to a game of chess. Nothing more was said of Richard Drayton.

During the days that followed Carmen had nothing to do save wonder about the future. She had time to face up to the new situation, time to make up her mind what she wanted, time to wonder whether she could have what she wanted.

It was eight days before Richard came home again.

"I didn't think it would be so long. It was the lawyers who delayed me."

Carmen sat very still on the rug at his feet. "The lawyers?"

"Yes. Things move slowly in our parts. Old Broadbent couldn't get over any sooner. But it's all settled now." He gave a quiet sign of satisfaction. "Oldfields is ours."

For a moment she did not speak. She was walking warily. She laid a hand on his knee. She wanted to feel him near, to feel that he was hers. Down at Oldfields there might be forces working against her. Here in the Garden she could still have him all to herself.

It was so long before she spoke that he questioned her. "Did you hear, my sweet? The farm is ours." He looked for a moment round the ugly, overcrowded room. "At last I have a home to offer you."

"In the country," she said blankly.

He did not detect the tone. "By the sea, Carmen. It's beautiful. I had almost forgotten how beautiful. Hills and the sea. A real garden in exchange for a sham one. How soon do you think we can start?"

"Start?" she echoed. From being a vague fear this thing had suddenly become a pressing reality. She raised her head and scrambled to her feet. "But we—we can't just start like that, Richard. We've got to talk this thing over."

"What is there to talk about, Carmen?"

"THERE'S a lot to talk about, Richard," she said quietly. "We've got to go carefully. It's for all our lives. We don't want to rush into this thing and find we've made a mistake." She paused and then plunged. "After all, it might be better to sell the farm."

"What?" She warmed to her idea. Her words came faster. "We could set up in business with the money. Have a snack bar of our own perhaps—here in the Garden where we're known." She broke off half apologetically. She was going too fast. "I gather the farm doesn't pay, Richard. It might be only good sense to sell."

"We can't sell," he said shortly. "Not even if we wanted to. There are mortgages."

"They might be paid off."

"I don't want to sell," he said quietly but firmly.

"But, Richard, what on earth shall I do on a farm?"

He laughed. He took her hands within his own and he spoke coaxingly. "You'll milk the cows and make the hay—"

Gently she withdrew her hands. She wasn't a child. He must realise how serious this was. "You know quite well I could do nothing—be nothing—"

"You could be my wife," he said gravely.

"I could be your wife here, Richard, and myself as well. I always told you I didn't want to leave London."

"Ah, but that was different. I didn't much want you to go in Uncle Dan's day. He—he was often a bit crotchety. Judith and I, we understood him, but times he'd get in a mighty rage. You and he—it wouldn't have worked. But now you see it's all different."

"It's still a farm in the country."

"Yes, but now it's yours and mine. You'll be mistress of it all—mistress of two hundred acres—two hundred golden acres, all ablowing and agrowing."

"No, I shouldn't. I'd be an alien planted down in the middle of it all."

"You wouldn't feel an alien for long."

People are friendly in our part," he said eagerly.

She studied him thoughtfully, conscious that she was on the brink of an important discovery. "It's queer," she said softly.

She looked at him squarely, the great dark eyes eager, alert, the soft red mouth drooping a little as if life had offered her something distasteful. Yet she would not shrink it. In the bearing of her slight body there was gallantry and courage.

"What?"

"This—that love is not enough for either of us."

He looked at her gravely. "Perhaps love is not enough for anybody," he said.

She swayed a little towards him her face held up so that he could see the lovely line of her white throat. "Not even a love like ours?" She shook her head and looked away. "We've made a discovery," she said and laughed a little shakily.

"We ask a lot of life," he said as he kissed her. "All this—and then more."

For a moment they were silent, strangely moved before a momentous discovery.

Carmen was the first to recover. She was always just that step ahead. She shook off the mood and said: "We've got to come to some decision, Richard."

He turned his eyes away from her. "You distract me," he said smiling. "You put practical thoughts out of my head. It's all very well for you—you don't have to look at yourself." He went on thoughtfully. "Your beauty has a positive quality. You don't just look well in some lights or some frocks. One can't forget how you look. Even if you were stupid, one would still want you around the place. Isn't it queer? Something you'd nothing to do with and for which you'll get credit all your life."

"I have competitors—the hills and the sea."

"They'll make the ideal setting," he retorted. "Decision? Well I must get back by the end of the week." He spoke with a new note of mastery. "How soon can you manage?"

She did not answer for a moment. He had taken the decision out of her hands, he assumed that she would go. She did not resent this.

"I'll have to give Reuben notice," she said, trying to be matter-of-fact. "I can't walk out on him. It may take him a week or two to find the right person."

"Of course, I understand. But you do see that I must go back right away, don't you? So many things there need attention. I wish we could have gone together. But you'll follow me."

"Whither thou goest I go," she quoted and thought that the laugh was against herself. The ordering of her life had been taken out of her hands. "Yes, you must go right away," she said.

"Judith will look after me."

"Why, yes, Judith. I'd almost forgotten Judith. She lives with us, doesn't she?"

"You'll find her invaluable. There's nothing she doesn't know about a farm."

Carmen looked at him with a little mocking smile. "Richard, you make life sound so simple. And it always works out so complicated."

Within twenty-four hours Richard had gone back to Oldfields.

Her family could hardly believe that she was really going to follow her husband into the country.

Mama Temple was tearful. Carmen was the first to leave the fold. She could not understand it at all.

"This Oldfields! Where is it, Papa?"
"Couple of hundred miles from here, Maria." He smiled with an assumption of cheerfulness he did not feel. "We'll run down in the summer, eh, Carmen?"
"That would be fine. I'm sure the house rambles and has dozens of bedrooms."

"Didn't you ask?" said Lil.
"No," said Carmen the unhousewifely. "I never thought."

"Seems to me," said Ben, in his best big-brother manner, "that Richard is a fool throwing up a good job and thinking there's any money in farming."

"He doesn't. I don't think he minds a lot about money. He thinks the land is a trust. You'd never understand."
"What's the matter with my brain all of a sudden?"

"It's not something you understand with your brain but with your heart."
"No one," said Sandro, "could say Ben has no heart. Ask any girl in the Garden."

No one paid much attention to him. When Carmen told Reuben that she was leaving he was equally pessimistic, the only difference being that he found it extremely funny.

"You on a farm, Carmen." His comfortable laugh filled the snack bar. "You, why I'd be as good myself. Smart girl like you, Carmen, it's a shame. What does Papa Temple say I'd like to know?"

"Oh very much the same. If you all keep prophesying failure I'll make a success of it just to show you."

"Farming! Why, you have to be born that way. Tell you what, Carmen, I'll get another girl temporarily. You'll be back."

"You think so?"
"Sure you'll be back."
Everyone seemed very sure—everyone except Carmen—who no longer knew what to think.

In her spare moments she wandered round London saying good-bye to the beloved city. But somehow it no longer seemed to be her city. Already its back was turned. The weather was wet and foggy. Everything looked dark and grimy and unresponsive.

SHE missed Richard more than she would have believed possible. He wrote every day, but his letters lacked detail.

By the end of the week Reuben had found a successor to Carmen. She was one of his cousins, a good-humored young Jewess, inclined to be stout, with a good head for figures and a pleasant manner for customers.

"I told Miriam it was only for a month or so," Reuben confided to Carmen, "as she's a relation it will be easier. When you come back she won't mind. She's got a good home."

"When I come back," echoed Carmen. When she came back things would never be quite the same again. London would know it was only because she was a failure elsewhere.

For a week Carmen and Miriam worked side by side. But the heart had gone out of everything. Carmen no longer "lollied 'em along." She kept in the background. She felt strangely tired, which with her was a new sensation. She ought to feel her best for the big adventure before her, but she didn't.

The week slipped by and as the moment for parting drew nearer the tension increased at home.

"Anyone would think I was going to the

antipodes," said Carmen as she patted her weeping mother.

"I don't know where that is," sobbed Mama Temple, "but no daughter of mine ever went before on a farm."

Carmen was almost relieved when it was time to pack. She thoughtfully surveyed her trousseau frocks that Lil had laid out upon the bed.

"A lady," she said, "is always known by the suitability of her clothes. I wouldn't be surprised if at Oldfields I discovered that I was no lady."

Lil laid a fold of tissue paper across an evening frock of pink silk net. She handled it carefully.

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Carmen watching her, "if you're burying those dresses, not packing them." She looked down at the foaming frills. "Well," she added reflectively, "anyway, it makes a lovely corpse."

Carmen was glad when she was in the train at last, with her suitcase under the seat and her dressing-case on the rack, wearing the fur coat her father had given her, and the jumper Lil had knitted, and with all the remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to tucked by Mama Temple in the corners of her luggage. For her mother had maintained that Carmen looked ill and all Carmen's denials left her unconvinced.

It was dusk by the time the train was nearing Banfield and the rain was coming down steadily and the water lay in great gleaming puddles on the road.

There he was standing on the platform. She precipitated herself into his arms and for a moment nothing passed between them save incoherent endearments.

"Come on, darling," he said at last. "We mustn't dawdle. The car's pretty soaked as it is."

She followed him out to the station yard where stood a dilapidated two-seater tourer. The patched hood was small protection against the weather, and the shellac side screens were broken. He pushed her back in the dicke, opened the door for her and she took her seat. For a moment he busied himself with the starting handle, then he climbed in and they went off with a sudden jerk.

As they did so a gutter of water dripped from the hood down Carmen's neck.

"Oh, Richard, it's leaking."

He laughed boyishly. "That's nothing, my sweet. To-day's the devil. It's rained since morning. Wait till you see our bedroom ceiling."

Carmen's mouth drooped. From somewhere she seemed to hear an echo of Papa Temple's words: "Don't worry—she'll be back."

Richard was evidently struck by her silence for a moment later he said: "Do you mind?"

The car bumped violently in the ruts and the water sprayed away from their wheels on either side. "Mind what, Richard?"

"Everything, my sweet. I'm sorry it should rain on your first night home." He lingered lovingly on the last two words. "Of course there are heaps of things need doing on the farm. At the moment we haven't any money. But give us time. You and me, Carmen, together we'll be invincible."

A trickle of rain was coming through the edge of the windscreen on to her knees. She looked anxiously at her new coat. "Yes," she said doubtfully.

Richard took one hand off the steering wheel and pointed out into the surrounding darkness. "There's the sea," he said.

"You wait till we have a bit of sunshine."

"How far is it to Oldfields?" asked Carmen anxiously, peering out through the rain at the dark shapes of hills.

"Oh, only about twenty miles. Do it in three-quarters of an hour. Tell me all about London!"

Carmen's good sense reasserted itself. Three-quarters of an hour. She might as well resign herself to getting thoroughly wet.

London thought I had taken leave of my senses."

Richard laughed delightedly. "How little London knows."

"Mama regards your farm—"

"Our farm, Carmen."

She accepted his amendment. "Our farm as a cross between a Wild West show and a remote hill station. Very dangerous and very far away."

"We'll have her down and show her." "What will she see, Richard? You'd better coach me before I make a fool of myself and talk about my husband's hundred head of cattle when perhaps you've only got two cows and a calf."

"RIGHT." The road seemed to be getting definitely worse. "Listen attentively."

Richard was in his element. Carefully, methodically, with loving pride and a wealth of technical detail, Richard enumerated his fields and his livestock. Rhode Island Reds, it appeared, were hens and not revolutionaries. Gloucestershire Spots were pigs and not some virulent form of measles.

She was glad that the cows were mostly Shorthorns. It somehow sounded safer. She did not try to remember which field was oats or roots or wheat or barley. She was a quick study, but that was clearly impossible, and she knew that when the crops pushed through the earth they would all look bewilderingly alike.

As she listened she felt strangely isolated. London had rejected her and the country had not received her, and Oldfields shared Richard's heart.

At last the car took an extra sharp turn and Carmen could see the hedges on either side and recognised from the surface that they were in a lane.

"See the light—there through the trees—home, Carmen."

She drew in her breath sharply. She kept her eyes fixed religiously on the light. The car lurched up the lane. The light grew bigger. The car turned again and there was a crunch of gravel under the wheels. The light was a window now, and Carmen could just discern the shape of a house, long and low, with a wide front door, and flanked by a dim outline of farm buildings. She could see everything now. There was another old car drawn up in the space before the house and there standing in the doorway was Judith.

Carmen's heart suddenly beat very fast. Once again she had forgotten Judith. She pulled herself together. How could she be so stupid? Of course Judith was as much part of Oldfields as the cows and the pigs and the sheep. Just as much a part, thought Carmen, with pardonable emphasis.

The car stopped with a jerk and Richard jumped out and opened the door. Carmen looked down into a great sea of puddles. Richard looked at the little high-heeled shoes that had tripped so courageously over the hard pavements of the city. He picked her up in his arms. For a moment she lay there, very safe—just a

moment and then she heard Judith's voice.

"A dreadful wet night," she was saying. And a moment later Carmen felt her feet touch the tiled floor and looked about her to find herself in a vast kitchen with a great range at one end and windows on every side on which the rain beat with steady persistence.

A young man stepped out of the shadows. "How do you do?" He was a stocky young man and he wore corduroys and leggings.

THIS is Michael. Get to know one another. I'll fetch in the bags." Richard went back to the car.

"My name is Lane," the young man said. "Michael Lane." He looked at her

graciously. "I'm very glad you've come." It seemed for a moment as if he expected some answer, for he spoke with a serious intensity, and not merely as one being polite. Carmen was just wondering what she ought to say when Richard reappeared with the luggage.

"Here you are," he said. "Judith you take Carmen up while I put the car away." Judith nodded. She drew a jug of water from the boiler of the range. "Happen you'd like to wash," she said. In the other hand she took the suitcase. Carmen took the dressing-case and followed up the wide uncarpeted oak stairs.

"Water's been coming in a bit, but I've put a basin. Loveday can go up the roof some day this week if we get a spell of fine weather."

"I see," said Carmen, from the depths of a growing bewilderment.

She had never concretely visualised the farm. It had in her mind been dimly like farms seen in the picture books of her childhood, very sunny, with hayricks, and hens scratching for grain, and little girls in pinafores, talking to picturesque puffers in smocks. The reality was startlingly different.

"I'll go make the tea," said Judith, putting down the jug of hot water and turning up the oil lamp that stood already lit upon the table. "You won't be long, will you?" Judith crossed to the grate where a small fire burnt in rather uncertain fashion. "I don't know when this was lit last," she said, poking it gently. "I've had a rare job with it to-day, but seeing as how it was so wet and all, Richard thought you would need it."

"Thanks," said Carmen. "I've been a lot of trouble, I'm afraid."

"Oh, well, if one's to have trouble, November is the best month," was Judith's surprising reply.

"I didn't know it was seasonable." Judith turned back at the door, the empty jug in her hand. "Well, it wouldn't do to make trouble at harvest time, now would it?" Then her heavy step went slowly down the uncarpeted stair.

Carmen looked about her in anxiety. It was a large low-ceilinged room, and in one corner stood an enamel basin into which the rain dripped through the plaster at irregular intervals.

The main article of furniture was a great walnut double bed. Carmen knew at once that it was good, as were the elegant, eighteenth century dressing-table and the bow-fronted chest of drawers.

Reluctantly she hung up her coat by its loop.

"Supper," shouted Judith from below. "Coming," called Carmen.

She rummaged in her suitcase and

found a pair of dry shoes and stockings, washed hastily and powdered in the half-light. Three minutes later her little high-heeled shoes went lightly down the uncarpeted stairs. The little high heels had led her into strange places.

Richard was back, his face shining with rain, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Come along, Carmen. You've got to have a country appetite in these parts."

"I'm starved," she said laughingly, and took the chair he pulled out for her.

As she sat down she noticed that Judith was at the head of the table, pouring out the tea, and that Richard was at the bottom serving a steaming dish of sausages, and that she was opposite the grave young man who had been so glad that she had come. This might be her home, but she felt more mistress of Mrs. Dunne's two rooms. She supposed that somebody soon would explain about the grave young man. She would like to know whether he was an inmate or just a visitor. He was cutting the home-made bread with an air of authority.

"Judith's a rare hand at a soda loaf," he said and offered Carmen a piece on the end of a bread knife. "Rare cook all round, come to that." There was a note of genuine appreciative admiration in his voice.

"Judith's made a honey cake to-night specially for Carmen," said Richard.

Michael Lane nodded. "Still got your honey?"

"Yes. Eightpence a comb this summer," said Richard with a sigh, "and even then Uncle Dan could only sell half."

The grave young man nodded. "They say it's selling at half a crown up in London. Mine did poorly."

Carmen gave a little gasp of relief. So the grave young man kept his own bees. Then presumably he was not an inmate.

The discussion on bees lasted a long time. Richard knew the reason why Michael's bees did poorly and just as the subject was beginning to flag Judith produced the honey cake and that started them off again.

For a moment, in the light, Carmen's eyes rested on Richard, and she was suddenly glad that he had come home again. It wasn't only that he looked magnificently fit, but that he looked as he did when she first knew him. His head was erect. He was once more master of his own life.

Once Michael left the bees long enough to say: "Made up your mind about those fields yet, Richard?"

Richard's head had gone up alert, antagonistic. "Not yet."

"Take your time," said Michael. "Don't let that fellow Foster rush you. Part with land—you can never get it back again."

"I need the money," Richard looked across at his young wife.

"So do we all," grumbled Michael. Richard's eyes were tender. "Not so much as I do."

"I've no use for Hilary Foster."

Richard was always tolerant. "Oh, he's well enough. Just different from the folks in these parts."

Michael shrugged his shoulders and went back to the subject of bees. Carmen wondered just how Hilary Foster was "different." She was "different" herself. They might help each other. She remembered then that the sale of the fields was the subject that Richard and Judith had debated so long in their rooms in the Garden. She wondered idly what it was all about. It sounded more interesting than bees.

When they had finished supper Richard

fetches an enormous black enamel tray. Judith piled up the crockery and Michael carried it into the scullery, announcing that she would wash and he would wipe.

"Where's Mrs. Rayner?" asked Richard. "She's been burying her sister's new baby," said Judith in her matter-of-fact voice.

"Oh, poor thing," said Carmen, instinctively, though she had no idea who the lady might be.

"That's all right," said Judith. "Her sister's got six left." Judith closed the scullery door religiously behind her.

The moment they were alone Richard caught Carmen to him hungrily. She was glad to be in his arms. Supper had been a singularly lonely meal. She was glad to feel that there was somebody who wanted her, somebody who thought she was tremendously important in the scheme of things.

"My sweet, I've hardly seen you."

She laughed uncertainly. "We seem to have a lot of family, you and I. Well, perhaps not more than other people, but more all-pervading." Somehow she had counted on privacy at the farm. It was not to be. And she knew that there was less privacy with three or four people than with a round dozen.

Richard held her for a moment at arm's length, watching the firelight play on her face and hands and on her slim young figure. "Oh, my darling, stand there."

He stepped back, his eyes never leaving her.

"Do I look all right?"

He thought that she looked beautiful. It did not occur to him that this daughter of the Italian Renaissance looked out of place in the English farmhouse kitchen. He would cheerfully have tried to domesticate the Mona Lisa.

"Oh, Carmen, so often I've dreamed that I'd see you there, so often that I feel I'm still dreaming." He came back to where she stood and put his arms around her. "What do you think of it all, my sweet?"

"I don't know—yet. Tell me about the other brides of Oldfields?"

OH, they were born and bred in these parts. The house knew them.

She laid a hand for a moment on a beam that ran down the wall—a slim white hand with red lacquered nails. The beam was rough—you could see the mark of the adze—and it had been blackened by the fires of generations.

"Do you think Oldfields resents a stranger?"

"Maybe she's jealous, because none of the other brides were as beautiful as you—and none of the others loved as well as I do. Oldfields is beautiful, too. Tomorrow, if the rain stops, I'll take you on a grand tour of inspection. Will you like it?"

She pillowed her head on his shoulder. She wanted to forget the farm. "I can't think anything yet, Richard. It's too new and much too wet. Let's just think of you and me."

"I think the world of you," he whispered.

"Do you love me more than anything—more than Oldfields?" she asked. Passionately she wanted to be reassured.

Over and above the sound of the rain and the sea there was a sound of horse's hoofs on the gravel outside.

"That will be Hilary Foster," Richard said. There was a momentary frown on his face. "What does he want?"

He hadn't answered Carmen's question

as he turned and hurried to the door. Outside Carmen could see a man on horseback, and the man's oilskins and the horse's coat glistened in the rain.

"Just passing. Had to wish the bride good luck," called the man. He did not speak like a native. Funnily enough, his accent brought a measure of comfort to Carmen. He spoke like the customers she had "jollied along" at the snack bar.

Richard stretched out a hand for her to join him. "Here she is, Foster. Come along in and get acquainted."

"I daren't keep the horse waiting about in the wet. I've got Firefly laid up already." He bent forward to get a better view of Carmen. "Salutations," he called. "You're more than welcome."

She came a step nearer. "Thank you," she said, "but you might have managed better weather."

His eyes widened. He gave Carmen the bold stare to which she was so accustomed. "Bless me Drayton, I didn't know you were such a one to pick a girl. Congratulations, old man."

Richard slipped a protective arm around Carmen. "Thanks," he said stiffly.

"We must get together, Mrs. Drayton. Your husband works much too hard. We shall have to redress the balance by a little play. I'll look you up." He straightened himself and nodded to Richard. "I'll pay you a more formal call to-morrow," he said. "Good night." He turned his horse's head and they heard him making his way down the drive.

As they turned back into the kitchen they found that Judith and the young man had finished their job.

"I've got to be off, Richard. I'll be over to fetch those horses in the morning," said Michael.

"Right." He turned round to face Judith in his quiet, grave way. "Good night, Judith. I hope I'll see you then, and thanks for the supper."

"Good night, Michael."

For a moment the young man stood uncertain, his face flushed. He looked as if he would have liked to touch her, or to say something more, but all he accomplished was an awkward pause. Then in a flash Carmen realised. He was in love with Judith. How queer—how very queer—was all she could think at the moment.

He was holding out his hand now. "Good night, Mrs. Drayton. I'm hoping you'll be staying."

There was a general murmur of good-byes and a moment later Michael Lane was cranking up his car which seemed to belong to the same vintage year as their own. The rain had modulated a little and there was a patch in the sky where from behind the clouds the moon made a lighter gray.

"We must go to bed," said Judith, as they turned back. "It's gone half-past nine."

"Do we go to bed at half-past nine?" asked Carmen.

"Richard has to be up half-past four," said Judith reproachfully.

"My brother Ben was up at four," said Carmen thoughtfully. "but he didn't go to bed at half-past nine."

"No, but then he didn't do a real day's work."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, not work as we know it," said Judith.

Carmen opened her mouth to retort and then shut it again. Nothing would be gained by an argument with Judith.

Richard was looking up. Judith was restoring the already tidy kitchen to

apple-pie order. Finally she lit a candle, extinguished the lamp, and led the way upstairs.

The big bedroom looked more cheerful now. The fire had burnt up and the rain had ceased to drip. Carmen undressed quickly and then drew back the curtains and saw that the moon had struggled through. Now she could see the hills and the sea beyond. It was very lovely. She drew in her breath.

Richard came and stood beside her, his hands on her shoulders. "What are you thinking, my sweet?"

"I'm frightened," she whispered.

"Of what?"

"The future."

"It will be wonderful."

"Oh, Richard, it's a pity that love is not enough."

He caught her to him, his lips eagerly seeking hers. "You mustn't say it, my sweet, you mustn't." He closed her dark eyes with kisses.

For a moment she yielded, then gently she disengaged herself.

"Wait, Richard."

His face fell. "What is it?"

"Don't you see, it's always the same. We settle all differences with kisses. It's not right."

"Not right? What do you mean? You're my wife."

"Not right," she insisted, "because it doesn't settle anything."

"That's too subtle and sophisticated for me," he said.

He stopped her argument with a kiss.

But long after he was asleep she lay wide-eyed, trying to foresee their unexpectedly difficult future. But that she should settle down as a farmer's wife played no part in her calculations.

Nothing would induce her to stay at Oldfields.

It was the sun that awoke Carmen next morning, a mellow autumnal sun that crept in between the curtains and played on the old polished wood and the faded wallpaper and the suitcase which Carmen had been too tired to unpack the evening before.

She looked round for Richard's reassuring presence and found that he had gone. Then she looked guiltily at her wristwatch. It was half-past eight.

Carmen dressed quickly and came downstairs. Breakfast was laid for three but the kitchen was empty and looked quite different in the daylight. It was sunny now with windows on all sides, and she could see the last of the chrysanthemums making a brave show in the garden beyond.

It was not a garden as she had understood it at home. Just a bordering of flowers round the vegetable beds, and by the doorway great bushes of old gnarled lavender.

She opened the door that led into the garden and stepped out and smelt the sea. And there was Richard coming towards her in corduroy breeches and an old Norfolk. She had never seen him so dressed before. He looked amazingly strong and handsome. She smiled at him with pride. He fitted so beautifully into the landscape.

"Hello, my sweet. Just up? Judith got our breakfast? After that I must take you round the farm."

Carmen heard someone stirring behind her. "Morning," said Judith over a dish of eggs and bacon. She nodded to

Richard. "Mrs. Rayner is just separating the cream."

Carmen did not let her proceed. "Now who is Mrs. Rayner? You've got to keep on explaining as you go."

"Mrs. Rayner helps Judith and her husband works for me. They have one of our cottages. I'll show you after."

"Oh, do we own cottages, too?"

"Certainly, my sweet, four little tumble-down cottages all crying aloud for repairs."

"Everything here seems to need repairs," said Carmen briskly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"We shall sell Cowslip Fields," said Judith.

Absurdly, unreasonably, Carmen felt indignant. Who was Judith to arrange what fields should be sold? They were Richard's fields, Carmen's fields, and suddenly perversely she didn't want to sell them.

"Who's going to buy them?" she asked.

"Hilary Foster."

"The equestrian?" Carmen's eyes narrowed. "Why, I wouldn't sell him a sandwich."

"Why ever not?" asked Richard.

"I know his type. Reuben's place was full of them."

"He's offering a fair price," said Judith doggedly, giving one somehow the impression that nothing would dislodge her from her position, that she had the tenacity of a limpet and the weight of a steam roller.

"I just don't believe it," said Carmen.

"Why not?"

It wasn't the way Carmen liked to conduct an argument.

"I'll bet he isn't on the level," said Carmen.

Richard laughed. "Come now, Carmen, you can't possibly know a thing about Hilary Foster."

"Carmen has known a lot of men," said Judith in a level expressionless voice.

"But she never saw Foster till last night."

Carmen changed her tactics. "I have a woman's instinct," she said lightly dismissing the subject from the conversation. But she did not dismiss it from her mind.

After breakfast Richard announced a tour of the property.

"Come and see your lands, Mrs. Drayton."

"Don't be too long," said Judith. "Michael is coming over about the horses at eleven and Loveday wants a hand in the big field."

"Wait a sec," said Carmen. "Loveday is the one that is going up on the roof. He'd better go now before it starts to snow or something."

"He can't go to-day," said Judith firmly.

"I think he can," said Carmen.

"We're very busy," said Richard doubtfully.

Carmen turned on her heel and moved towards the garden door. "We'll tell him when we see him," she said, putting a triumphant end to the discussion.

Having made a highly successful exit Carmen walked a hundred yards from the house and stopped in dismay. A sea of mud stretched in front of her. Richard looked down at her little shoes.

"My sweet, are all your shoes like that?"

"They're all right," she said stoutly, plunging defiantly into the mud. "They've carried me over lots of stoney places."

Richard led the way across the yard

and Carmen's little heels tapped lightly behind him, until something else brought her up with a start. There, right in her path, stood an enormous cow with a wicked look in its eyes and a pair of extra pointed horns.

"Oh, Richard," she gasped. "Look at that animal!"

Richard laughed. "That's only Daisy," he said, slapping the creature violently on its rump.

"I don't care what its name is," said Carmen. "Take it away."

"Gupp there," said Richard and shoved the offending animal back towards the herd. "Come on," he said. "We'll do the yard first."

But in the yard there were geese that came hissing towards her and in the field in which she took refuge there were what she would describe as "bulls," but which Richard laughingly assured her were only "bullocks."

"As if it makes any difference," she said indignantly. On which he laughed more than ever and insisted on taking her to see the bull tied in his stall.

It seemed to Carmen that they walked for miles, for Richard was insistent that she should see everything, stables and stalls and sties and hen houses and barns and haystacks.

They found Loveday at work in one of the big fields, and he was sent off grumbling to look at the roof. After that they inspected the four cottages, and the women came out and bowed to her, suspicious and not very friendly. It would have been better for young Mr. Drayton to marry a girl from "near at hand."

Then Richard walked her over field after field, and to Carmen they all looked one like another. But there was all the world of difference. Who could confuse Great Wide Field with Little Wide Field that ran up to Haggman's Wood, or John's Field that was always so full of flint, or Golden Acre, where the charcoal fought such a battle against destruction? On and on, field after field, till Carmen thought that it was time to take a hand.

"I want to see Cowslip Fields," she said at last.

THEY were the two big fields at the bottom of which ran the cliff road. The sea lay beyond. Only short grass grew here, so near the sea, and the rock jutted through the soil.

"What does Hilary Foster want with these fields?" she asked.

"Just pasture," he says. He breeds horses. But the funny thing is that he wants to buy outright. Freehold or nothing."

"But the mortgage?"

"Don't cover this side. It's on the farm and the outbuildings. Uncle Dan took care to leave himself something to sell. I don't want to sell, but happen I can't help it." For a moment he looked at her and then away at the sun. "Must be high eleven. I'll take you up to the house. Michael will be here."

As they walked back Carmen was very silent. She was tired. Her ankles ached in her little high-heeled shoes. They were soaked and ruined. That afternoon she'd go down to the village and buy herself a country pair. She looked at the sun on the fields, at the sheep cropping quietly, at the new turned earth in the furrows. This was her home. Covent Garden seemed a long way away. She slipped her arm inside Richard's. He looked down at her smiling.

"All right, my sweet? What you thinking?"

"So many things. I've got to sort them out."

"Happen you'll tell me."

"Happen I will—when I know myself."

As they came into the kitchen Carmen saw that Michael had arrived. He and Judith were in earnest consultation. Her face was grave with that gentle obstinacy with which Carmen was becoming so familiar, while Michael looked flushed and dispirited.

Judith left his side quickly and came forward. "Here's your lunch," she said, and Carmen saw on the table a package of thick sandwiches and a thermos flask.

"We're ploughing down under," said Richard. "When it's dark I've got to go into Reyston about that harness. I shan't be back till supper."

Judith nodded. "Don't let them forget to call for the eggs. There are six score to-day."

"Right. Get Rayner to look at Curley," said Richard. "I think she's sickening for something. Come on, Michael." Richard pocketed his sandwiches and stepped across to Carmen. "I'll be back about seven," he said quietly. "You'll be all right with Judith."

She looked at him blankly. She was being left to Judith as if she were a child, and suddenly it seemed to her that there would be days and days ahead when she would be "left to Judith." For a moment it seemed as if she could not bear it any longer, that she must turn tail and run, but she must get back to the Garden where she was someone, an independent wage-earner, an important member of her own family, and a smart girl who knew her way about. She came back to herself to find Richard looking at her anxiously.

"My sweet, are you all right? You went so white."

Carmen pulled herself together. She'd give them all a fair chance, she thought a trifle grimly. "I'm all right," she said. "Perhaps I'm not used to so much exercise. I've got to get acclimatized."

He patted her arm. "You rest. Judith will look after you. You gave me a nice fright. Come on, Michael, let's fix up about those horses."

The two men went out of the door discussing the horses.

Carmen looked at her watch. It was a quarter past eleven and Richard would be gone till supper-time. But Judith was there and Judith was saying something. Carmen forced herself to listen.

"I've got to go knock up some butter. Will you be all right?"

"Why, of course," said Carmen with a touch of impatience. What did they all think she was? A child, an invalid, an imbecile? "I've never properly unpacked. I'll go and do it now."

But upstairs in the bedroom she kicked off her shoes and looked at her suitcases. Should she unpack? Wouldn't it be easier to go back now right away? Papa Temple had said to waste no time in being proud. She thought of the warm pulsating crowded life of the Garden.

Carmen got up suddenly. Papa Temple's daughter wouldn't fall down on the job. She'd give them all a run for their money. She wouldn't stay the course but they'd see she had given the thing a fair trial. A week—perhaps two weeks. That would be generous measure. Then Richard must sell and life could begin properly all over again.

She jumped up and unpacked, making herself familiar with the room. She'd go next to the village and buy some shoes. She counted her money. She had three pounds eight and six. It struck her for

the first time that she would get no more. She had been used to having her own money, now she realised that there would be no weekly pay envelope. She must be careful. She put on her hat and coat and went thoughtfully downstairs. She found Judith busy with the separator in the dairy.

"What a lot of cream," said Carmen, who had seen it doled out in tiny jugs by Reuben or in little cartons from the milkman.

"It would need be seeing the price of cake," said Judith.

"Cake?" echoed Carmen, bewildered.

"Cow cake, of course," said Judith impatiently.

Carmen giggled. "As big as a brick as Marie Antoinette's," she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"Why can't they eat—Oh, nothing. It's just that I never can forget the tags I learnt at school."

"They didn't seem to teach you much about the real things."

"NO, I suppose not. It's not much use knowing the battles of the Wars of the Roses when confronted with a lot of unfired food! You'd be much more use on a desert island than I should, Judith."

"Of course I would," said Judith complacently.

Carmen tried to jerk her out of her self-satisfaction. "Yes, but I'd be a lot more fun. Anyway, I don't believe in the desert island standard. This place, I admit, in some ways approximates to a desert island, but with a little thought I believe we can change all that."

"What do you mean?" Judith sounded genuinely horrified.

"Look at Robinson Crusoe," said Carmen, warming to her subject and rather enjoying Judith's alarm. "He didn't start with half what we have in hand and look what he made of his island. Why couldn't we make something of Oldfields?"

"What's wrong with Oldfields?"

"Lots of things. I don't like the bath, nor the water heating system, nor lamps to light me to bed, nor holes in the roof—that's just a few things. You'll see. We'll change all that."

"No, you won't," said Judith fiercely. "What have you to do with Oldfields? No one ever thought there was anything wrong with it till you came. You can't change Oldfields. You tried to change Richard, but you didn't succeed. Now you want to change his home. But you won't succeed there either."

Carmen looked thoughtfully through Judith. "I wonder. You may be right. I may not succeed. But I warn you, Judith, if I stay here I'm going to have a jolly good try."

Judith shook her head. "You won't stay here," she said. "City bred. You've been reared too soft. You'll be running home to your precious family in no time."

That, thought Carmen, was just what her precious family had said. "I wonder." Then she shook herself out of her mood of speculation. "I'm going down to the village to buy some shoes. Which way?"

"From the gate, half a mile to the right."

Carmen's little high-heeled shoes led her down the path and as she went along a curious head here and there appeared to stare out of the windows.

"That's Richard Drayton's wife," she heard one woman whisper to another.

Here she was not "Papa Temple's daughter," starting with something in her favor. Here she was "Richard Drayton's new wife from London," and that, if anything, was a handicap. Richard Drayton should have married one of their girls, nice sensible girls that knew how to run a farm. Or he might have married his cousin Judith. She was a good girl, too.

At the shoe shop Carmen contemplated what seemed to her the most appalling pair of shoes she had even seen.

"You'll need them, Mrs. Drayton," said the little old man who served her firmly. "Gets powerful muddy winter in these parts."

"You don't think they're—they're rather overdoing it."

He shook his head. "I couldn't let you have any other pair," he said firmly, as if the choice rested entirely with him.

"You know," persisted Carmen. "I shan't be doing all that much walking. These are such ambitious shoes, I feel if I denied them their daily twenty miles they'd turn vicious or something."

He looked at her seriously and a little concerned. He did hope Richard Drayton hadn't picked a girl just for her looks. This one was pretty enough, in a foreign sort of way, but he wondered was she also a bit daft.

"I don't know anything about that," he said slowly. "I know the mud in these parts."

Carmen gave way. He had obviously the whip hand. She paid for the shoes, took them in a parcel and walked out into the street.

The village street had nine stores and six other shops. There was nothing to induce Carmen to linger. She hurried back to Oldfields.

"Get 'em?" asked Judith eagerly. Any purchase, other than household stuff, was an event.

"They're not shoes," commented Carmen, undooing the primitive parcel. "They're arks."

Judith inspected them thoroughly. "How you can walk in those things you wear. Besides they look so silly."

This was a point of view that had never occurred to Carmen. She surveyed her trim ankles with new interest. "Do they?"

"Yea. Daft," said Judith with decision. "Come on. I've got to feed the turkeys. Like to see 'em?"

Judith led her through the yard, past the nesting geese and the steaming piles of manure, and the growls of Crusty, the watchdog, to a field where the turkeys were penned.

"We're fattening them for Christmas," said Judith, her hands full of golden grain.

To Carmen there was something terribly cold-blooded in the spectacle of Judith offering them life with one hand, while she calculated briskly what return they would bring in when dead.

"Once I'd fed them I'd feel I couldn't have them killed."

"Don't you ever eat them?" said Judith tartly. "Don't talk so daft and hypocritical."

Carmen accepted the rebuke meekly. It was deserved. This country life got you back to bedrock reality in the most alarming manner.

At lunch time she and Judith had a cup of tea and some homemade bread and butter and a couple of eggs. After

lunch Judith resumed her activities. It appeared that the apples in the loft wanted looking over; that there was a cockerel whose neck was ripe for wringing, and who then had to be cleaned and plucked and trussed; there was the supper to be prepared; there were the hens to be fed and the eggs to be collected again, and later there was the milk to be taken at the dairy and put through coolers and the cans got down to the road for the carriers. And then with a farm hand's help all the machinery had to be washed. Judith was extremely busy.

All the afternoon Judith bustled competently to and fro while Carmen sat bewildered in one of the window seats and looked over the garden, and watched the short day die and her hopes die with it.

It seemed an interminable time till Richard came home to supper and then as soon as the meal was over he and Judith brought out the account books. Carmen watched them covertly. Carmen who had been doing accounts and adding up other people's money since she was a kid could make nothing of this confusion.

High finance seemed simple compared with trying to discover whether you had made a profit on an egg after you had subtracted the hen's food and the instalment on the incubator.

Shortly after nine, when Carmen was expecting a summons to bed, Rayner put his head round the door.

"Like you to come and have a look at Curly, governor. She's mighty queer."

"YOU two go up," said Richard. "I probably won't be long."

But before he came Carmen had fallen asleep and the clock showed one and even in the Garden people were thinking of bed.

When Carmen came down to breakfast she found Judith in a mild flutter of excitement. "There's a letter for you," she said, "with a London postmark."

Letters were rare at Oldfields. They constituted an event. They were read and re-read, handed round and sometimes even shown to neighbors.

"Postman said that now I'd got a London wife happen I'd keep him busier," said Richard.

Judith looked across at her cousin. "There just ain't anybody to write to you and me," she said, as if to justify herself in the eyes of the postman.

Carmen took up her letter shyly. She didn't like it to be such a public event.

It was from Sandro, a note scribbled in pencil on exercise paper. It was not that he loved Carmen more but that he loved the lesson he was attending less.

"When the moon is in Taurus and the class is in French."

"Sweet Sister, how is it with you among the sons of the soil? How does your sweet bellefleur grow and is the mugwort yet in flower?"

"If you're looking for the sea, you'll recognise it if you remember that it's the place marked blue upon the map."

"They tell me a cow consumes a hundred and twenty pounds of grass a day, which is the equivalent of a meal of eight chickens, fifty pounds of cabbage, and forty pounds of potatoes. This titbit will be useful for you when you meet a rural dean or have to make small talk at the farmer's ordinary."

As to us poor town dwellers Lil runs round like a scalded hare because that fiddler from the opera is all goo goo eyes

and eternal devotion. For Ben life is just one blonde after another. "Hot blood will never cool your porridge," as the village idiot said to the oldest inhabitant.

"The parents are well and your youngest and handsomest brother has just won the half-term prize for maths."

"My respects to Judith, the witch of Endor, and to my brother Richard, and may his turnip tops bear fruit, come Lammastide, and may the bol weevil stay away from his door."

"Once a Temple always a Temple," Old Covent Garden saying.

"Sandro."

"I hope they're all well," said Judith politely and obviously waited to be told the news in the letter.

Carmen was embarrassed. There was nothing in Sandro's letter that was fit for publication. "Oh yes, they're quite well," she said after a pause that was full of Judith's expectancy.

"Does he say anything about your father?" asked Richard to whom Papa Temple was always important.

Carmen pushed the letter into the pocket of her skirt. "He doesn't really say anything much that's sensible. He wrote in school to pass the time. Just a lot of silliness."

Judith nodded her head slowly. "He thinks the country's funny. He's welcome to laugh. He'd look pretty silly if the country didn't grow him a bit of food stuff."

"He's only a kid," said Carmen hastily. "He talks a lot of rot."

"It may be funny," said Judith meditatively with a large tolerance. "I got no sense of humor myself."

And Carmen thought with a sudden gust of bitterness that Judith's remark would have been very funny, heard in the Garden, shared by the family, but that here, like the country itself, the jest was too grim.

The monotony of the afternoon was broken by the arrival of Mrs. Tarpey. Judith was the first to hear the crunch of the wheels in the road, at tea-time, and from the window saw the visitor get down from the cart and come up the gravel path that led to the house.

"Mrs. Tarpey!" said Judith, struggling out of her overall. "Just come to see what you look like."

"Well, I'm not looking like anything in particular at the moment," said Carmen.

Judith started bustling round the already tidy kitchen. "Oh, you look all right," she retorted. "It's the things you say!"

Carmen gasped. "The things I say—" "Oh they may be all right in London, but they'll think 'em queer down here." Before Carmen could answer Judith had darted off to the scullery to give Mrs. Rayner some final instructions.

She returned just as Mrs. Tarpey reached the front door. She was a big woman in a blue dress that somehow proclaimed itself as her best, and a blue coat with a fur collar and a heavily-trimmed black hat. She had a pleasant red face with small, bright eyes.

"How are you, Judith?"

"Why, come in Mrs. Tarpey. How nice to see you."

"My boy Peter had to drive to the village so I come along to welcome Mrs. Drayton to these parts." The small, bright eyes fixed themselves on Carmen. "We're neighbors," she ended triumphantly. "Not more than a matter of five or six miles."

It wasn't Carmen's idea of a neighbor,

and she said, "How kind of you to come all that way."

Mrs. Tarpey lowered herself into the chair which Judith had pulled to the fire. "We don't think that far. My sister lives over thataway, and she ain't got no one nearer than twenty mile. And how do you find these parts, Mrs. Drayton?" she asked. "Must be a bit of a change from London."

"Oh, it is," said Carmen, glad to find some statement with which she could agree enthusiastically.

"I went up once," Mrs. Tarpey shook her head darkly. "London's no place for anybody. I like to be able to breathe."

"That's right," said Judith complacently. "One feels stifled."

"And lost," added Mrs. Tarpey with emphasis. "All those people—"

"It makes one feel insignificant," said Carmen quickly, "but surely very comfortable."

MRS. TARPEY shook her head. "It's frightening."

Mrs. Rayner had come in with a tray of fine old cups that Carmen had not seen before. She was sure that a London dealer would give them the price of a new bath for the set. On the tray was a heaped plate of bread and butter and the remains of Judith's honey cake.

Mrs. Tarpey laid her handkerchief across her lap. "I can do with a cup of tea," she said comfortably.

Judith began to pour. "What's the news up at your place?" she asked.

"Betty's had her sixth."

Carmen wondered whether Betty was a daughter or a pig. You never could be certain in these parts. So she preserved a discreet silence.

"That's good," said Judith, leaving the problem still unsolved.

"The boy at Nanfens farm is marrying the Slater girl."

"What, the one with the squint?"

"That's the girl. Her father is giving her those fields by Burning Copse."

Judith sighed gustily. "That's a grand match for him."

Mrs. Tarpey nodded. "They're all delighted. Those fields will round off that corner for him."

For a moment Judith's eyes rested reproachfully on Carmen. "Some people have all the luck."

"That's right," said Mrs. Tarpey. "My boy John was after that girl up at Benson's shop. But I told him not to act ally. We can't afford no empty-handed wives at Tarpey's. No, these days takes one all one's time to get along at all. Don't you find that, too?"

At this invitation Judith launched into a long and technical description of their land and their stock, which in turn was capped by Mrs. Tarpey, who added a deal of information of a personal nature about people that Carmen had never met. The news was uniformly depressing. It told of failures and forced sales, of cattle disease and the vagaries of the Government's interference with the farmer. Carmen sat with her hands folded listening as if to a foreign language, till a call from the road intimated that the boy Peter had returned with the cart to fetch his mother home.

Carmen had put off the moment of writing to the family because she was afraid of Papa Temple's skill in reading between the lines. But it could not be put off any longer. When Mrs. Tarpey had gone she settled to the task.

It wasn't easy. What could she pos-

sibly tell them that they would understand? How could she possibly give them the impression that she was having a good time according to their standards? She sat for a long time staring at the empty sheet of paper in front of her.

"You give a power of thought to what you say when you're writing home," said Judith watching her from the fireside, where she was darning Richard's socks. "I thought that things like that came easy to you educated ones."

"This letter doesn't come easy," said Carmen.

"Why? Afraid to tell 'em what you see?"

Carmen raised her eyes and looked across at Judith. The girl's face was absolutely impassive. It expressed nothing, like her voice.

"No," said Carmen, "but anxious to make it sound inviting."

"Notions!" said Judith.

"I suppose so."

"Why can't you tell 'em the plain truth?"

"What is the truth?"

"Tell 'em you hate it and that you'll be home before the frosts."

"We'll see," said Carmen, and to end the discussion she bent her head and started her letter.

It ended by being an unusually impersonal document. Carmen told them at length about the house, about the beautiful old furniture, about her husband's broad acres, about the cows and the pigs and the sheep, but singularly little about herself.

And in the Garden Papa Temple read it and re-read it with misgivings. Even Mama Temple was not convinced.

"Cows and pigs," she sighed. "What do I care about cows and pigs? Why does she not tell me about herself?"

"That's just it, Maria," said her husband. "Maybe she don't like to. I wish I hadn't taught her all that stuff about keeping a stiff upper lip, and being fair to things and people. I wish she'd give up and come home."

The younger generation took the matter more lightly.

"Carmen's gone all bucolic," said Sandro.

"Love!" said Lil, who was becoming an expert at the moment.

"You should know," said Ben, "you and your fiddler."

"I wish Carmen were home," sighed Lil, who had much to confide.

"She will be soon," said Ben. "That open spaces stuff soon palls."

"Soon," echoed Papa Temple.

And the word seemed to be whispered round the Garden.

But Carmen was not so bucolic as they thought. While they were reading her letter in the Garden, Judith was inviting her into the cow shed.

"Come and see the new Jersey Richard has bought. We've got to give her a name. Come and look."

"No," said Carmen firmly. "I like cows in their proper place—chewing the buttercups."

"Buttercups are poison to cows," said Judith.

"Well, chewing the clover then."

"They'll burst themselves on clover," said Judith.

"Well what do they eat then?"

"Grass."

"Then call the brute Nebuchadnezzar."

It seemed to Carmen that one monotonous day followed another with a dreadful sameness.

There was not even any housework for her to do. Judith's all-embracing efficiency backed by Mrs. Rayner's hard work kept Oldfields to a well established routine.

Moreover Carmen knew nothing of the domestic arts.

"What did you do at home?" asked Judith, when Carmen had confessed that she did not know how to roast a leg of mutton.

At home! Why there she was 'the admired of all admirers.' But she only laughed and said: "I'm as ignorant as a real lady."

Judith obviously finding the explanation absurd did not trouble to answer. Judith was always sparing of words.

Long, slow days. Others of the neighbors made ceremonial calls and looked with awe at young Mrs. Drayton in her London finery and young Mrs. Drayton shrewdly guessed that they went away saying that poor Richard Drayton had made a sad mistake.

Michael came to Oldfields nearly every day, because his farm adjoined theirs and he and Richard had plenty of business together. And he would look at Judith and go red if his hand touched hers in passing, and yet get no nearer his objective.

"Michael's in love with you," said Carmen one day to Judith. "Why don't you do something about it?"

"That's my affair," said Judith so shortly that Carmen abandoned the subject.

Once Hilary Foster called, and explained that he had been away but that he hadn't forgotten Mrs. Drayton's promise that some day she would come and play with him. His bold black eyes talked to Carmen in a language with which she was very familiar, but he was obviously uneasy under Judith's surprised stare.

CARMEN walked down the lane with him, glad of any company that reminded her of home.

"Your cousin suspects I'm the prince of darkness," he said laughing.

"And aren't you?"

He laughed and shook his head. "She needn't worry. She's quite safe." He turned to look at Carmen again. "Though I wouldn't say that of everybody at Oldfields."

"You must find it hard to keep busy in these parts—in your line," she said.

"I do. Village maidens are overrated. Outside of novelettes they're dumb without being beautiful." He swung himself up on his horse and looked down at her. "But all that is going to be different now."

"I wouldn't be too sure," she said, with a trace of her old caution.

"Here's hoping. I'll be seeing you very soon."

He moved away down the gravel path and Carmen stood for a moment looking after him. He should have been the other side of Reuben's snack bar. He was just like all her other customers. She wouldn't trust him with a farthing piece, but he was like a memory of London town.

"He wouldn't look at you like that if your Richard were here," said Judith tartly when Carmen came back into the kitchen.

"Don't you worry, Judith, I'm used to men like Hilary Foster."

"I know that," said Judith, "but what

you ain't used to is what people in these parts think about such things."

Every now and then Judith spoke with the wisdom of the serpent and Carmen was the first to recognise it and give her credit.

"You're right there, Judith, I expect they're a gossiping lot."

"They know right from wrong if that's what you mean."

"No, it wasn't, but I expect it's two ways of saying the same thing."

Really those days Carmen saw very little of Richard. He was away in the morning before she was up and he was often not home till supper when Judith seemed to dominate the table. Their only privacy was in their bedroom and even that often had to be sacrificed to an ailing sheep or a calving cow.

But she did not complain. It was in her code that she had to see this thing through and she was going to do it with her head erect.

"I wish I saw more of you," was all she said.

"To-morrow I've got to go to Banfield. Market day. I'm taking some bullocks."

"And you think you may as well take me, too," added Carmen. "Do, darling. If it were a slave market what a price I'd fetch."

He laughed. "Men would ruin themselves to buy you."

"Not the men in these parts."

"Perhaps you're right," said Richard thoughtfully. "They want ten-fingered wives."

"What?"

"Ones that can milk a cow and all." They were up early—very early it seemed to Carmen, for the first frosts had come and the chrysanthemums hung with blackened heads and the ground was hard and where puddles had been there were thin sheets of ice. It was biting cold and still quite dark.

Richard was the first ready. "Put on some warm clothes," he said. "Judith's getting breakfast. I want to grease the axle of the wheel. I'll go ahead."

She put on the warmest frock she owned and a blue coat that had looked absurdly smart in Shaftesbury Avenue and that would look merely absurd on market day at Banfield. But there it was. She had no choice. Someone should have warned her that a farmer's wife needed on outfit as specialised as a hospital nurse.

Breakfast was already on the table when she came down.

"Got a good price for once," she heard Judith say.

Richard was sitting with his elbows on the table. He looked plainly worried. "I'll have to take what I can get," he said. "I can rear a fine bullock, but I'm a poor hand at selling 'em."

Judith raised her eyes a second to Carmen as she handed her a cup of tea. "You always were a poor hand at a bargain," she said.

Richard finished his breakfast quickly and went away to harness the little cob in the cart. Then he and Rayner with some difficulty got the frightened young bullocks into the back. Finally a net was put over them and Carmen was invited to take her place on the wooden bench beside her husband.

It was a long drive in the grey morning light, with a wind whistling about their ears and the restless unhappy animals shifting uneasily, with death for them at the end of the journey.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they reached Banfield, and tied up the cob, and Richard had got the bullocks penned

in the market place. Carmen looked about her in bewilderment. There seemed to her to be animals on all sides. Animals grunting and lowing and snelling to high heaven. Animals being driven and pushed and coaxed and all protesting and unwilling and as bewildered as herself.

"You'll be all right there a minute," said Richard, hastily. "I see a man I want a word with."

She nodded dumbly. Obviously she was in Richard's way. She stood just where he had left her, clinging to a post of the pen while a cow walked past her at close quarters.

Two men were leaning over the pigs, poking them with sticks to make them get up and show off their points. She could hear every word they said, but she could not understand any of them. They were talking a foreign language.

It seemed to her that she stood waiting for a long, long time. Then Richard came back with a couple of men, and they talked and talked and he went away again to see some animal or other, and presently returned with another man, and repeated the process all over again.

Once Michael Lane came by and stared at Carmen hard for a moment before he saluted her.

"What would you be doing here?" he asked.

"I can't imagine," she answered.

HE looked at her, puzzled and embarrassed, nodded and moved away.

"What are you doing here?" said another familiar voice ten minutes later, and Carmen looked up to see Hilary Foster leading a pair of young horses past what she had come to consider as her own pen.

"I can't imagine," she answered, but this time she smiled.

"Would you like to buy a nice horse lady?"

"No, I'm in charge of the bullock stall. They tell me it's all for charity and such a good cause. Perhaps you'd take a ticket in the raffle."

One of the young horses pulled impatiently at Foster's restraining hand. "I'd better park the menagerie. I'll be back."

He was swallowed in the crowd and Carmen stood patiently shivering.

It was an hour later that Richard came to rescue her.

"Well, I've sold 'em," he said. "we can go and get something to eat. I've given the cob her feed."

"Did you get a good price?"

"No, Gold."

"Freezing."

"Come on, darling. It'll be hot enough in the Red Lion."

They crossed the square to where the big old-fashioned hotel stood. Already it was overflowing with people. There was no room at all at the bar, and Richard led her up to the commercial room, which was already filling up.

After lunch Richard put the cob back into the shafts and they set off on their long drive. Carmen was tired and silent and it was dark before they were home.

The kitchen of Oldfields looked warm and inviting and Judith had tea ready.

"Have a good time?" she asked Carmen.

"Well, it was interesting and instructive," said Carmen guardedly.

She said no more because Richard was giving Judith an exact account of whom he had met and what they had to sell.

Lying in bed that night with Richard asleep beside her Carmen reviewed the situation. She'd stuck it out till Christmas. It would be nice to be back in London in the spring. The daffodils would be in the market as early as January. She fell asleep smiling at the thought that they would be home for the "sweet of the year."

Christmas was coming very fast. Judith's turkeys had all gone to market, and Judith had done some of her usual complicated calculations which left everyone bewildered as to whether they had or had not been sold at a profit.

Judith's puddings had been maturing since the summer, and Judith's mince-meat had been brought down from the top shelf of the larder.

"We'll ask Michael to dinner," said Richard, reviewing the Christmas arrangements.

"We might have old Mr. Bower," said Judith. "He's got no family and being half blind keeps him a bit helpless."

"That's true," said Richard. "We'll ask him, too."

It wasn't Carmen's idea of a wildly exhilarating party.

Her father had sent her a cheque for five pounds and she wandered into the village wondering how she could spend it. In the general store one corner was devoted to a seasonable display of sweets and biscuits. In the butcher's the beef wore rosettes. Otherwise the shops were as before.

Carmen sent the five pounds back to Lil.

"... buy me presents for the family, and something for Richard and Judith, because there aren't any shops here. You'll know what they want..."

Lil had shown the letter to Papa Temple who had frowned uneasily.

"What kind of a place can that be with no shops?"

"And you'd think she'd know what her husband wanted," added Lil. "Oh dear, I wish she'd come home. It won't seem like Christmas."

And Carmen thought that it didn't seem like Christmas at all. There were no mysterious preparations at Oldfields, the postman never came, and no one ever went shopping for anything more exciting than a quarter of flour.

"What are you giving Richard?" Carmen asked Judith.

"Giving Richard?"

"Yes, for Christmas."

"What should I give him? I haven't any money except what he gives me to run the house," she said bluntly. "I don't give him anything. He wouldn't expect it. Besides, it's a silly habit. All right for children but we're grown-up people."

"I see."

On Christmas Eve a large parcel arrived from Covent Garden, full of odds and ends from all the Temples to all the Draytons.

Christmas Day at Oldfields proved to be very much like any other day. The animals had to be tended and one of the cart horses had gone lame, which was very awkward with the ploughing not yet finished and the vet had advised hot fomentations every hour, so that Richard was kept busy. Mrs. Rayner had left early to give her children their dinner and Judith had more work than usual in the scullery. The eggs and milk had to go off just as they did on any other day, and the only difference in the routine was that Michael came to dinner along with old Mr. Bower who was half blind and poor company at the best of times.

They ate one of Judith's turkeys and

her pudding which was rather plain, and after dinner they sat round the fire and talked about sugar beet.

Carmen had given Oldfields till Christmas. Yet a week—seven whole days went by before she did anything. Something seemed to rob her of her usual energy and decision. She felt tired and ill and the week spread itself to two before she took any action.

Before she left Oldfields there was one thing about which she wanted to be quite sure. So one Monday afternoon, a fortnight later, her heart beating uncomfortably fast, her nerves tingling, she set off across the field path to the village. She did not want to be seen. She went by the back way to call on the doctor whose brass plate she had noticed on previous excursions.

HE looked at her in surprise. It was months since he had seen an unfamiliar patient.

"I'm Mrs. Drayton from Oldfields."

She followed him into the untidy library which served as consulting room.

Half an hour later she walked back across the fields. This was something that would change her whole life. Now she couldn't run away just to please herself. She had new responsibilities. She had to think what was best for two. In the distance she could see Oldfields—Richard's farm—her farm—her child's farm.

Carmen did not go straight home. At the last stile that divided their land from Michael Lane's she drew her coat closely round her and perched on the top to think. Life had suddenly acquired a new meaning. She wasn't useless. After all she was someone of importance—great importance—she was to be the mother of Richard's child.

Judith was about to lay the supper when Carmen got back, had she only known it a new Carmen with purpose in her eye.

"I'll slip off my things and do that," she said.

Judith looked up in astonishment. "Don't be troubling. I'm used to it."

"Well, it's time I got used to it now," said Carmen with cheerful determination, as she ran upstairs.

She pulled off her hat and coat and put on the little high-heeled shoes in which she felt so much at home. She felt gay. She had missed her work. She was glad to be doing something—even if it were only laying the table.

Yet when she reappeared in the kitchen Judith was going on with her task with quiet persistence.

"I said I'd do that," said Carmen pleasantly. She also was no amateur at getting her own way. She gently took the plate basket out of Judith's hand. "A farmer's wife should at least be able to set a farmer's table. What are we having?"

Judith watched in astonishment while Carmen worked down the table laying the knives and forks and spoons with meticulous accuracy.

"Rabbit pie and baked apples," she said. "And I thought we'd better clear that patch of greens." She waved a hand vaguely in the direction of the kitchen garden.

"Yes, and what shall we put in the cleared patch?"

Judith's jaw dropped in astonishment. This to her mind was the first sensible question that Carmen had asked since her arrival at Oldfields. "Broad beans," she said and then hurried away before she

could be confronted with any other startling developments.

Carmen looked at the table. The old silver, worn thin by four generations, shone bright and clean. She wondered how one polished silver. Goodness, what a lot of things there were to be learnt about a house. But she was a quick study.

She put the glasses on the table, took the cellar key from Judith, and went and drew a jug of cider. That was rather fun. She liked the cool dark cellar with its barrels of beer, with its bottles of home-made wine, and its bottles of whisky treasured for visitors, and brandy treasured for the sick. So far Curly, the little Jersey cow, was the only one she had seen enjoying spirituous liquors since her arrival.

When she had finished she did not give Judith back the key. She slipped it into her own pocket.

She put her jug on the table and very solemnly she set herself to cut Judith's crusty home-made loaf. She was determined that the slices should be even, that no one should have a chance to laugh at her efforts. She brought such concentration to the task that she did not notice Richard till he was right behind her.

"My sweet." He looked quickly round the kitchen. He was shy of public endorsements, then he kissed her in the nape of her neck. "You look very busy."

Carmen stood back a moment to survey her efforts. "Reuben had a bread cutter. Max could slice half a dozen sandwiches in quarter of an hour."

"Don't you worry about that," he said. "Judith will do it."

"I don't want Judith to do it. Time I learnt to be useful."

He drew her to him, and, putting a hand under her chin, tilted her face upwards. "You're too beautiful. I didn't bring you here to let you drudge."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "You don't make any complaint, Richard, but oughtn't a farmer's wife be something else than just beautiful?"

"I find you perfect just as you are."

"Because Judith does my jobs. Suppose there were no Judith?"

"Why suppose anything so silly?"

"Because—"

And then Carmen stopped, because Judith had appeared and set the dishes on the supper table. Carmen watched attentively and then as if inadvertently she moved to the top of the table.

"Oh, look," she said, earnestly indicating the napkins and pointing to the seat at her side. "I've laid for you there, Judith. Never mind, I'll serve." She sat down quickly before there could be any comment. "Your pie looks wonderful," she said politely.

Judith took in the change with characteristic slow bewilderment. She was not resentful as much as extremely puzzled. She did not, however, attach much importance to the manoeuvre. She had other things on her mind.

"The man called to-day for the next instalment on the incubator," she said, "and there's a big bill for oil cake. You'd better make up your mind to sell the Cowslip Fields, Richard. We need the money."

"I saw Foster to-day. I said I'd let him know next month."

Carmen looked from one to the other. "What's he offering?"

"Pasture land doesn't fetch much in these parts. Those fields are too stoney and windy for anything else."

"Well, how much?" asked Carmen, who

hadn't the faintest idea of the value of pasture or any other kind of land.

"Five pounds an acre," said Richard. "That's a hundred for the lot."

"I see," said Carmen, and tabulated the price in her mind for future use.

After breakfast the following day Richard was surprised when Carmen offered to accompany him as far as King Alfred's meadow where he was working. As a rule she hated going over the fields which were invariably muddy and generally full of what she chose to consider as dangerous animals.

"What are you doing now, Richard?" she asked as they moved down the garden path.

"Matter of fact, we're behindhand. We're stacking up the last of the mangels," he said.

"And what are they for?"

"Why, the cattle—winter feed."

Carmen gravely accepted this information and continued to ask questions. She was studying the farm as once she had studied scholarship Latin. They both seemed remote, useless, uninteresting, but if she could master the one she could master the other.

When they got to the field Carmen stood for some time watching the work. "Stacking mangels for the winter feed," she repeated to herself, and had a vision of an imaginary conversation in which someone said to her, "And what is your husband doing now, Mrs. Drayton?" and she replied with great gravity, "Stacking mangels for the winter feed." And then this seemed so absurd that she laughed aloud, and Richard looked up and waved to her, and she waved back, and then she turned on her heel and walked home to tackle Judith.

ALL that week Carmen went quietly about her self-imposed task. Much she learnt by observation, some things she definitely asked to be shown. Quietly, she took every day a little more for her province, taking care to tackle only those things which she knew she could accomplish. So did not hurry. Papa Temple had taught her how to wait.

It was now a matter of course that Carmen should lay the table, help wash up, and do her own room. It was also a matter of course that Carmen should sit at the head of her own table. It became an accepted thing that while Judith was feeding the hens, Carmen should collect and count and pack the eggs, and she got quite friendly with the carter who called for them every day and took them to the train. When Judith brought out the account books it was only natural that Carmen should offer to add up the columns of figures—for figures had always been Carmen's speciality. The others hardly seemed to notice the change.

In the village Carmen had looked tentatively at a pair of Wellingtons, like the ones in which Judith defied the muddy yard. But at the last minute her heart had failed her and she had turned away. Hilary Foster stopped his workaday car when he saw her outside the shoe shop with her heavy bag of groceries.

"You can't carry all that, Mrs. Drayton. I'll give you a lift. I'm going your way."

"Thanks." She scrambled in beside him, conscious of his appraising eye on her slim ankles. It was a long time since anyone had looked at her with an appraising eye. Richard thought that she was

beautiful—but that was quite another matter.

"Getting quite the little housewife," he said.

"Yes, I'm learning." She looked at him with the old easy familiarity that she had shown to Reuben's customers. "I bet you didn't know that there are three kinds of rice. One makes puddings, one makes curries, and one makes chickens grow into hens."

He laughed and instinctively slowed his car. Young Mrs. Drayton was not only a good looker, she was a sport. He was sorry her farm was so near the village.

"Pretty lonely for you here," he said. "You had a lot of fun in London, eh?"

"I thought so," she said reflectively.

She wondered what was London's fascination. She had failed to convey it to Richard. Oldfields had defeated London. A shabby old house, a hard life, fields that didn't pay—but Oldfields had won.

As they stopped before the door Richard came out from the yard carrying a pail of pig swill.

"Gave your wife a lift, Drayton."

Richard hurried forward and took Carmen's shopping bag. "That's heavy," he said. "You should have let me drive you in."

"Oh, you were too busy."

But that wasn't her real reason. Judith had thought nothing of walking to and from the village with the week's provisions. If Judith could do it—

Hilary Foster looked around before he turned his car. "You need an extra man, Drayton. Then you'd have time for trips to the village. When are you going to make up your mind about my offer?"

Richard answered with disarming candor. "I'm just waiting to see what my pigs fetch."

"Don't wait too long," Hilary waved a hand in farewell. "A man with a wife like Mrs. Drayton needs a bit of money in his pocket."

Richard watched it go. "Reckon he's right about those fields," he said.

"I'm just getting to know those fields," said Carmen. "You won't sell them without warning me."

"Course not. They're your fields as well as mine."

He followed her into the house and laid the shopping bags upon the table.

"Did you bring the washing soda?" called Judith sharply from the scullery.

For a moment Carmen did not answer. There was so much she dared not say.

"Yes," she managed at last.

"WELL, give it me here. I want it right away."

In that moment Carmen's mind was made up, but all she said was "Coming."

When Michael Lane came over as usual on Sunday afternoon it was Carmen who walked across the fields with him and Richard found that he and Judith had somehow got left behind.

"Let's go along the cliff, Michael," she said and struck out so as to put a distance between herself and the others.

Michael had no alternative but to keep up with her, though he was puzzled as to why young Mrs. Drayton had laid so commanding a hand on his arm and somehow spirited him away from Judith, or why she so determinedly kept them apart.

He looked at her obliquely. Maybe she didn't approve of him. Maybe she didn't think him good enough. After all, she was a smart young woman from London. But all the same his farm did bet-

ter than Richard's, and what business was it of hers, anyway?

She waited till they were two fields ahead of the others before she spoke, and then she came straight to the point.

"Michael Lane," she said at last, "don't you think it's time that you and Judith got married?"

He stopped dead in surprise. "I thought like as perhaps you didn't approve."

"Why ever not?"

"You taking me aside like."

"No. On the contrary I wanted to know why you were so slow."

He shook his head. "That's not my fault," he said.

"Oh? Whose fault? Judith's?"

He nodded. "She won't have me."

"Why not?"

"Says she can't be spared."

Carmen smiled with a display of self-confidence she did not feel. "But that was before Richard was married."

Michael Lane shook his head in melancholy denial. "She says that makes no difference seeing as you're a Londoner."

"I don't understand."

"It's like this. She's rare fond of the farm. Her Uncle Dan were good to her and she feels grateful. She don't like to leave and see everything go to ruin."

Carmen bit back several excellent retorts and contented herself with saying:

"I see. It's a very praiseworthy devotion, but misplaced."

It was Michael Lane's turn to be puzzled.

"How's that?"

"It's very good of Judith but not necessary. I can look after Richard and he can look after Oldfields."

"Oh you," said Michael slowly, as if considering this idea for the first time and not finding it particularly helpful.

"Yes, me," said Carmen sharply. "After all, it's my house and my husband you know."

"Oh yes!" he said vaguely, but she could feel that he was making reservations.

"So what are you going to do about it?"

He swished at the short grass with the stick he carried. "What can I do?" he asked helplessly. "I've argued with her heaps of times. She's a one that knows her own mind and I respect her for it."

"Of course."

"She always gives me the same answer. She'd like fine to be up at my place, but her duty is with you and Richard."

Carmen felt his unresponsiveness like a dead weight. She would like to shock him into action. "Well, after what I've told you perhaps this time you can hint that her duty is at an end and that I've come to relieve her."

"Happen I could," he said doubtfully, "but it won't make no difference."

She says you ain't a one to run a farm."

"It might make a difference if you told her I had spoken to you, asked you to hurry the wedding."

"Judith ain't one to be hurried. Draytons are long-thinking folk."

"You're a bit long thinking yourself."

said Carmen, severely, "and not what I'd call an impassioned lover. Good gracious, if you want to marry her it's up to you to do something about it."

"I'll try," he said doubtfully. Carmen had the impression that his cause was already lost.

"You'll get results if you go the right way to work," she said encouragingly. "Be masterful."

"I'll try," said Michael Lane again.

Perhaps the idea would penetrate gradually. There was nothing else to hope for. "They're catching us up," she said.

"Do it now." She wanted it done before her heart failed her. "Richard," she

called and gave Michael a friendly push towards the others.

She had burnt her boats. If Judith accepted and went away Carmen would be tied to Oldfields while it remained in their possession. If Judith accepted and went away Carmen must learn to do the job thoroughly. Her boats were burning one by one—with no one but herself to watch the conflagration.

And if Judith refused, Carmen's little mouth was set. Then Richard must find some other way. She and Judith could no longer live together. It wasn't giving Oldfields a fair chance.

Carmen waited so that the others should catch them up and then changed partners.

Richard drew her arm inside his own.

"We'll walk up to Mannock's place," he said pointing along the cliff. "He wants to sell me a litter of Berkshires. I'd like to have a look at them."

"Berkshires," echoed Carmen. "I know. They're pigs. Black."

He looked down at her, pleased. "Wonderful what you've learnt."

They walked on for a moment in silence.

He had a question he hardly dared to ask.

"Carmen."

"Yes, Richard?"

"You do think I was right not to sell now you've seen the place, don't you?"

"N

OW I understand why you didn't want to," she said guardedly.

"You do like it though? You are happy?"

It was the question she had been afraid to hear, the question he had been afraid to ask. Far ahead she could see Judith and Michael and his arm was waving the air in exostulation. It didn't look as if things were going too smoothly.

"Happy?" Carmen looked out at the grey sea. Perhaps she hadn't burnt all her boats. Perhaps Judith was giving her another chance. "I don't know, Richard."

"You miss your London still?"

"No." Queer, she thought, but that wasn't quite the trouble. It was rather that she felt baffled, isolated, and—for the first time in her life—she felt stupid.

"It's not quite that. It's hard to explain—"

He looked down at her. "You do love me, Carmen?"

"Yes, Richard, if I didn't—"

"I see. But love is not enough."

"We thought that before we started. Perhaps it's true—I don't know—you must give me time."

The two ahead had stopped at the stile and were shouting.

Carmen called back. She was glad of the interruption. They were on dangerous ground.

"Let's cut up here," shouted Michael.

Richard and Carmen joined them and they made a track across the meadow to Mannock's farm.

Old John Mannock saw them coming and waved and came down to meet them.

As they drew near the house, Carmen stopped entranced before a row of daphne bushes, their delicate waxy flowers blushing pink, their smell of sweet lilies scenting the air.

"Oh, aren't they lovely!"

John Mannock stood beside her, the others had gone ahead. "Daphnes. They're the first flower at the turn of the year. Delicate little things they look, and yet they'll come out and brave the frosts."

"I've never seen one before."

"That's because you can't cut 'em,

Plant doesn't like to be cut," he said. "I've reared 'em from a berry sometimes. Most farmers don't care about the garden. Leave it to the women. But I've always been particular fond of a garden."

"I don't wonder," said Carmen, her eyes still on the flowers.

Presently they joined the others and the old man left her and Carmen found herself at sea in the Mannock parlor trying to look intelligent, while Judith and Mrs. Mannock discussed the best way of pickling walnuts and the three men inspected the Berkshires.

Carmen did not listen. She was thinking of old John Mannock who had both sense and understanding.

When they left he winked at her like a solemn child and whispered, "I'll be down some day soon." And then a wistful smile creased his old face. "It would be nice for me if I had a neighbor what loved gardens, too."

And Carmen left him with the surprised conviction that she was more or less pledged to grow and love a garden for the sake of an old man she had only just met.

As soon as they were clear of the house she once more manoeuvred to get Michael to herself.

"Did you do it?" she asked eagerly without any preliminaries.

"She wouldn't."

"Why ever not? What did you say?" "I said as how now you were come, maybe Richard could manage and she just said the idea were daft."

Carmen felt a thrill. If Judith wanted battle, well and good. "Why daft?"

"You being unfit for a farmer's wife."

"She thinks that," Carmen was at once angry and delighted. It gave the necessary spur. It introduced into what had been a duty an element of fun. And after all it was for Judith's own good. She ought to be married and have babies and run Michael's farm.

"Yes."

"I'll settle it."

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Don't you worry. Leave it to me."

"Judith's awful set, once she makes up her mind."

"So am I, Michael."

Carmen waited next morning till Richard was out of the house before putting her plan of campaign into action. She didn't want him involved. Judith couldn't be "jollied along," but there were reserves in Carmen's repertoire.

Mrs. Rayner was in the scullery washing up the breakfast things. Judith picked up her garden basket.

"Where are you going?" asked Carmen quickly.

Something in her tone made Judith stop surprised. "I'm going to see what vegetables I can get for a stew for supper. There's a bit of fresh pork from last week's killing."

"No," said Carmen with sudden authority. This was as good a contention as any other. "To-day is the day the butcher's boy comes, I'm ordering a joint."

"You're—" For a moment Judith stood there immovable. Her wide blue eyes were merely puzzled. What do you mean?" she said at last.

"Just what I said," Carmen was speaking very softly. "We'll have a joint to-night and there's a cabbage in the scullery. So you needn't go out now. Better finish off those sheets you were mending."

Judith laid down her basket. Resent-

ment burnt in the blue eyes. "Who are you ordering about?"

Carmen gave her a polite smile. "I don't quite know, Judith. Just what is your position in this house?"

"My position!" Judith stopped at a loss for words. It wasn't so easy to define. "But I run this house."

"You mean you run this house, in the old days, for Richard's Uncle Dan."

"No, I don't. I run this house for Richard."

"Haven't you forgotten one thing?"

"What's that?"

"Richard now has a wife."

Judith blinked as if she could not take in the enormity implied by Carmen's words. "It makes no difference," she said, "seeing as it's you."

"It's the wife's place to run the house."

"But you wouldn't know how. Oh, I'm not saying that if Richard had married one of the Mannock girls or that Betty from the coastguard station—I'm not saying that then I would have stopped along—but a Londoner—"

"We learn very fast where I come from, Judith, and Michael's farm is not so far away."

Judith's eyes were round with discovery. "You mean you want me to marry Michael?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"I DIDN'T believe him. Anyway, I couldn't do it. You don't understand."

"You couldn't?" Carmen waited a second for Judith to retract.

"It wouldn't be fair to Richard."

"Try taking a long view, Judith," said Carmen soberly. "My way may be fairest to Richard in the end."

"I couldn't do it," said Judith obstinately.

"Then that's that. Then will you please get on with that mending."

It was a pity Judith would not capitulate at the beginning because she would have to in the end. Carmen read the gentle obstinacy in the girl's face. She did not know what it meant to be up against Papa Temple's daughter. "I'm going down to the village now," Judith did not answer. She was still staring at Carmen as if she had seen a ghost, staring long after Carmen had closed the door behind her.

As Carmen was coming home, with the best ledgers that the village could provide, she approached The Swan, which was the last house before the open fields. She noticed Hilary Foster talking to a stranger. On the impulse of the moment Carmen decided to go inside the old inn. She was curious about everything to do with Hilary Foster, who wanted to buy Cowslip Fields freehold. The two men raised their hats and stood aside as she passed.

"Morning, Mrs. Drayton," said Hilary. "Oldfields agrees with you. You look bonnie."

"I manage," she said smiling back at him as she went inside.

Old Mr. Tully, who knew everybody, shuffled to the bar to greet her.

"Morning, Mrs. Drayton, what's your pleasure?"

"Morning, Mr. Tully. I'd like a lemonade."

He reached down behind the counter laughing. "Us publicans would starve if there were many more like you. How does your husband like that last keg of beer?"

"Fine," said Carmen, who had not the slightest idea. "Who's the foreigner

talking to Mr. Foster?" And as she said so she thought it strange that already she had accepted the village idiom that anyone she did not know was a foreigner.

To Mr. Tully such curiosity seemed only natural. In the village everyone wanted to know all about everyone else.

"I hear tell he's from Bainsford, from the bus company. Happen they're going to run a new line here."

"Where to? We've got a bus already."

"I dunno. Happen for summer visitors they might want a fancy route like."

"I see." Carmen finished her lemonade with no sense of enlightenment and the talk strayed to the likelihood of a black frost.

When she came out of the inn Hilary Foster was still in the doorway but this time he was alone.

"Which way are you going?" he said and stretched his hand for her parcel. "Home across the fields."

"I'll walk with you," she weighed the parcel in his hand. "What on earth have you got in this?"

"Ledgers."

"Don't tell me you bother your pretty head with figures."

"It's no bother. It comes natural."

"Well, if you represent business as well as beauty, you tell your good husband I can't hang on for ever about those fields."

"Oh if you're offered any others I should take them," she said casually. "I don't think Richard is keen to sell."

He looked at her sharply, but her eyes were innocently fixed on the landscape. He laughed to cover up his alarm. "Of course I realise farmers can't be trusted. Why in these parts they think so long—why they think so long before they ask a girl to marry them, that by the time they're ready she's so old they no longer want her! I'm not like that," he said with a meaningful glance in her direction.

"A quick worker?" she said automatically, but her eyes were on the grey sea beyond the cliff. Somehow she felt this was the wrong setting for his conversation. It might have sounded all right across the bar, it sounded all wrong between the sea and the sky.

She swung over the last stile that led up the kitchen garden to her home.

"Won't you come in?" she said politely.

He handed her back the parcel. "No. Our Judith doesn't appreciate me. But I'll be seeing you very soon again."

"It's a small village," she said taking her books, and she smiled and left him.

But as she walked down the path her face was grave. She put it to herself that Hilary Foster was "up to no good." Richard was too honest, too trusting. He wouldn't recognise Hilary Foster's type. She hoped that soon she would have him where she wanted him. "Jolly him along," till she discovered why he wanted Cowslip Fields. If she couldn't manage Hilary Foster then her father had wasted a lot of time on her education.

As she came near the house she saw Richard standing by the hen house and he waved to her to join him. She put her parcel on the step and went in his direction.

After supper Carmen brought out the new ledgers and started to get to the bottom of the accounts. Judith was ignored and Carmen addressed all her questions to Richard. For several hours she worked with untiring concentration at the end of which time she had evolved

a new statement of their position and set it neatly forth in a new ledger.

"You're wonderful," said Richard, his eyes on Carmen. "Wonderful!"

Judith suddenly found that she was thinking of Michael Lane. He found her wonderful and he kept his accounts in the old way that she could understand, and his kitchen had an even bigger range, and last year his house had been painted and the water laid on.

"I'm going to bed," she said suddenly.

"Do," said Carmen, without raising her head. "And call me when you're getting up."

More innovations. Judith merely made a noise of assent.

"SHE seems upset," said Richard, looking after her retreating figure.

"She'll get over it."

"She's a good lass," he said absently, and dismissed the matter from his mind. He stepped back to look at Carmen surrounded by her account books. "It's great to see you like that—part of it all. I've been longing for you to get those figures straight—I never rightly knew how we stood."

"But why didn't you ask me?" she said in surprise.

"Well, I didn't want you working unless you felt like it. Reckon you worked enough in London. Though perhaps this is different seeing it's our money—yours and mine—and our land. I often wanted your advice, you knowing so much about these things!"

"You wanted my advice!" she echoed, and a comforting warmth played round her heart.

"Yes," he pointed to a column of figures. "Those outgoings for repairs. Don't you think they're too heavy?"

For the next half hour they sat discussing outgoings on repairs. Carmen had never known before that it was such an enthralling subject.

Judith's resistance was subjected to severe tests next morning. Carmen was desperately active about the house, giving orders with quiet determination and adding a number of fresh tasks to those she had already taken for her province.

Once Judith tried to catch her out. "Why don't you make a plum tart to-night, Carmen? My bottled plums are almost untouched."

Carmen was quick to say: "I prefer them plain with cream," mentally resolving that she would soon master the intricacies of pastry—short and puff.

But such little skirmishes were nothing. The final battle was fought over the screen. Carmen had found it in what had formerly been Uncle Dan's room, behind the drawn blinds and the dust sheets.

"It's just what we want," she announced, as she bumped it down the last step of the stairs. "This kitchen is full of draughts."

Judith gasped. "You can't use that. It's out of Uncle Dan's room."

"He doesn't need it now," said Carmen, trying where it would be most effective. "I'll have to open up that room soon. Some of my family may be down."

"You—you're going to use that room!"

"But of course. Why not?"

Judith couldn't explain. She shook her bewildered head. These were London ways. No one had ever used Uncle Dan's room before. She looked across at Carmen. "This is no place for me," she said.

Carmen smiled. "So I've been trying to

tell you." She patted Judith's arm. "Michael will be in to supper. Tell him." Judith did not smile. "You won't find it so funny—doing all the work."

"I won't find it funny at all. That isn't why I think we should make this change Judith. You ought to know me better than that by now."

"Then what's your idea?"

"Well, don't you want to get married? Don't you love Michael?"

"Maybe, but that's not your reason."

"Do my reasons matter. You'll make Michael a grand wife. Think about your future, not mine."

"I'm thinking of Richard's."

"Richard will be safe with me," said Carmen softly.

"You may believe it," said Judith fairly, "but that doesn't necessarily make it true."

Nevertheless, when Michael came to supper that night it was Carmen and Richard who washed up in the scullery, and the old kitchen watched yet another romance.

The only person who received the news of the engagement with surprise and doubt was Richard.

"But what'll you do, Carmen?"

"I'll manage."

"But, my sweet—"

"Listen, Richard." She put her fingers over his lips. "I've been managing since I was seventeen. You leave it to me."

"I don't like it."

"I do. They're to be married right away and I'll take all the egg money into Banfield to get her trousseau."

The following month was full of preparations. The bans were called in the little village church on the edge of the village. Judith disclosed that she had a "bottom drawer" full of fine lawn underclothes and tea cloths with drawn thread work and hemstitched pillow-cases.

But Carmen wanted her to have pretty frocks that would set off the honey-colored hair and the warm gold of her skin and the full, fine figure. Carmen felt that perhaps she owed Judith something and the girl submitted anxiously, flattered and pleased to find herself for the first time in her life the centre of attention.

All the neighbors had been asked to the wedding and Carmen even tried to get Lil to come from London, but Lil had written back saying that she couldn't be spared, sending her good wishes and a present of an Italian scarf. Carmen knew that the Temples still regarded the journey to Oldfields as something in the nature of hazardous pioneering.

Everyone came to the wedding breakfast, the farmers, the shopkeepers, the parson, the doctor, and even Richard's four tenants. They had all known Judith and Michael since they were children.

"And how are you keeping since I saw you?" said the old doctor, as he shook hands with Carmen.

"Be careful," she whispered, drawing him into one of the window seats. "My husband doesn't know yet that you ever did see me before to-day."

The old man shook his head. "Why is that?"

She looked at him critically. He was old and wise, he must know a lot about husbands and wives and babies. He was a stranger. It is often easier to talk to a stranger. "I wonder if you'd understand."

He sighed resignedly. "I've heard so many reasons—"

"Well, here's one more." She paused, anxious to make her meaning clear.

"These last months all my way-of life has been changed. I've had to make what were to me a lot of momentous decisions. I've got to find out if I can make a success of this new way of life. I've got to know what I really want before I tell Richard."

"Daff talk," he said curtly.

"No. If Richard knows I can never leave here. Another generation for Oldfields. I know my Richard."

"Do you want to leave?" His voice was gruff.

"I don't know yet. Perhaps I can learn to be happy here. But if not I won't have my child brought up where there isn't harmony. I have another kind of life to offer him in London. I've got to find out for myself which is the best."

Elvira Foster, with a white flower in his buttonhole, and looking far smarter than the bridegroom, demanded her attention.

"It's not fair," he said. "No bridesmaids. Who the devil am I to kiss?"

She laughed. "Not me, anyway. I'm an old married woman."

"Don't you believe you're safe. I'll kiss you some day yet, Carmen." He hardly seemed to notice that he had used her first name.

"Is that a threat or a promise? And what shall I be doing while it's going on?"

"You'll be liking it."

"I see."

He looked round the room. "Weddings are pretty grim affairs. For better or worse—and it's always worse."

"Not with Judith. She'll be perfectly happy."

"Oh, Judith!" He dismissed her with a wave of the hand. "I wasn't thinking about her. You—are you perfectly happy?"

"I have every reason to be," she said. "Which is the loyal way of saying you hate the whole business."

"It's nothing of the sort," she retorted indignantly. Then she remembered that she wanted to string this man along, to have him ready to tell her all he knew. So she changed the dangerous subject. "There's nothing wrong with weddings. Why don't you try one?"

"That's a jump I refuse," he said.

"DONT speak too soon," said Carmen and moved away back to her duty of plying the guests with food.

At five o'clock the bridal couple were ready to leave in Michael's car.

"Good-bye, Carmen," Judith was embarrassed. "It's all right," she whispered. "Happen what you did was best all round."

"Happen it was," said Carmen to her own surprise.

Gradually the company drifted away. The quiet efficient Mrs. Rayner was unobtrusively restoring order.

When the last guest had gone Richard said, "I'll just go and see if the animals are all right. Such a coming and going may have got them a bit nervous."

It seemed very quiet now that everyone had gone. The folding star looked down benignly and a tender young moon was sinking. Later on it might be frosty. Carmen stood for a moment looking over the quiet fields. A gull wheeled across the sky crying. Out to sea shone the lights of a steamer. It was still and very cold. She had done her duty. She had burnt almost all her boats.

She turned into the kitchen. Mrs. Rayner had already done marvels. All the crockery was in the scullery, the floor

was swept, the furniture back in its right place. The fire burnt red and clear.

Carmen went into the scullery.

"I've put what's over in that tin, Mrs. Drayton, and I've stacked all them extra plates and glasses neat and I'll do them in the morning early. I must get back now and give my man his meal."

"Thanks so much, Mrs. Rayner. I'll manage."

Mrs. Rayner had gone. It occurred to Carmen that she had never had the house all to herself before. It was like taking possession. "Mine," she whispered, and then amended it to "Ours."

Richard must be tired and hungry. She, too, must "give her man a meal." She laid the table. What could she give him quickly and safely?

Eggs. She'd make an omelette. She slipped her apron over her wedding frock. She got the pan and the butter that Judith had knocked up yesterday. She'd seen Mama Temple make omelettes, dozens of omelettes for her voracious family. Carmen broke the eggs and beat them up in a bowl.

She looked out of the window. There was Richard at the end of the field. Her heart beat fast with excitement. Her lips were parted. She tipped the eggs into the pan and watched them breathlessly.

"Hello," said Richard, on the threshold. "Mrs. Rayner gone?"

"Sit down," said Carmen without looking round. "Must be eaten instantaneously." She turned it successfully as she spoke.

"What?" he said obliging her.

"That," she said, as the golden brown omelette slipped from the pan to the plate. "Oh, isn't it beautiful?" She carried it to the table with a smile on her lips.

"Beautiful," echoed Richard, looking at his wife.

But she did not notice. She was thinking fast and furiously. She had made a discovery.

Richard looked up at her. "What is it, my sweet? You look as if you'd seen a vision."

"I have," she said softly. "A private vision."

She turned her back to the fire where the kettle was boiling. She was enjoying herself. She knew now that Oldfields was not only a duty, it could also be a pleasure. She rated this among her more important discoveries. It had taken a successful omelette to show her that there might be fun in being a farmer's wife.

It was only natural that Carmen's enthusiasms should have waned a little by six o'clock next morning. Richard had already been up a couple of hours and the bedroom seemed very dark and chill. Carmen thought of home, of Lil sitting on the edge of the bed, of Mama Temple's noisy crowded breakfast table, and of the stream of morning workers. Then she jumped up suddenly, her lips set in a little line of determination.

Richard's eggs and bacon were ready for him when he got back at nine and there was a fat post with booklets about all kinds of paints and preservatives. It was the time of the year when repairs had to be done, and Carmen was determined that she would bring it out at a smaller figure than the previous year.

The ensuing week proved full of minor surprises. Cooking was the chief. She was constantly astonished when her dishes turned out looking very much as they did on other people's tables.

There was excitement the night Richard

had to stay up with the Holstein, and there in the morning was a calf with spindly legs and tightly curled damp hair. And although she might still harbor a distrust of cows, Carmen found that a calf had its attractions.

Then there was the arrival of the paints they had ordered and Carmen had frequently to interrupt her own work to talk to Richard on top of his ladder.

He must hurry with his work while the weather held. In the Garden the weather had mattered so little. You took an umbrella or you didn't. Oldfields was ruled by the weather. It was always too cold or too dry, the ground was always too hard or too soft. The weather made all the difference as to whether at the end of the month you bought yourself a new frock or you cut down the butcher's orders.

So Richard painted feverishly. The sight of so much artistic activity gave Carmen an idea.

"Richard, if we do the barn cheap this year—" She paused.

"Yes?"

"Next year do you think we could do the house?" And she never noticed that already she instinctively put the claims of the barn before those of the house.

"GREAT idea," He was enthusiastic. "I like to hear you say 'next year.'"

"Why, Richard?"

"It—it makes it seem more permanent."

He touched her cheek with reverence. "I—I can never believe that you quite belong to Oldfields. Sometimes I wake in the night, Carmen, and look across to make sure you're still there. I feel it's all too good to be true, my sweet. Something, someone, will come and take you away from me."

Before Carmen could answer there was a peremptory knock on the front door. She laughed. "There's your boy man," she said, and went to answer.

The boy from the post office was standing outside. He handed her a telegram. "I'll wait," he said, leaning against the porch.

Carmen looked at the envelope fearfully. Papa Temple was ill perhaps. She walked back into the kitchen.

"It was the boy man all right." Then she tore it open and laughed with relief. "It's big brother Ben. Business your part. Down to-night. Hoping for bed, Ben."

Richard was delighted. "Splendid! Great! Say, Carmen, we'll give him a grand time. Think of all the wonderful meals Mama Temple gave me, think of the job Papa Temple found me, think how good they all were to me! It's great that we can do something for Ben."

"Heavens," said Carmen, "I've forgotten the telegraph boy."

She rushed out, murmured "No answer" and rushed back excitedly. Ben—big brother Ben—she hadn't realised how much she was missing them all. She'd hear all the news of home, all the gossip of the Garden. She bustled around.

"He'll be here for supper. What are we having?"

"Irish stew," she said. "Won't Ben be surprised when he finds I've learnt to cook?"

"I've got a bottle of Burgundy. I'll fetch it. And we can cut that cheese Judith made."

"Yes, and the last of the snowdrops, darling. Put them in that little blue jug. I must dash up and get his room

ready. Bring me up some sticks and coal and we'll light a fire."

Carmen's little high-heeled shoes ran lightly up the wooden stairs.

Carmen heard a familiar noise in the drive, that was the honk of Ben's motor bike. She would know it anywhere. She flew downstairs and a moment later she was in Ben's arms, and they were laughing and joking and kissing one another with real Temple exuberance.

"Carmen, bless us, Am I some pioneer? Richard, old man, how's the simple life?"

Carmen dragged him into the kitchen. "Are you frozen and starved? And what are you doing here anyway? And how long can you stay?"

"Answering, 'yes, yes.' Had to see a man who owes Papa twenty pounds and I can stay two nights." He pulled her back towards the door. "Wait a minute. I've got something for you in my carrier."

Of course Mama Temple would not have let him depart empty handed. There was a great cake, six bottles of Chianti, a Bel Paese cheese, and a jar of her own chutney. And Lil had sent Carmen three pairs of fine silk stockings with a note suggesting that she might find it difficult to get them "in those parts."

Supper was a noisy meal. Even two members of the Temple family managed to create an impression of crowded life and Richard proved an excellent audience.

Ben gave them all the news of the family and the Garden.

Young Sandro had won a scholarship.

"Like you, Carmen, too clever by half." Ben had stopped suddenly as if surprised at where her cleverness had led her. Then he covered up the awkward pause to tell of Lil. "He's an Italian. A fiddler in the Covent Garden orchestra. Of course it's not official yet, but Mama has everything planned. She's going to give them the big back room."

Lil was Mama's own daughter. She'd never leave the nest. Her Italian fiddler would find it quite natural to be just one of the family.

"And Papa?" asked Carmen.

Ben looked across at her gravely. "He misses you."

She nodded. She understood. She missed him too. "He must take a holiday—come down and see us."

Again that quick look round. "Oh no, I don't think so," said Ben hastily, and then amended it to "You know he never leaves the shop."

He went on rather quickly to talk of other things. About the new tenants at the Cross Keys; and how Reuben had come to supper and was thinking of opening a second snack bar nearer the Bank; and of how Mrs. Dunne had let the rooms they had had to a couple who had gone off without paying and taking her best blankets in their trunk; of how this old customer or that had died or got married or become a father.

At last he paused to ask: "Now, what's your news, Carmen? They'll want to hear everything about you when I get back."

"My news?" Carmen paused bewildered and looked questioningly at Richard. "Well, we're painting the barns." Somehow she didn't think the Temples would be very interested in that, but for the moment she could think of nothing else—and only a few hours ago life had seemed so very eventful.

Ben nodded. "And you wrote that Judith was married."

"Yes. I'll take you to see her to-mor-

row. They have a fine place and a tractor." Then she stopped and said untruthfully, "Richard doesn't believe in them."

"Oh!" said Ben wisely, not quite certain what a tractor was and added heartily, "I bet Richard knows best."

Richard smiled. "We can't afford one," he said simply. He leant across and squeezed Carmen's hand. "She's not giving me away to your father."

Ben laughed. "Young bride without a tractor. Shame! Better without 'em, nasty treacherous things. What are they, anyway?"

And Richard explained while Carmen cleared up and washed up and then it was almost time for bed.

"Come on, Ben, we have to get up at cockcrow." She thrust a candlestick into his hand. "Follow me."

Ben looked at the candlestick in surprise. "Return to the dark ages! Fine prop if you're playing the sleep-walking scene from 'Lady Macbeth,' but has it any other uses?"

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed," she quoted.

"Here comes a chopper to chop off your head," he retorted. "Why on earth don't you get a spot of juice laid on?"

"Because we prefer the picturesque," said Carmen impatiently. "Here you are."

Ben looked distrustfully round the large room in which the flickering firelight seemed to emphasise the loneliness.

BEN'S day was as closely packed with sightseeing as if he had been an American tourist doing London. At breakfast Richard announced that he was leaving his work to the men, so that he could show Ben around. They would first go over their own place, then to Judith's, then to the Mannocks', then to Tarpey's. They'd show him the church, and the view from Main Top Cliff, and they must have a drink with Mr. Tully at The Swan, and he must meet old Griffin, who was such a character, and bedridden Mrs. Leaming at The Firs would be hurt if there were an interesting stranger who wasn't taken to visit her, and they'd ask a few people in for the evening.

Richard was pathetically anxious that Ben should report to Papa Temple that Carmen was well cared for and happy and all day long he did the honors assiduously.

Ben remained polite but bewildered. He had never imagined that anyone could possibly desire to show a stranger their pig sties, and that morning he had been shown three, and each owner had explained why his gave the best results. Ben felt the same indifferent distaste for cows and sheep, for arable and pasture land, for views and ancient churches. He liked the people, because he had a warm, friendly nature which embraced nearly all peoples, and of the long bewildering day the most welcome part was the evening when he could sit with the neighboring farmers, drinking Richard's cider, and listening to the price of fat stock. Up till then he had always regarded it as a purely academic question which for some unexplained reason had crept into the wireless programmes.

Carmen was sensitively conscious of his reactions, so like her own of only two months ago. His presence bred in her a terrible unease. He was destroying all that new-found satisfaction that she had built so carefully. The garden called her, and she was shocked at her own instability.

Ben was to leave before lunch the next day. It was a bright, sunny morning, and imperative that Richard should make the most of the fine weather to get on with his painting.

"Carmen and I are going along the cliffs," said Ben. "I'll see you before I go."

For once the two Temples were silent as they walked down the kitchen garden path, and across the orchards, till they struck the meadows.

It was Ben who broke the silence. "Carmen," he said. "I didn't have to come down here on business."

"What do you mean?"

"Papa sent me."

"What for?"

"He couldn't rest—wondering if you were all right. He wants me to bring you home."

"Ben, it's absurd."

"No, it's not, Carmen, and you know it. You can't stay here."

"You can tell Papa that I'm quite all right." She gave an uncertain laugh.

"Tell him you've seen me jollying the cows along. Don't let him worry and don't let us go on arguing about it."

Ben swung round so that they faced back to the house. "Have it your own way, but you're making a big mistake."

"Happen I am—it's my mistake and I'll take the knock."

They walked back in silence, angry, disappointed, disturbed.

As Carmen passed her rose tree she paused a moment. The little red leaves had pushed valiantly out and now a frost had caught them and they were shrivelled and brown.

"What is it?" asked Ben.

"My rose." She surveyed it anxiously.

Ben crushed a dry leaf between his fingers and scattered the fragments. "It's dead," he said.

"I think they come again."

He shook his head. "I should imagine this garden was too exposed to grow a thing. The whole place is too harsh for plants or people."

She followed him silently into the house.

Richard came down from his ladder to say good-bye. A small keg of cider was packed for Papa Temple, there were eggs and butter for Mama, and some of their own russets for Sandro.

And then the motor bike gave a last familiar hoot and sped down the drive.

"Nice chap," said Richard. "Grand company for you. I'm so glad he came."

But Carmen broke from his arm crying, "I wish he'd never come—never!" and ran sobbing upstairs and threw herself on the bed, and wept in disappointment and loneliness and indecision.

The sound of voices downstairs roused her. Then she heard Richard calling uncertainly: "Carmen."

Something in the uncertainty of his voice smote at her heart. It wasn't right that he should feel like that, sound uncertain as to whether he were master in his own house.

She jumped hastily off the bed. "I'm coming," she called.

She plunged her face in cold water, hastily powdered, and colored her lips. It was a thing she hadn't done for some weeks now. It seemed inappropriate to lean over the pig sty with lips an artificial carmine. At the best of times she thought the old sow looked at her with a wicked, contemptuous eye. She thought it more suitable to meet that eye with a face slightly shining from honest soap and water. But now she must wear a cheerful countenance. She rouged very deli-

cately and ran a comb through her hair. She wondered who was below. Michael probably. She pulled her frock straight and ran downstairs to find Hilary Foster staring at her with undisguised admiration.

"Why, Mrs. Drayton, I hope I didn't disturb you." His eyes did not leave her face.

"You're welcome, Mr. Foster. You must have passed my brother in the lane. He's only just left."

Richard had put a jug of beer and a couple of mugs on the table. "Foster wants my answer about Cowslip Fields, Carmen." His eyes were troubled, he was not thinking of Hilary's deal, he was thinking of the disturbing results of Ben's visit.

CARMEN thought quickly. "Why, Richard, we haven't done the monthly accounts yet." She smiled ingenuously at Hilary. "So much depends on that. No one wants to sell, do they?"

There was a greedy glint in Hilary Foster's dark eyes. Carmen watched him control his impatience. "Well, Drayton, I've been pretty patient. I can't hang about after this week."

Richard nodded. "Let you know tomorrow."

"Is that certain?"

"Certain."

"That's good." Hilary Foster picked up his mug of beer. "Here's to our deal," he said and drained the mug. "I was thinking of celebrating. I love an excuse. I might run Mrs. Drayton into Banfield this afternoon. There's a super picture showing."

Carmen answered quickly, before Richard could object. "I'd love it. I haven't seen a picture for months. I'd be thrilled."

Richard looked up in surprise. "You'd like to go, Carmen?"

"Of course I would."

For a second his face was clouded, puzzled, unhappy. "In that case—"

Then he turned politely towards his guest. "I'm very grateful, Foster. It's dull for her here."

"Fine. I'll fetch you about three, Mrs. Drayton." He moved to the door accompanied by Papa Temple. "Day after tomorrow, Drayton. A hundred is always a help."

"Sure." Richard closed the door, turned back into the kitchen and without looking at Carmen he said: "I'm going to sell."

She put the bread and cheese before him while she said: "Let's wait."

He cut two slices of bread, laid a piece of cheese between them, and ate standing. "No."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to sell because we need the money—above all because the house needs the money."

"The house!" she breathed in astonishment.

"Yes. I know what your brother thought. They're bringing the grid across our way. I'm going to see about putting in electric light. That would be a help, and we want paper and paint and new fashioned grates so that the heat doesn't all go up the chimney and—"

"But, Richard, the money must go on the farm. You want a tractor. You said so yourself only last week."

"I'm going to spend it on the house," he said obstinately. "Can't you understand, I went on earnestly. I should at least try to make the cage attractive?"

She looked up startled. She had never

heard him speak like this before. "Richard, what's come over you?"

"Oh, I know—I know. I think I've known it all along, but I wanted to be blind. I always said it was all too good to be true. You've put up a wonderful show. I hand it to you. Especially as it was you who discovered that love wasn't enough. I've been living in a fool's paradise—till Ben came—and you cried."

"Perhaps you shouldn't take Foster's money at all. I feel he's cheating you—I know his type—give me time to find out—don't do anything hasty."

He walked across to where she stood and caught her by the wrist, suddenly, roughly, in a way he had never used before. "I can't afford to wait—" His voice broke. "You—you might slip through my fingers. Another Temple might come and beckon you away. I've got to fight my corner as best I can."

"But Richard—"
"Happen you are more important to me than a couple of meadows. Happen I love you better than any improvements I could make on the farm. Happen you're the one thing that really matters. I'll take Foster's money and that's that." He picked up his coat and walked swiftly across the room to put an end to the discussion.

Carmen stood alone in the kitchen. She felt tired and confused. So much conflict of emotions. There would be time later on to get it all straight. Next she had to tackle Hilary Foster. She didn't want to waste her afternoon. Richard had promised an immediate answer, so she hadn't much time left.

It was two o'clock. She decided to dress slowly and carefully. She, too, wanted all her weapons. Upstairs she went to the big old wardrobe. She had been so long in a kingham overall that she hoped she hadn't lost the art of making a five guinea frock look like a Paris model. She chose a little grey check coat and skirt that she had bought to come to Oldfields and had never before found an opportunity to wear. It had a little black and white shirt blouse and a distracting little black hat. She pulled on one of the pairs of sheer silk stockings that Lil had sent. She made up her face with extra care. All her weapons.

She had just finished dressing when she heard a knock on the front door, then the door was opened and someone was standing in the kitchen. He was early, she thought, as she sped downstairs.

But it was Judith who was standing on the kitchen hearth looking disapprovingly at the uncleaned table.

When she saw Carmen her jaw dropped a trifle. "Goodness, Carmen, wherever are you going?"

Stupidly, unnecessarily Carmen felt the color rising in her cheeks. "I'm going out with Hilary Foster."

Judith continued to stare. "Whatever for? And all dressed up, too." That evidently made it much worse.

"What for?" said Carmen lightly. "Pleasure, I suppose. We're going to the pictures at Banfield. Any objections?"

"If Richard doesn't mind—"

"Of course Richard doesn't mind. What an idea, Judith."

"Happen we've got old-fashioned ideas here," she said. "But they work." She looked again at the table. "And what about Richard's supper?"

"Oh, he'll be late. He's got to go to Reyston."

Judith sniffed. Things were better

run in her day. "Well, this time you have to wear your wedding ring."

"Why, what do you mean?" Carmen had for the moment forgotten Judith's surprise visit to Tommy's Snack Bar.

"And Hilary Foster can't pretend he doesn't know you're Mrs. Richard Drayton."

"Why ever should he want to?" Carmen was getting annoyed so she changed the subject. "How's Michael?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Judith grudgingly. "I really came to borrow the fish kettle."

"Sure. You know where it is."

There was the sound of a car in the drive. Judith stood her ground. Her face expressed a conviction of impending doom. Carmen caught up her gloves and bag.

"Good-bye, Judith." Impulsively Carmen came back and gave Judith a little shake. "Don't be a goose. I—I'm doing this for the farm." She looked round her for a moment with something akin to pride of possession. "Uncle Dan's farm," she whispered, as if she were one of the family.

"What do you mean?"
"I've got to find out something—never mind now—just believe me. Why, Judith, you know I wouldn't hurt a hair of Richard's head."

Judith's blue eyes were still grave. "Folk like you don't mean to hurt—it just happens."

"NONSENSE," said Carmen stoutly, but with a little chill at her heart.

"You're playing with fire," said Judith sentimentally.

Carmen laughed. "I'm asbestos. Goodness, Judith, I've played with it for years."

Outside Hilary Foster gave an impatient hoot. Carmen ran to the door and got into the car.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

He looked at her with frank admiration. "There are people worth waiting for. Do you know that you're absolutely stunning, Carmen?"

The car moved swiftly down the drive. "That was the idea, Mr. Foster," she said demurely.

"Not so much of the Mister. You and me, we're going to be great friends."

"Are we?" Carmen smiled, secret, discreet, tantalising.

"You know we are. This place suffocates a man. Haven't you noticed it? You and I are the only civilised people here."

"Urbanised, you mean."

He looked at her with a flash of admiration. "Quick, aren't you?"

"I know that one, too. So sharp that someday I'll cut myself."

He laughed. "You know all the answers."

"Yes, I've had to. I've worked where women are wage slaves and men are Smart Ales."

"How long are you going to stick it here? This is no place for a lovely girl like you."

She looked at the wintry landscape and frowned. "What's the matter with the place?"

"What isn't? The men are dead and the women are deader. I don't know how you've stuck it so long."

"Makes a change," she said judicially.

He pressed the car forward. "For the worse. You and I, we'll have to console each other."

"And what are you doing here, anyway?"

"Horses. That's my line. Buying 'em, selling 'em, riding 'em, training 'em. I get around a lot. All the big race meetings. Go up to London to see clients."

"Horses. That why you want our fields?"

"Sure." He said it so forcibly that she was convinced he was lying.

"Nasty bit of ground for them, it's so rocky."

"What you think I want it for? Think there's hidden oil—or is it gold?"

"You know best."

"You trying to grab the sale?"

"Why should I?"

"Don't know, but I have an intuition that you're too pretty to be good."

"Don't trust your intuitions too far," she said.

He laughed and for a moment he took his hand off the steering wheel and patted her lightly on the knee. "You're a smart girl," he said, "but this time you're up against your match. Horses and women—I've tamed 'em and trained 'em and they haven't a trick I don't know."

"Not even on the racecourse?"

"Well, gambling's different."

"Do you ever make money out of anything else? A flutter on the markets? Or cards, for instance?"

"Never touch 'em. Don't know why, just never touch 'em."

"Well, more respectable ways." She was skirting near the danger zone. He might get suspicious. "How else does one speculate in the country? Buying houses and land?"

"Sure. I bought a bit of land Hexbury way, because I knew they were going to cut an arterial road. Bad land. I got it for a song. Profitable deal."

Carmen pondered the information. No one was going to cut a road through their fields. A road already ran at the bottom. She tried again. "I suppose the thing would be to get a bit of land the railway wants."

"Nonsense. These days the railway would like to sell most of what it has already."

"Pity no one develops our part of the country. If Richard could sell his dairy produce privately he'd make much more money than from wholesalers."

"Well, maybe he can some day," he said, and she stored the remark in her mind as significant.

"Sell to good class people that would pay proper prices."

"Your Richard, my dear, is the kind that is born poor and dies poor." He glanced away from the road in her direction. "You like money, don't you?"

"Don't we all?"

"You and I have got the same ideas."

"So it seems."

"Tell you what: soon as I've fixed that deal for the fields I've got to go to London. Man I know is starting a riding school and wants some horses. You come up and see your family. We could have some fun together in London."

"I might distract your mind from business."

"Bless you, I could sell horses in my sleep." His talk wandered again to horses and he told her tales of his profits, of the smart deals he'd pulled off at one time or another, invariably at some one else's expense. Carmen listened attentively for some clue to the particular smart deal which she was more than ever convinced he was handing Richard. But she could not find it.

Presently the little town of Banfield was sighted.

Hilary Foster parked the car, and then in the darkness of the cinema he sat very close. She resisted her impulse to draw away. She had this one afternoon to find out what he meant to do with those fields. She had to "jolly him along" or she had no hope.

The picture drew to a close. Hilary Foster led the way to the car. He was silent, thoughtful, his hand under her elbow, walking very close to her, his breath upon her cheek.

The car sped along the uneven roads. Something of his excitement communicated itself to his driving in a new recklessness, a nervous intensity, in which he handled the car as if it were a high-mettled horse. Unconsciously Hilary Foster was showing off.

"Carmen," he said at last, "you're wasted here, and you're a fine girl."

She laughed. "Have you only just made that discovery?"

He did not laugh in answer. "It's pretty important."

He drove for a while in silence as if to let the significance sink home. "It's early yet," he said at last. "How about coming back to my place and having a look at the horses?"

Her instinct prompted a quick refusal, but she temporised. She must have time to think. "I'm not much of a judge of horses," she said.

"But I shall be there—and I know you're a good judge of men." He laughed now as if having come to some decision life was suddenly simpler. "The house is this side, five miles nearer than your own place. Neighbourly call—what's wrong with that?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why the fuss?"

"Lots of reasons."

"Give me one."

"Village gossip."

"OLD Mrs. Chadwick is up there if you feel you need a chaperon. Isn't this all a bit coy and old-fashioned for people like you and me?"

"I ought to get back."

"We needn't stop long. Just see the house and the horses and have a drink."

Hilary grew impatient of her silence. "Come on, girl, what do you say?"

It seemed to Carmen as if she were listening to her own voice. "I'll come," she said.

"Good girl."

"Only I must be back in time to cook my husband's supper. Don't forget I'm a farmer's wife."

"I don't forget. It's no life for a girl like you. How long are you going to stick it?"

"Why, what else would you advise?"

He glanced at her obliquely, at the perfect profile that told him so little and pleased him so much.

"You and I," his voice dwelt affectionately on the words. "We could be—"

he hesitated—"we could be friends. What do you say?"

She nodded, smiling. "It sounds all right." There was a faint suspicion of doubt in her voice.

"It is all right," he said. Away in the distance, higher up, shone the light of a house, isolated in its own grounds. "There

we are," he said. "We'll drink to our bargain."

He turned off the main road and began to climb.

"I didn't realise you lived so far from Oldfields," she said, and for the moment she was afraid.

"It's only two miles by the fields at the back. It's not much in these days of motor cars."

"I was thinking," she said lightly, "that you have a big house for a bachelor. I hope it has a good fire. I'm cold."

"Good fires, good drinks and a warm welcome," he said, and, changing to a lower gear, he rushed the car up the hill brought it to a sharp standstill, jumped out and led the way.

Carmen looked about her as she followed. This was a gentleman's house, owned perhaps once by some Georgian hunting squire, with ample stabling stretching on both sides, and a long drawing-room with three great French windows now closed and curtained.

There was a fire burning brightly. "I'll get the old woman to bring a lamp," Hilary Foster threw down his things. "She's deaf as a post. Make yourself at home, girl."

Carmen heard him shouting outside and presently an old crone came in, nodded blindly and indifferently in Carmen's directions, and set the lamp on the side table.

Meanwhile her master was busy with bottles and glasses. When she left he shut the door firmly behind her and joined Carmen by the fire.

"Now, little girl, what will you drink?"

"What have you got?" she temporised.

"I ought to be champagne, eh, girl?"

"I don't like champagne," she said softly, smiling disarmingly. "Show me what else you've got."

To give herself time she read the labels on the bottles very slowly as if her whole mind were busy on the problem of what she should drink.

"It's dreadful," she said at last. "What I'd really like is a cup of tea. Do you think the old lady makes tea?"

He nodded and said: "I'll see about it."

She heard him shouting outside again, while she stood on the hearth trying to think out some plan of campaign.

In a remarkably short time Hilary Foster himself was back with the tea. "Seems a poor thing in which to drink a toast," he grumbled.

"Oh, it's the best of all."

He drew up a little table beside the armchair for her, and then mixed himself a drink.

"Here's to you and me and the future."

He looked about him with satisfaction. She was an exquisite decoration to the handsome room. Pretty snug, eh?

he asked.

"You have a grand place." She got up and walked to the window, and drew aside the curtain, and saw the wide view from the back of the house, how the garden stretched to the fields, and the fields stretched to the sea. "And all that land is yours?"

"Sure."

"Where's Oldfields?"

He pointed across to the left. "Down there—see that dark huddle—that's your home."

"I see." For a moment her eyes dwelt lovingly on the outline of barn and byre. Then she turned away and walking back to the fire she asked casually, "Why do

you want to buy our Cowslip Fields, they don't even adjoin yours?"

"Oh, there's nothing else to be had any nearer."

"You're a liar," she said very softly and indifferently.

He came and stood in front of her. "Why do you say that?" he asked.

She looked up at him smilingly. "Because it's true—isn't it?"

"I want that land for my horses," he repeated, his black eyes laughing into hers. He said it as he might a lesson, no longer even pretending it was true. He looked down at her, slim, fragile.

"Don't you believe me?"

She shook her head. "Why do you really want the land?"

"Why do you want to know?"

She laughed. "Well, if you're going to erect a saw mill or a blast furnace at the bottom of my garden I ought to know."

HE dropped down on the hearthrug beside her. "Do you know how beautiful you are?" So beautiful that you go to my head like mixed drinks and race meetings!"

"That's not answering my question."

He took her hands in his. "How much do you want to know?" he asked, his eyes searching her face. His caution was deserting him. He was rushing his fences in a way he would never have done in the field.

"There should be no secrets between friends."

She smiled at him lazily and disengaged a hand to pick up her cup and drink her tea. "Why not?" she said.

He let go of her other hand suddenly and got up. He crossed the room and walked to the desk. He pulled out a paper. Then he walked back and laid it in front of her.

"There you are. That's what's going to happen to your fields."

By a supreme effort of the will she kept her eyes a moment longer on her companion. She must not appear eager. "Have I to read all this?" she said wearily and dropped her eyes to the paper.

It was a draft prospectus of a hotel. Amenities Limited, 42A Strand. She memorised the name quickly, still looking at it with apparent indifference.

"A hotel—what fun?" Her eyes ran down the page which held for her merely two significant lines. "Land which has just been acquired with excellent sea front in beautiful part of the country."

"I thought it fun, too." He laughed and lit a cigarette. "Just what this place needs. Jolly handy. Pretty smart deal, eh?"

"Pretty smart," she echoed. "Land which has just been acquired," she read casually. "Not quite, yet, has it?"

"Our Richard is saying yes to-morrow."

"Sure?"

"Certain sure. In fact now I'm doubly sure because even if he falters our Richard's wife will see that he comes up to scratch."

Carmen didn't move. She was still staring at the fire, almost as if she weren't listening. But in the silence she heard a door bang—the outer back door she presumed. The old woman had been sent home. Hilary Foster heard it, too, for he raised his head a moment to listen, and then looked down again at the slim young figure stretched in his armchair.

"You never can tell with Richard," said Carmen slowly. "Sometimes he changes his mind at the last moment."

"Not this time though."
"Why not?"
"Because the hotel is our secret—just as this little session is our secret."
"This little session," she echoed. "Is that necessary?"
She wasn't beaten yet. She lay watching the dancing flames outwardly relaxed, inwardly determined. "It's lovely here," she murmured. "So warm and quiet. But I've duties five miles away. . . . How about taking me home?"
"I think not," he said equally quietly. "No? Five minutes more then." Her tone was as conversational as if she were just making a call.

Very carefully, she moved again a little, stretching her arms. "This is a nice room. Do you think our hotel will have as fine a room as this?"

"Sure."
She looked across at the three french windows. Out there lay the lights of home, out there lay Oldfields, and Richard, and safety, and all her future hopes of happiness.

She held out a hand to him, just out of reach. "Let's go look at the moon," she said.

He laughed and unlatched the window. "It's full to-night."

She stood for a moment on the terrace. His arm was round her shoulder, in what was half a caress, half a movement of restraint.

Then she noticed that near at hand, along one wall, lay a greenhouse. The moon shining on the glass revealed a few white roses, dim and ghostly, like things that had been forced into life before their time.

"Oh, your roses! May I have one? Roses in winter!"

"Sure you may have the lot."

They moved towards the greenhouse, his arm still about her. Then he turned the key in the lock and they went inside. The air was warm and damp. The white roses climbed up one side, sparse but sweet. Hilary reached up to break one—reached just for a moment with his back to Carmen.

Light and quick the little high-heeled shoes moved to the door, a moment later it was shut, the key turned, wrenched from the lock, and thrown in the bushes. Then she was running, running down the long gravel path, the little shoes making no mark, light and swift like a wild thing, her hat in her hand, the wind catching at her soft dark hair.

Once she heard a faint tinkle of glass. She paused for a second and then ran on again. The path gave way to meadow, she sped along the tracks, over the stile. At last she paused and looked back. The moon showed the way she had come and there was no pursuer.

Carmen breathed again and began to walk instead of running, pushing forward briskly, her mind keeping pace with her movements.

Had she succeeded? She knew now that there was money in their fields, that they could ask their own price. But there were other things even more important. If Hilary Foster didn't get the sale, he had a tale to tell, a tale that would be embellished by his revengeful disappointment. Whom would Richard believe?

Suddenly Carmen felt tired. If Richard didn't believe her—if it had all been for nothing. . . . Supposing even now that Hilary Foster had broken his way out, got into his car, made straight for Oldfields.

She was nearly there now. She could

see the farm. There was a light in the kitchen window, a mellow, benign, welcoming light. Richard was home. The barns and styes and stables were outlined dark against the fields and the sea and the sky. The moon shimmered on the water and she could see the new turned furrows where the flints caught the light. She stood for a moment looking at it all—her child's heritage and perhaps now it would never be his home.

She couldn't think any more, she could only hope. The last fields seemed the longest. At the corner she turned so as to come in by the front door. She would know then if Hilary Foster had anticipated her. But there was no car in the drive.

Before she went in she pushed her hair in place, put on her hat, and wiped the mud off her shoes in the grass. She must have time to convince Richard, to tell her story in its proper order.

She summoned up her last flicker of courage. This perhaps was the hardest fight of all. She pushed open the front door and stood inside her own kitchen.

Richard was standing by the mantelpiece looking fixedly into the fire. He was white and drawn and unsmiling.

"Richard."

HE swung round at the sound of her voice. "Why, I didn't hear the car. Where's Foster?"

"He's gone." She tried hard to make it sound natural. "I'm sorry I'm so late." She moved towards him. "But it was worth it, Richard. Everything was worth while. You see I've made a very big discovery. We're going to have money. Yes, and a new market. We mustn't sell those fields to Hilary Foster."

He looked away. His voice came slow and decisive. "We're selling the whole farm."

"What?"

"We're selling the whole farm," he repeated.

"Richard, what are you talking about, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We're going to sell Oldfields and go back to Covent Garden."

For a moment she couldn't speak, then she caught her breath and the words came tumbling out unrestrainedly. "You don't understand, Richard. They're going to build a hotel. We can ask our price for the land. We can sell them our produce. I got it all out of Hilary Foster. It wasn't very pleasant. I had to run away, but I don't think he'll dare show up around here again."

She stopped because Richard did not seem to be listening. She couldn't understand it. Suddenly she felt as if her knees were giving way. She threw her hat on the table and crept into the armchair by the fire.

"Carmen—you like Hilary Foster?" Richard asked quietly—almost too quietly—as if none of what had gone before had any meaning.

"I hate him," she said. "I'm trying to tell you, only you don't seem to be listening. I hate him, Richard, honestly."

"That was what I feared."

The remark didn't seem to make sense. She waited, leaning back in her chair, her eyes half closed. She was dreadfully tired.

"We're going back to London," said Richard, and there was in his tone something of the gentle, dogged obstinacy which she had always associated with Judith.

"Richard—why? Why?"

"It's simple enough."

"It's not simple to me."

"We're getting out of here."

"But why?"

He paused for a moment, very white, with a look of quiet determination as if nothing could shake him from his purpose. "Because, Carmen, I've made the most important discovery of all."

"Which is?"

"For me, my sweet, love is enough," he said slowly, simply, as a man reciting an act of faith.

"I still don't understand," she whispered.

"It's like this," he said. "We've tried the farm. It's been a failure. You hate it. It's not only Ben, it's Foster."

"What's he got to do with it? I tell you I don't even like him."

"I know. That's what's so terrible. You're driven to going out with him to escape from Oldfields. I've known for a long time that the farm was a failure, but Foster brought matters to a head. You'd never have crossed the street with him in London. I liked you proud and fastidious. I won't keep you where you are driven to crooks like Hilary Foster for company."

"But, Richard, I had a reason—"

"I know. It's because you're not happy here. Well, I can stand London. I'll probably get to like it. And you'll be back among your own people, in your own natural element. Your father will help me get a job. We'll start all over again."

Suddenly, with a little cry he dropped down on his knees beside her and took both her hands in his. "Don't you see, my sweet, you matter so much more to me than anything else in the world. You're not happy here. You're driven back on men like Hilary Foster. You must see I can't have that. I don't care where I live or what I do, provided I have you." He paused a second and then he added, "We were all wrong."

"How, Richard?"

"Love is enough—enough for me, anyway."

Her face crumpled suddenly. There were tears in her eyes. "Darling—darling—"

"Don't cry, my sweet. I don't mind leaving."

"It isn't that. I won't leave. I don't want to leave. But—but I think it's so lovely that you should have been willing to sell—just for me."

"People, Carmen, matter more than places."

"I know that now, darling." His arms were around her as she babbled her story of Hilary Foster and the hotel. Oldfields had proved itself worthy. It seemed that not only Richard held her close to his heart, but the house, the old kitchen, the windy fields, the cliff, the sea, the red-roofed jumble of barns and outhouses, the very cattle, all that went to make up the farm. Oldfields held her, kind and warm and comforting, dignified and trustworthy and wonderfully permanent.

"Next to you I love Oldfields. It's become part of me. And soon, Richard, the farm will be an inheritance—"

"Carmen."

"Our child—and perhaps his children." She laid her cheek against his. "Don't you think Oldfields will be glad?"

And now she knew she had the real rose and the real nightingale.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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